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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *A Comparative View of the Various Institutions for the Assurance of Lives.* By Charles Babbage, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c. London. 1826.

2. *Deed of Settlement and Bye-laws of the Society for Equitable Assurances, together with the Addresses of* Mr. Morgan, *Actuary,* from the year 1765 to 1825.

AMONG the various Institutions in which Great Britain may justly pride herself, as being instrumental to public as well as private benefit, there are none of more importance, or of more general utility, than those Associations that have been formed with the view of securing a competency to the widows and children of such persons, chiefly in the middle ranks of society, as have only a life-interest in their incomes; and who, from the smallness of those incomes, and the uncertain duration of human life, are, in very many cases, utterly unable to lay by any provision for their surviving families. In this description are comprehended a great part of the clerical profession, civil officers and clerks holding situations under government, annuitants in general, and that very numerous class of naval and military officers, of whom a large proportion can barely subsist on their pay, and who must continually and painfully be reminded, that the pension to which their widows are entitled, liberal as it must be considered on the part of the public that bestows it, is far from being adequate to the decent maintenance of a family. To these may be added, the greater number of professional men, as lawyers, physicians, surgeons, &c., who may happen to marry and have families, while only in moderate practice; as also, merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, and various tradesmen under the same circumstances, who may not have the means of leaving a provision for their families or near connexions, in the event of premature death. To all these the various Institutions for the Assurance of Lives hold out relief, available for the most part by all such as are able and willing to resort to them; and the truth is, that even the very highest ranks of society have now frequent recourse to them, in order to make a provision for the younger children where the family estate is entailed.

Such Institutions are almost exclusively confined to Great Britain; indeed they could only exist in a country where public credit

has been long established on the basis of good faith, and property of all kinds secured by just and equal laws. They are even of modern invention in England; and yet, young as they are (the oldest, except two of a somewhat different nature, being established little more than sixty years), their importance and extent may in part be appreciated by the single fact of *that oldest* (the Equitable) having at this moment an accumulated capital of not less than ELEVEN MILLIONS! So little indeed were the benefits to be derived from Societies of this nature at first understood, that a period of thirty years was suffered to elapse before another, *the Westminster*, was established. They now, however, amount to between thirty and forty.

That among such a number, and in such an age, when speculation is the prevailing mania, some of them should be conducted on unsound or unsafe, and others on dishonest, principles, is not much to be wondered at. Mr. Babbage says,

'In the "Doctrine of Life Annuities and Assurances," Mr. Baily has anticipated me in giving a sketch of the offices then existing: so many new ones have arisen since the period at which he wrote, that they require a volume rather than a chapter for their analysis. In exposing the *disgraceful practices* which prevail at some of them, I am merely repeating sentiments which he has more forcibly expressed; and, although his remarks have not yet had the effect of removing the evil, I feel confident that little more is requisite, than *by rendering those practices generally known, to make them universally condemned.*—*Pref.* ix.

It is, indeed, of high importance, where so many thousand families are so deeply concerned, that the public should be satisfied as to the honour and integrity of those, under whose management these Institutions are placed; for of all frauds that can be committed, none are more scandalous and more detestably wicked than those practised against the interests of charity and humanity—more especially still, where the objects are the widow and the orphan.

Mr. Babbage, we need scarcely say, ranks among the first mathematicians of our age; and he is not merely an abstract calculator, spending his time in solving problems of transcendental geometry, constructing algebraic formulæ, or raising infinite series to the n^{th} power, but a man of general science, of varied talent;—and one who to his other acquirements adds that of being a good practical mechanist. We need no further proof of this last point, than the machine which he has actually constructed for the computation of logarithmic and other tables, and which alone would entitle him to rank with such men as Herschel and Brunel.* We had some right, therefore,

* In a letter to Sir Humphrey Davy, Mr. Babbage says of this extraordinary engine, which we have seen at work, that it will "calculate tables governed by laws which have not been hitherto shown to be explicitly determinable, or solve equations for which analytical methods of solution have not yet been contrived." The invention includes also another singular

therefore, to expect that his 'Comparative View' would throw considerable light on an obscure and complicated subject, and were prepared indeed for close mathematical reasoning, deep research, and new algebraic formulæ for facilitating the various calculations required to obtain correct results in all things relating to Assurances on Lives. Nothing of the kind, however, appears in the book now before us; but in lieu of all this, a plain statement of facts, most of which, as the author observes, had been already, in some shape or other, before the public. In short, Mr. Babbage avows himself to have been induced to bring forward the subject in a *popular* form, from having had occasion to observe how very imperfectly the merits of the numerous and complicated institutions for the assurance of lives were understood, even by persons otherwise well-informed. The design is, without question, entitled to praise; and not less so, on the whole, the manner in which Mr. B. has executed his task, though it is neither free from the occurrence of mistakes, nor from the charge of omissions. The style is plain, and his statements sufficiently clear and intelligible to the commonest reader. The book is, in fact, well calculated to convey important information on a subject in which vast numbers are interested. It requires only to be generally known to become generally useful,—if it were but that it must give rise to further inquiries; and, in aid of this view, we shall embrace the opportunity to draw up a brief and popular sketch of the system and practice of assuring lives at the various offices for conducting that business.

Few of our readers, in all probability, can need to be told, that an *Assurance on Life* is the assurance that a certain sum of money will be paid on the event of the death of a certain person named, either within a specified number of years, or (as is more generally the case,) immediately after his decease, in consideration of paying at once, or annually, a certain sum; the party contracting to make such payment being called the *assurer*, the payment the *premium*, and the instrument binding the contract the *policy of assurance*. It will be evident, that the amount of the annual payment, or premium, must be proportionate to the age of the assurer, and the sum to be assured to his executors.

The uncertainty of the duration of human life, proverbial as regards an individual, is not applicable to an aggregated multitude of individuals. If, for example, we take the population of a large city, or of a whole kingdom, the uniformity in the number

singular and most ingenious contrivance. These machines not only make the calculations for which they are set, but are so framed, that "they themselves shall take, from several boxes containing type, the number which they calculate, and place them side by side; thus becoming at the same time a substitute for the compositor and the computer; by which means all error in copying, as well as printing, is removed."

of deaths among the inhabitants is such, that the excess or diminution in any one year, above or below the average number, seldom exceeds a small fractional part of the whole; say, from one-thirteenth to one-fifteenth part:—this deviation from the average will be less, in proportion as the aggregate multitude is greater; and if from this multitude be excluded the aged, the infants, and those portions of the population which are most exposed to the casual effects of disease and want, the variations from the mean number of deaths will be still less.

Thanks to long experience and attentive observation, it is now no longer a difficult problem to find the *probability* of the duration of human existence, at any given period of age; and hence to calculate what sum of money, paid annually, by a person of such an age, during life, will be equivalent to a certain sum to be assured to his executors after death. Various tables have been constructed to shew this, by inspection; but that which is formed from observations on the duration of human life among the inhabitants of Northampton, has for many years been the basis of the premiums taken by most of the Assurance Companies; some few of them have employed, with certain modifications, the observations on the mortality among the inhabitants of Carlisle; while others have constructed for themselves tables, of which it is difficult to say from what source they are taken. 'Many offices,' says Mr. Babbage, 'seem to have arbitrarily altered those of the *Equitable* (the Northampton) according to their own fancy. For several of these it would be difficult to find any table of mortality which should represent their premiums; but the *University Assurance Society* stand unrivalled in their ingenuity, and have succeeded in manufacturing tables which it is impossible to derive from any rates of mortality, real or imaginary.' This is not the only slur which Mr. Babbage has taken occasion to throw on this learned Assurance Company, which must necessarily boast, among its members, so many senior wranglers and optimists: but daily experience shews that, in conducting worldly affairs, mere abstract mathematicians are not among the wisest of mankind. The theorem of De Moivre, which makes the probability of human existence, at any given age, *equal to half the complement of that age to* 86, answers within a fraction to the Northampton table, excepting at the higher ages; and this simple rule is easy of application and well worthy of recollection.

Seeing, therefore, that the average mortality among a whole population will necessarily be much greater than that among a selection from it, composed of the middle and higher ranks of society, from which infancy, old age, poverty, and disease, are excluded (and such is the selection at all the Assurance Offices), it

it follows, that the actual rate of mortality among *assurers* is much below that which appears by tables constructed for *the whole population;* and consequently, that the annual premiums required to be paid by the offices are very much higher than they ought to be: in most of them the excess is about 30 *per cent.*, or one-third nearly. It is from this overcharge,—from the calculations of the tables being made at three per cent., while the money received by the offices is lent out at four or five per cent.,—from the interest derived from an accumulating capital,—forfeiture of policies,—and some other petty sources,—that the profits of some of the Assurance Companies have become so enormous as they are. How these profits are disposed of we shall presently see.

'The Northampton tables,' says Mr. Babbage, 'are, of any which possess the slightest reputation, those least calculated to represent the probable rate of mortality among a body of insurers; they are tables which an experience of thirty years has proved to be (for this purpose) erroneous throughout a large part, in *the proportion of two to one.*' Yet fourteen of the Assurance Offices use these tables, so highly favourable to their gains, and so much the reverse to the assurers. Mr. Babbage, in lieu of them, would recommend the substitution of a table, actually constructed from the deaths occurring among a large body of persons of a selected class, such as is above mentioned. He observes that the records of the *Equitable Society*, which has been established above sixty years, and the *Amicable*, which has existed above a century, might of themselves furnish authentic materials for such a table. We doubt, indeed, whether, if an honest table of this kind were constructed, any of the Societies would make use of it, though a body of men, as those of the legal, clerical, or medical professions, officers of the army or navy, &c., mutually assuring each other, might employ such a table to much advantage to themselves, by reason of the great diminution of the premiums that would in that case be required. By the following illustration, the immense difference may be seen between making an assurance by such a table and by those at present in use:

'The system of a mutual assurance society, in one of its simplest forms, may be illustrated by supposing it to consist of one thousand persons, each aged twenty, and in good health, and with such certificates of a good constitution as the Equitable Society would admit. Each individual should pay 1*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* to receive 100*l.* on his death. The premiums at the end of the first year, increased by the interest on them, would amount to 1468*l*; and the payments to be made on account of six deaths being deducted, would leave 868*l*. At the commencement of the second year the 994 payments of 1*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* each, added to the 868*l.*, would produce 2334*l.*, which at the end of the year would

would amount to 2404*l.*; from this the claims due from the average number of deaths being substracted would leave 1804*l.* The 988 payments of the next year added to this sum, would at the end of the third year, after deducting six claims, produce 2759*l.* The capital of the society at the end of the first, second, and third years, would be as follows:—

'At the end of the 1st year 868*l.* after paying 600*l.* claims.
2d year 1804*l.* do. 600*l.* do.
3d year 2759*l.* do. 600*l.* do.
&c. &c.

'For many years this capital would continue to increase, until the sum arising from the diminished number of contributors would exactly pay the number of the annual claimants. After this, the annual income arising from the premiums being insufficient to pay the annual claims, a portion of the accumulated capital must each year be taken to make up the sum required for that purpose, until after about eighty years; when the remains of this fund, together with the premium paid at the beginning of the last year, will be just sufficient to pay the last claim.'—pp. xxii-xxiv.

'If we now suppose that the sum annually paid by each of the thousand assurers had been one-third larger, or 1*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* each, which is less than many Assurance Companies at present charge, (the Equitable is 2*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*) then, besides the sums already mentioned, the society would possess

'At the end of the 1st year . . . 489*l.*
2d year . . . 1007*l.*
3d year . . . 1538*l.*
&c. &c.

'The annual payments, before the additional third was taken, were sufficient to form a fund which would exactly pay all the policies as they became claims, and itself be exhausted on the payment of the last. If, therefore, the deaths took place in the manner supposed, no further sum of money would be required to meet all the demands, and these additional sums would be really profit; and, unlike the former, they will continue to increase until the last claim is paid.

'At the termination of this society of mutual assurers there will, therefore, remain a large unappropriated capital.'—pp. xxvii-xxviii.

With such premiums, therefore, as are now demanded, a large excess of capital beyond the amount of the claims must, necessarily, in a very few years, accrue; and the practice of most of the Companies is to distribute a certain portion, or the whole, of the surplus beyond what may be necessary to satisfy the claims, at certain periodical intervals, among the assurers. The portion thus distributed is usually called a *bonus*, a term which is well understood, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the broker of 'Change-alley, to mean a *good thing*,—so very good, we suppose, that it has been thought entitled to the honour of appearing in 'the most worthy gender.' This *bonus* is, however, strictly speaking, a return

of the surplus premiums with interest derived from them, and therefore belongs *of right* to the assurers. If the assurer was always certain of getting his just proportion of this *good thing*, either to be added to the amount of his policy, or applied to the reduction of his annual premium, it would be a matter of little moment at what office he assured his life; but as this is very far from being the case, we might almost say in any of them, it is of some importance that he should be in possession of circumstances, on which he may found his judgment in the selection of an office, wherein to make his assurance on the most favourable terms.

The following are the Companies for the assurance for lives, and insurance against fires, losses by shipwreck, &c. enumerated by Mr. Babbage: but the list is not complete.

Name of Office.	Fire or Life.		Nominal Capital	Capital paid up.	Table of Mortality.	Proportion of Profit given to Assured.	Periods of Division.
			£.	£.			
Ægis	F & L	Prop.	1,000,000		Same as Guardian	None	
Albion	F & L	Prop	1,000,000	100,000	Northampton	None	
Alliance	F & L	Mixed	5,000,000	500.000			
Amicable	L	Mixed	None	None	About 3/4 less than North.	Seven-Eighths	Every Year
Atlas	F & L	Mixed	1,200,000	120,000	Northampton	Unknown	7 Years
Asylum	L	...	240,000	60,000		Unknown	5 Years
Brit. Com.	L	Prop	1,000,000	100,000		None	
Crown	L	Mixed	1,500,000	150,000 (10 per cent.)		Two-thirds	
Eagle	F & L	Prop	1,000,000	100,000	Northampton	None	
Economic	L	Mixed	200.000	50,000		Three-fourths	
Equitable	L	Mixed	None	None	Northampton		10 Years
European	L	Mixed	1,000,000	100000			7 Years
Exchange Rl.	F & L	Prop.	715,000		Northampton	None	
Globe	F & L	Prop.	1,000,000	1,000 000	Northampton	None	
Guardian	F & L	Mixed	2,000,000	200,000			7 Years
Hope	F & L	Mixed	1,000,000	100,000	Northampton	Unknown	Unknown
Imperial	L	Mixed	750,000	75.000	Northampton	Two-thirds	
Law Life	L	Mixed	1,000,000	100.000 (10p c. paid)	Northampton	Four-fifths	
Lon. Assurance	F & L	Prop				None	
London Life Association	L	Mixed	None	None	Northampton	One-fifth	
Medico-Clerical	L	Mixed	Unknown				Five or 7 years
Norwich Union	F & L	Mixed	None	None			7 Years
Palladium	F & L	Mixed	2,000,000	80.0. 0	Northampton	Four-fifths	7 Years
Pelican	L	Prop.			Northampton	None	
Provident	L	Mixed	250,000	25,000	Northampton		7 Years
Rock	L	Mixed	.000,000	200,0 0 (25pd on50)	Northampton	Two-thirds	7 Years
Sun	F & L	Prop				None	
University	L	Mixed	600,000	60,000		Four-fifths	5 Years
Union	F & L	Mixed	300,000	30,000	Northampton		7 Years
United Empire	L	Prop				Two-fifths	5 Years
West of Eng.	F & L	Prop	600.000		10 p. c. under Northampton	None	
Westminster	L	Mixed			Northampton	None	

These Companies may be considered as constituted on three different plans. The first is, where all the assurers for the whole term of life are mutually responsible. They participate in the profits, and are subject to calls to replace any loss or deficiency in the funds. This responsibility, however, is merely nominal, as a large

a large surplus fund must necessarily accumulate from the circumstances already noticed so highly favourable to the offices. A capital to commence with is wholly unnecessary, as the receipts continue to be annually paid in, and are placed at interest in the public securities, long before any large demands can take place, and there is no danger of losses occurring from bad debts. Of societies founded on this principle of mutual assurance, there are established in London

The Amicable
Equitable
The London Life Assurance and Norwich Life

and in these the assurers are entitled to share in the profits; but they do not share in the whole of them, one-third being generally reserved.

The second principle on which Institutions of this kind are founded, is that of a number of persons forming a company, and raising a capital among themselves, as a guarantee for the payment of all contracts or policies which they may effect. Security to the assured, and freedom from responsibility, are the supposed advantages held out by this plan; in consideration of which the rates charged are generally as high as the preceding, though the exact sums only, named in the policies, are paid on the deaths of the parties, without additions or deductions. The offices which have adopted this plan are

The Albion
British Commercial
Eagle
Globe
London Assurance
The Pelican
Royal Exchange
Sun
West of England
Westminster.

Whatever advantages may be supposed to attach to these offices, the assurer most undoubtedly pays very high for a security, that is merely nominal, or at least unnecessary; but we suppose the greater number of the assurers are proprietors, and as such share in the profits of the concern.

The third principle consists of a combination of these two. The proprietors subscribe a capital, relieve the assured from all loss and responsibility, take one portion of the profits to pay the interest of the capital, and give the assured, at certain intervals, the remainder. The *Rock*, the *Alliance*, the *Guardian*, the *Palladium*, and some others, are founded on this principle, which is, perhaps, as good as any other, though it curtails the amount of the additions which would otherwise be made to those assurers who are not proprietors, or holders of shares.

From a table given by Mr. Morgan, the actuary of the *Equitable*, formed from above one hundred and fifty thousand instances, Mr. Babbage concludes that *forty-seven* is about the average age at which persons

persons assure; that is to say, as many persons assure later in life than this age, as under it; that about one-third commence between forty and fifty—nine-tenths between thirty and seventy; that about one-fifteenth of the whole are under twenty when they commence; that on a life aged forty-six, the *profits per cent.* on the premiums demanded by the several following offices, are as follows:

Alliance	30*l.* 2*s.*	London Assurance .	26*l.* 7*s.*
Amicable	25*l.* 5*s.*	Medico-Clerical . .	29*l.* 7*s.*
British Commercial .	16*l.* 6*s.*	Norwich Union . .	19*l.* 3*s.*
Crown	25*l.* 5*s.*	Sun	30*l.* 9*s.*
Economic	16*l.* 2*s.*	United Empire . .	21*l.* 9*s.*
Equitable	29*l.* 2*s.*	University . . .	23*l.* 2*s.*
European	21*l.* 5*s.*	West of England .	16*l.* 2*s.*
Guardian	25*l.* 1*s.*		

But before we can judge of the comparative advantages to the assurers, this table must be viewed in conjunction with the proportion of those profits which is returned to them in the shape of a *bonus;* the mode of assigning that proportion; the periods at which it is so assigned; and the periods at which the assurers become entitled to participate in those profits. These being points of the highest importance to the interests of those about to assure their lives, we shall view them briefly in succession.

1. *Of the Proportion of Profits returned to the Assured.* If in the appropriation of the profits among the members of the societies for mutual assurance, the money which they have contributed, beyond the sum necessary for the risk and expense of management, be honestly returned to them with its accumulations, the high rate of the annual premiums, as we have already observed, is of less importance to those who pay them; but the different Companies vary very materially in this respect. We have mentioned the ten proprietary Companies, who make no return of profits. Seven of these are stated to demand the highest rate of premiums, and one of them, the *British Commercial,* nearly the lowest. What, it may be asked, becomes of these profits?

All the others make certain returns of their profits to the assurers, varying from seven-eighths, which is the rule of the *Amicable,* to two-fifths, which is that of the *United Empire,* only however 'if the directors think fit.' The most common return promised is two-thirds. The following 'six Companies,' says Mr. Babbage, 'have not thought it necessary to inform the public what part of the profits they are to receive back: *The Alliance, Atlas, European, Guardian, Hope, Union.*' One of the reasons, he tells us, for this concealment is, that if an office announced a specific portion of its profits, a new one might start up and under-sell it, by offering a still larger share—a most laudable reason, truly! We entirely agree with him,

him, that there ought to be no concealment, and that the fair and straight-forward way is, 'to acquaint the public with the share to which they are to be entitled, and also the manner in which it is to be apportioned.' We may be quite certain that wherever mystery is employed, there is something wrong, and the assurer would do well to avoid the office which practises it.

Mr. Babbage says, that the only two companies (and they are those which probably rank highest in public estimation and importance) that have yet assigned a *bonus* to the assured, by adding a certain per centage to the amount of the policies, are the *Equitable* and the *Rock*. In this, we apprehend, he must be mistaken; at least, he is inconsistent with his own statement, wherein he had just told us that *all* but the ten proprietary Companies *profess* to make certain returns of their profits; perhaps, however, they may not yet have made a commencement of fulfilling their professions. The *Rock* is a young establishment compared with the former, and only made its first dividend of profits in the year 1819, thirteen years after its establishment, when it is stated to have added twenty per cent. to those policies which had existed ten years. The *Equitable*, at various periods since the year 1782, and in two periods of ten years each ending in 1820, added to each policy, existing at the former date, *one hundred and eighty-five per cent.*, the average addition of ten years being 23*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* *per cent.* The conclusion drawn from this comparison is important.

'A difference of 3*l.* 2*s* 3*d.* on 20*l*, or nearly one-sixth between two offices, may not appear very great; and it may perhaps be expected that, on a larger experience, they will approximate much more nearly to each other. That there are very sufficient reasons why this cannot be the case, and that the relative advantages of the two offices are not truly estimated by the numbers 20, and 23½, I shall now proceed to show. In order to render this matter, which is of considerable importance, more clear, I shall suppose two assurance offices to commence at the same time, one on the plan of the Equitable, the other on that of the Rock and some others; that each makes by its business a clear profit of 300,000*l.* every ten years; each office awards two-thirds of the profits to the assured, but one of them, immediately on each division, transfers one-third of the profits to a body of proprietors.

'By tracing the progress of these offices through a considerable period of years, we shall see the important result produced by the deduction of one-third of the profits for the payment of those who guarantee the capital.

'At the end of the first ten years, both offices divide a profit of 300,000*l.*, and two-thirds of this are added to the policies of the assurers at both offices; but at the Equitable, the other third increased during the next ten years, suppose it only at three per cent., amounts to 134,392*l.*; and at the second division, the profits of the Equitable are greater than those of the other office by this sum. The

'The following table will show the sums added, at intervals of ten years, by an office on the plan of the Equitable:—

'At end of first ten years		£200,000
second	do.	289,595
third	do.	329,730
fourth	do.	347,709
fifth	do.	355,764
sixth	do.	359,373

'Whilst at an office in which one-third of the profit is paid to proprietors, the constant sum of 200,000*l.* can only be added at the decennial period of division; and in the course of sixty years, the assurers have received additions of near 682,000*l.* at one office above those given by the others.

'Nor is this the whole difference; for although two-thirds is the sum nominally divided amongst the assured, since that sum is only payable on the death of their respective nominees, it is not really equal to two-thirds, and is, in fact, different for different ages. Thus suppose three assurers of the ages of twenty, thirty-five, and sixty, and that 100*l.* is the addition awarded to each of their policies, the present value of that sum to each of these parties is 34*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*, 42*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.*, and 61*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*, respectively; and even when the same sum is added to a policy on a life aged eighty, it is worth in present money only 82*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*: this inequitable mode of apportioning them is not however so disadvantageous in a system of mutual assurers, because the reserved surplus again accumulates for the benefit of the assured at the next period of division.

'These facts show that the two-thirds, apparently given to the assured, are in reality not equal to one-half the total profits; at the same time they explain the cause of the large additions made at the Equitable, and show that it cannot be expected that any of an equal extent can ever be made by any society burdened with a permanent proprietary.'—pp. 79-82.

It may be deserving of notice, that up to the year 1820, the *Equitable* added to a policy of twenty years' date, 77 per cent; to one of thirty years' date, 161 per cent; to one of forty years' date, 280 per cent.; and to one of fifty years' date, 401 per cent!

2. *Of the Mode of assigning the Bonus to the Assured.* The surplus profits being once ascertained, it is important to those who propose to assure their lives, to know the modes of assigning them to the assured in the different Companies. There are two questions respecting this appropriation which very materially concern the parties assuring: firstly, whether the portion stated to be allotted is actually so allotted; and secondly, whether the manner of distributing it is fair and equitable? In answer to the first, Mr. Babbage has shewn, in the above extract, that those offices which profess to divide two-thirds do not in fact divide one-half, from its being

being a *deferred,* instead of a *present,* payment; and with regard to the second point we shall have occasion to enter into it very fully, in examining the mode of distribution in that immense establishment, the *Equitable.* Mr. Babbage shews, by the following statement, how difficult it is for the public to understand and appreciate the merits of the various institutions, in this respect, from a mere perusal of the prospectusses which they put forth.

'If two companies both offer to return one-half of the profits to the assured, and one of them has a capital of 200,000*l.*, although their profits may be the same, if one of the offices deduct out of them an interest for the shareholders before the division is made, the results to the assurers will be very different. Let the divisions of both offices be made septennially, and let them each amount in the gross to 100,000*l.* Then in the office which takes interest on its capital before division:—

'Profit in seven years	£100,000
Interest on 200,000*l.* capital, at 5 per cent, for 7 years	70,000
Nominal profit remaining	£30,000
One-half for assurers	15,000
One-half added to interest for proprietors	85,000
Total profit	£100,000
If interest is not allowed, one-half of profit for assurers	50,000
One-half for proprietor	50,000
	£100,000

'In one case the assurers will divide amongst them 15,000*l.*, in the other they will share 50,000*l.*, and yet the proportion allotted to them is nominally the same.'—pp. 87, 88.

This is certainly, as we before observed, paying dearly to the subscribers of a capital, for an indemnity to the assurers against loss and an exemption from responsibility, which can hardly be said to exist. It should have been stated, however, that most of the assurers are proprietors, and that none but assurers can hold shares.

'It would be a tedious and useless detail to give an abstract even of what the various offices promise to do with the profits. The following, however, is a summary of about one-half of them, as given by Mr. Babbage:—

'Equitable,
Rock,
Provident,
Union,
} added to policies.

Alliance

Alliance, Guardian,	added to policy, or applied to diminish premium.
Norwich Union, Provident, United Empire,	added to policies in proportion to amount of premiums paid.
Economic, European,	added to policies and interest on bonus paid annually.
Atlas, Law Life,	a reversionary sum equal to present bonus added to policy.
London Life,	applied to diminish premium, or paid immediately.
Amicable,	a sum equal to the average annual payment, received by the society during the last five years, divided amongst those who die in every year.
Palladium,	added to policies on the most equitable principles of division.
Hope, Imperial,	unknown.

'Those offices which merely add the bonus to the policy are wrong on both the grounds which interest the public. In the first place, they appear to give as a bonus a larger proportion than they in reality do give, and they also distribute that bonus very unequally; the older lives having a much larger portion than the younger. In some cases, an old life will receive twice as much as a young one, and yet the same rate per cent. is awarded to each.'—pp. 84, 85.

3. *Of the Periods at which the Profits are assigned.* This is also a most important point to the assured, as the longer the intervals are, the fewer will the members be who have a chance of sharing in the surplus profits. The most equitable mode would undoubtedly be that of striking a balance annually, by which the state of their accounts might be accurately known. But the Assurance Offices object to this, alleging the difficulty of the calculations requisite to ascertain the value to be assigned to the several assurers. Mr. Babbage, who must be allowed to be a competent judge of such matters, sees no difficulty in doing this. The offices, however, have other and more potent reasons for adopting long intervals; one of which is, that the longer the interval, the more largely and quickly the capital accumulates, and the greater will be the sum to be assigned to the assurers, and consequently the greater the *eclât* which the office derives from it; but so far is the bulk of the assurers from being benefited by this specious appearance, that they run an additional risk of being seriously injured by it. Another reason is, that annual divisions of profit would be liable to fluctuations; but, as Mr. Babbage observes, the remedy is obvious

vious. 'Instead of determining the bonus by the profits of the preceding year alone, it may be made from an average of any given number of preceding years: the larger this number the more uniform its amount will be.' This method, he says, has been adopted by the *Amicable Society*, and may be considered as a valuable addition to their plan. It *may* be so; but when the numbers and ages of the assurers are perpetually fluctuating, any annual average, we conceive, must be loose and erroneous. It would be quite sufficient, for all the ends of justice, if, at short periods of three, five, or seven years, the ascertained sum to be appropriated should be added *prospectively* from year to year to each policy till the next succeeding period. The following table shews the periods at which the division of profits takes place at the respective offices mentioned therein:—

'Alliance,	five years.	Amicable,	yearly.
Asylum,		London Life,	
United Empire,		Atlas,	seven years.'
Medical and Clerical,	five or seven years.	European,	
		Guardian,	
Equitable,	ten years.	Norwich Union,	
Crown,	unknown.	Palladium,	
Economic,		Rock,	
Hope,		Provident,	
Imperial,		Union,	
Law Life,			

Upon this part of the subject, Mr. Babbage makes the following judicious remarks:

'The whole object of assurances is, to render that certain which nature has made uncertain. A person in health and employment knows that, if he lives a few years, he will be able to leave at his death a competence for his family; but he knows also that, from the uncertainty of life, he may be cut off in a year or in a month, and leave that family unprovided for: thus situated, he has recourse to an assurance on his life, and he is now certain of leaving a provision for his family.

'It is this certainty with regard to pecuniary affairs, which it is the object of every prudent man to attain, that as it causes all assurances, so it ought to be our guide in arranging the plans by which they are effected. In accordance with this maxim, of rendering everything certain which the nature of such institutions will admit, it is right that the periods for dividing the profits should be *fixed*, as well as that their occurrence should be *frequent*. The inconveniences arising from indefinite periods are, that the value of policies, subject to such additions, is less than if those periods were fixed; and that it is possible for those who may have a knowledge when such divisions are about to be made, to purchase at an insufficient price the policies of other persons, who may not possess the same information.

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'The periods of dividing the profits at the Equitable have varied at different times; they are, however, now fixed at intervals of *ten years.* This distance considerably diminishes their value; for if a person commence insuring at fifty-four, his chance of receiving a bonus at the first decennial division is about *three-fourths*, and his chance of gaining a second is nearly *one-half.* The greater the age of the assurer, the more injurious to his interest are such distant periods of divisions.

'The tendency of long intervals between the times of declaring a bonus, is to cause too much to be paid to one class, by giving too little to another class of assurers; those who live longest will be the gainers, whilst those who are short-lived, or who die immediately before a division, will be the losers.'—pp. 105, 107.

We shall only observe in this place, that the office which assumes the name of *Equitable* is the only one in existence which extends its period of division to *ten* years; and, if our readers adopt the reasoning of Mr. Babbage, which we most decidedly do, the *Equitable* must be considered, in this respect, the least of all others entitled to that name—but more of this by-and-by.

4. *Of the Periods at which Assurers become entitled to participate in a Division of Profits.* Most of those Assurance Companies which divide any part of their profits with the assured, require the latter to have paid up a certain number of annual premiums before they can be allowed to participate in those profits. As it is quite right and prudent that the offices which divide the profits should take from the assurer a considerable excess of premium, in order to prevent the fluctuations in the number of deaths rendering any further call necessary, or, which would be still worse, causing the insolvency of the office; so is it also prudent to defer, for a short time at least, the division of profits, say for three, five, or seven years, as the circumstances of the particular office may seem to require. The number of payments which qualify to a participation of those profits we will suppose to be six; after which, at the periodical declaration of a division, a certain per centage is to be added annually to the policy. Then, an assurer at an office requiring six premiums, if he commence in the *first* year after a distribution of profits, where the period is five years, would not be entitled, according to the prevailing practice, to his first addition until he has been assured nine years (4 + 5); if the period be seven years, he will be required to make thirteen payments (6 + 7) before he can participate; whereas, if he had commenced his assurance in the *last* year of the period, he would receive his first addition, in one case, in six years, in the other, in seven years: should he survive to the next following period of distribution, however, it amounts to nearly the same thing, as the additions will have a retrospective effect. This difference, arising from the time when the

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the assurance is made, is an inconvenience that cannot well be remedied, unless the additions were, as indeed they always in justice ought to be, but are not, immediate and prospective; by any other rule, the widow and orphans of the deceased assurer, in nine cases out of ten, must suffer an injustice. The uncertainty of human life, and many other circumstances, render it impossible for most assurers to select their own time of becoming such; and this great inequality, therefore, in the periods, at which each is to commence receiving back some portion of the excess of premiums paid by him, makes the assurance on lives, according to the present practice, to partake rather more of a lottery than it is desirable it should; the only remedy for all which evil is, as we have stated above, that each assurer should have the addition made to his policy the moment he becomes entitled, and not be compelled to wait to the period when the division is made, before which happy day—to give one sufficient reason—he may have *died.*

But if the inequalities of a quinquennial and septennial division be, in practice, so considerable, those of a decennial period must be enormously more so.

'An interval of ten years between the divisions of the profits of a society, combined with that regulation which allows those only to participate in them who have paid six annual premiums, is alone sufficient to postpone to a considerable distance of time any additions which can be made to the policies. If the first premium is paid in the fifth year, before a division of profits is to take place, then, as the sixth premium will be paid just after a decennial division, the assurer will not receive any addition to his policy until the expiration of *fifteen years.*

'If he had commenced his payments one year sooner, he would have had his first bonus at the end of six years.'

This is the evil of a *restrospective* addition of which we have been complaining; and as the *Equitable* is the only office which adopts the decennial period, the case here stated can only be meant to apply to that office; but we are willing to think, that Mr. Babbage is labouring under a slight mistake: *his* interpretation of the rule gives what must be considered as little short of a gross fraud upon the assurer. The words of the bye-law are, that 'in case any order for an addition made to policies, &c., such order shall not take effect, with respect to any policy, before six annual payments shall have been made thereon; but *as soon* as six such payments shall have been made, such policy shall, *for the time then to come,* be within the effect and operation of the order for such addition, as if such order had been made immediately after such six payments.' Now, *we* understand the words 'within the effect and operation' to signify, that having made six payments, the assurer is immediately to have the benefit of

of the annual addition ordered at the *preceding* decennial period, and that it is meant to be *prospective*. We are the more inclined to give it this interpretation, from what Mr. Morgan further states in elucidation of the order, viz.—'that if such order should be made to take effect generally, from the first day of January, 1820, for the space of ten years then next following, a policy effected in the year 1819 shall *not* be within the operation of such order, until a payment shall be made thereon in the year 1824; but such policy *shall be within the operation thereof* for every payment that may be made thereon, in the five years following the year 1824; and the like as to other cases.' If, then, the words 'within the operation' are not purposely meant to 'palter with us in a double sense,' to be used either *prospectively* or *retrospectively*, 'as the directors may think fit,' Mr. Babbage is wrong; if the latter interpretation, and the latter alone, was contemplated, he is right. Mr. Morgan, besides, in his address to the General Court, held in December, 1809, thus explains the operation of this intended order, which was to be promulgated on the 10th of March following, but which is now of little importance either to those who then were, or to those who subsequently became, assurers at this office; as, like many other salutary regulations, it has passed into a dead letter. It shews, however, the vacillating opinions and practices of those who manage this great establishment.

'From the 1st of January next (1800,) it is proposed that every person *already* assured shall have an addition to his claim of 2*l.* per cent., for every payment after the one made in December, 1809, so that to all the claims in 1810 the sum of 2*l.* on every 100*l.* shall be paid, over and above the addition already granted;—in 1812 the sum of 4*l.*; in 1813 the sum of 6*l.*; and so on, increasing 2*l.* in every succeeding year, till in 1819 the sum shall amount to 18*l.* on each 100*l.*: and at the end of the next decennial investigation, if the circumstances of the society should admit of a more extended addition, these lesser ones shall cease as to the preceding interval, and commence again in like manner in the succeeding interval, and be continued till another decennial investigation takes place; so that in no year will any member have reason to complain that he does not participate in some part at least of the profits of the society. And where shall another society be found that has done so much for its members, or that acts in a manner so truly liberal and disinterested? With an immense capital, and an unbounded credit—with profits continually increasing, and the prospect of new benefits every year, it claims no exclusive privileges for any of its members, but admits all on equal terms, and gratuitously allows those to partake of a surplus which has been accumulating for forty years before their admission! 'Should the additions now proposed be adopted by the society, every person who shall have been assured ten years will have 25*l.* per cent. added to his claim,—if he shall have been assured

twenty years he will have 86*l.* per cent.,—if thirty years he will have 180*l.* per cent.,—and if forty years he will have 290*l.* per cent.; so that in many cases the claims paid will be double, triple, and in some even more than quadruple the sums originally assured. If all this, which exceeds the highest hope that could have been entertained, does not prove the excellence of the institution, and engage every member to persevere in that course which has conducted the society to such unexampled prosperity, I know not what inducements can be offered, or how it will be possible to convince those by argument on whom the experience of half a century shall produce no effect.'—*Mr. Morgan's Address*, 1809.

One would hardly suppose it possible that, in the short space of six years after this flourishing statement was made, and in the very midst of the period of ten years during which it was in operation, namely in the year 1816, this 'word of promise' has been broken, and a new order of things adopted—a system subversive of every measure that had 'conducted the society to such unexampled prosperity;' 'contrary,' as Mr. Babbage truly observes, 'to the original spirit of the institution, and which has the effect of assimilating it, in a greater degree than is generally imagined, to a *proprietary* company.' He might have said a *Tontine* Company, in which the oldest livers run away with the whole profits, while the greater number of the new assurers have very little chance of ever participating in them; that is to say, if the view taken of this new bye-law by Mr. Babbage be the correct one, of which the substance is thus briefly stated:—

1. That whenever any addition shall be made to claims on policies, the *first five thousand policies on the list* shall alone be entitled to it.

2. That each of the remaining policies shall be considered as having been *opened* on the day on which it was first declared to be within the limit of those five thousand.

3. That the regulation remains unaltered, which requires six annual payments to be made before any addition can be obtained.

We hope at least that he has not given a correct interpretation as to the second point. The words in their order are as follow:—"That as many of such policies as had been made subsequent to the 31st December, 1816, and which were existing in the society on the 31st December, immediately preceding such inquiry [viz., to ascertain the number of assurances], be added to those above-mentioned, as shall be sufficient to complete the number to five thousand; and that the persons holding the policies so added shall be considered *thenceforward as entitled* to such additions as shall be *thereafter* made, in respect of all payments made subsequent to such ascertained reduction, &c." Divested of its

its legal jargon, the intent and meaning we take to be this: that from the moment a policy is brought within the pale of the fortunate five thousand, provided six annual payments have been made, that policy is entitled to, and will receive, such additions as may *thereafter* be made, namely, at the next succeeding decennial period; that these additions will then be made *retrospectively* from the year in which the assurer was admitted into the five thousand, *provided he be living at the said succeeding period* when the additions are ordered; but that the executors of those *who had died in the intermediate time* between the two periods would receive only the bare sums mentioned in their respective policies. Whether such be the right or wrong interpretation, a most unjust distinction is made by this new regulation between two large, and almost equally numerous, classes of the society. It amounts to this;—that the persons who had assured previous to 1817 will enjoy *exclusively*, and *for many years*, the profits contributed by the latter class who insured subsequently to that period. In the year 1824, Mr. Babbage ascertained that the number of the *excluded* amounted to about *four thousand*, and this was sufficient to deter him from adding one more to the hopeless multitude; for he had calculated that nine thousand persons reduced by deaths to five thousand, supposing them at the average age of 40, would require $27\frac{1}{2}$ years; if of 45, $23\frac{1}{2}$ years; if of 50, 20 years; if of 55, 17 years: that eight thousand reduced to five thousand would require, at the same ages, $23\frac{1}{2}$, 20, and 17 years respectively; and that seven thousand would require 19, 17, and $13\frac{1}{2}$ years before they could be brought within the 'number of the elect,' according to the 'Equitable experience.' These calculations may or may not be right; but the conclusion this highly-distinguished mathematican draws from them, whether right or wrong, will, we think, startle a few of those middle-aged gentlemen who may have made assurances at this office subsequent to the year 1816; and we have the authority of Mr. Morgan, 'that the *great majority* of the assurances lately made consists of lives between the ages of 35 and 50.'

'Now, supposing that as many deaths would happen amongst the assurers as if they were all aged fifty-five, then, if I had assured the life of the friend, at whose request I made the application alluded to, in all probability he would have been obliged to pay seventeen annual premiums, before he could be qualified, under these new regulations, to participate in the profits: this would happen in the year 1841, or just one year after the decennial division. He must, therefore, continue paying his annual premiums nine years longer, before that qualification could be of any avail; thus he would not, in truth, partake of the profits until *twenty-six years* after he began to assure. Now, unless a person be younger than the age of forty-four, even though he be such

a life as the Equitable would admit, he has not an even chance of living *twenty-six years.*'—pp. 112, 113.

We again repeat our hope that Mr. Babbage's interpretation of the words of the bye-law may be erroneous; nothing so monstrous, so outrageously unjust, could possibly be intended by so respectable a society; and yet we have a lurking suspicion that all is not right; that the appropriation is made to act *retrospectively*, and not as it ought to be, *prospectively*, that is to say, from the moment the assurer becomes one of the five thousand. *If* the former should be the case, so that his friend would not have actually received additions in the year 1841, but must have waited nine years longer, 'there is something rotten in the state of Denmark.' *If* Mr. Babbage be right in his view of the matter, he may indeed well say, that 'nothing but a desire of reducing the number of assurers could have suggested a measure so wholly undeserving the name of *equitable*;' and that as soon as the operation of the law in question becomes sufficiently understood by the public at large, such must be the consequence.' At all events, the statement ought immediately to be refuted, if not correct; or explained, if it be so. A direct answer from Mr. Morgan to a simple question, which, we think, he is bound to give, would decide whether the view taken by Mr. Babbage be right or wrong. A person assures in 1826; he is declared to be within the pale of the elect in 1841; he dies in 1845, having made nineteen payments. Will his executors, according to the present regulations, receive any, and what, additions to his policy, either from the appropriation of profits to be made in January 1840, or from that of January 1850, or from both? And how much per cent. will be added, supposing three per cent. to be the annual addition?

It is the more necessary, as Mr. Morgan is pleased to consider the *Equitable*, as indeed it ought to be considered, a *public* or national Institution, that there should be no mystery in its proceedings and practices. The assurers in particular have a right to know in what manner the enormous profits are to be disposed of. The *Equitable* has a capital at this moment of *eleven millions*, the property of many thousand families, and to be distributed chiefly in charitable purposes. By the 1st January, 1830, it must exceed *twelve millions* *, when the surplus profits, or two-thirds, or some other portion of them, left to the discretion of the directors, are to be appropriated, *solely*, as the regulation now stands, among the five thousand elect, to the exclusion of four or five thousand others, who have materially contributed towards those

* In his address of 1819, Mr. Morgan says that their capital had increased above *three millions* in the last ten years. It must now be increasing at a much higher rate.

profits.

profits. It is not for us, who never have tasted, and are now too old ever to hope to taste, any of the *good things* of this magnificent institution, to point out what the excluded assurers ought to do; but we should indeed be surprised, if they passively look on, and suffer three or four millions to be shared away among those who have already received additions to their policies to the extent of from *twenty-five to four hundred per cent.*, while it is not intended that the smallest fraction of the enormous sum to be so appropriated should fall to their own lot. But we do hope that, in the mean time, the directors, for their own sakes, may receive some new and better lights, and prevent so glaring an act of injustice from being attempted under their sanction. It might be a fatal delusion were they to imagine that, because they have inflicted on this vast body of assurers the additional injustice of excluding them from being heard in their general courts, it is therefore absolutely impossible for them to make their voice be heard anywhere. It would be the extreme of folly to expect that, when the door has been shut in the faces of from four to five thousand assurers, while their copartners are passing resolutions how they shall divide the spoil so as to secure for themselves the lion's share, these aggrieved copartners in the same concern should remain in a state of listless and ignorant tranquillity.

The directors and Mr. Morgan can hardly indeed be supposed to persuade themselves that the representatives of so many thousand families will be satisfied by being tauntingly told of their 'impatience,'—'that their interests are only postponed,'—'and that they have contributed little to entitle them to share.' Such observations are more likely to be considered as adding insult to injury. They *have* contributed, not 'little,' but largely; not only 30 per cent. annually more than they ought to have done, but full 50 per cent. We say this not loosely, but advisedly, and we will prove it—ay, and by Mr. Morgan's own printed statement. He says, in his 'Address' of 1800, that 'the following statement of the decrements of life among the members, compared with those in the table of observations from which the premiums are computed, contains the result of an annual experience of thirty years:'

From the age of	10	to	20	they have been as	1	to	2
	20	to	30	. . .	1	to	2
	30	to	40	. . .	3	to	5
	40	to	50	. . .	3	to	5
	50	to	60	. . .	5	to	7
	60	to	80	. . .	4	to	5

From which it appears that, at all ages taken together, these probabilities are in the ratio of three to two; that is to say, 'the society for the last thirty years has only paid *two* claims, where the tables

tables supposed that *three* would become due.' These are his words; so that, instead of any estimated sum, say 300*l*., they have paid only 200*l*., which, if there be any truth in Cocker, proves that they have taken from these repudiated and insulted new members, generally, 50 per cent., and from young members, between the ages of ten and thirty, 100 per cent. as their 'little contributions' to the funds of the society.

It seems, from Mr. Morgan's 'Address,' in 1825, that an eager desire manifested itself 'of prematurely sharing in the surplus'—that is, of not waiting the expiration of *ten years*, before they shared such portion of the ELEVEN MILLIONS as the directors might think proper to divide; and that various propositions were made and discussed at a general court, chiefly as to the time and mode of the appropriation of the sum to be divided; but the directors would listen to none of them; and they were probably right, excepting as to the obnoxious bye-law of decennial periods, and the illegal (as it appears to us) division of the society into two classes. On this latter point not a word was spoken; not one dissentient voice was heard; indeed, how could that be expected, when none but the first class were allowed to be present, and consequently every man in the room had a direct interest in approving the measure? The directors express their opinion that everything went on as it should do, and 'that any departure from the essential principles of the society, as they are to be deduced from the practice existing on the 1st day of January, 1817, *would not be advisable,—might be highly injurious,—would be detrimental to the members individually*,' &c. It has taken them a long time to discover this new and admirable system, which has authorized so bold a measure as to overturn at once all the 'essential principles,' and to annul all the various 'practices' which existed between the years 1762 and 1817, and which have been so frequently belauded by their actuary in his numerous flourishing 'Addresses.' Now, however, after so many changes and chances which have happened to this society, and after so many storms which have been weathered by the directors,—*per tot discrimina rerum*—they have at length, on the 1st of January, 1817, safely gained a port, and, as they think, snugly secured the vessel, by the sheet-anchor of a new law, that is to be as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians; for the directors report that, so ably and completely has some ingenious attorney or other clenched it, that *no power* on earth can make any alteration therein without *unanimous consent*; which would be somewhat difficult to bring about, as, by the very law in question, *one half of the society are excluded from any voice at all!*

This is a master-stroke of policy. Fifteen elderly gentlemen—five would be much better, and three better still,—fifteen, however

even (several of them octogenarians), by the advice of an able but a very old actuary*, make a regulation which nothing can set aside but the unanimous consent of nine thousand of their own body, all copartners in the same concern, and equally interested, as far as the number and amount of their payments entitle them; with this little difference, however, that four thousand of them, who are materially injured by it, and who are deprived of the means of expressing their grievances and their dissent, were no party to the measure. Hitherto these directors have felt no scruple to make and dissolve such bye-laws as circumstances might seem to require, or their actuary point out; many of them in direct contradiction to the original deed of settlement, which, in fact, from the numerous changes, has become nearly a dead letter, and all of them at variance in their 'essential principles' with this new and irrevocable bye-law;—of which they appear, for the present, to be so strangely enamoured, that they certainly look upon it to be, what has been said of law in general—'the perfection of human reason.' These fifteen elderly gentlemen may be assured, however, that others, as well as the unfortunate sufferers, will be disposed to consider this measure in a very different light, amounting to a complete forfeiture of the proud title of 'Equitable.' One might almost suspect that some of these too potent seniors had been studying Blackstone, and relied for their justification on the *dictum* of that high authority, which declares 'law without equity, though hard and disagreeable, to be much more desirable for the public good than equity without law.'

As to anything like argument or plausible grounds for the adoption of a measure so contrary to justice and to the letter and spirit of the Institution,—these are matters for which we should look in vain. The directors content themselves by referring to their actuary, 'to whose opinion,' they say, 'they cannot too much defer' while, in the same breath, they admit that 'it *has been* supposed that he is influenced by prejudices arising from long-formed notions and opinions.' Mr. Morgan, as all the world knows, is an able calculator of annuities, &c., and the society is mainly indebted to his fostering care and skilful management of its concerns, more particularly in the earlier periods of its existence; but Mr. Morgan is now, we regret to perceive, far advanced in years, and old age, we know, is proverbially tenacious of its habits and opinions. He has also, as may be perceived by his various 'Addresses,' at all times set his heart upon a large surplus capital; he seems indeed to pride himself on the means taken to secure its accumulation, and we need hardly observe, that the *auri sacra fames* does not diminish with age.

* Mr. Morgan has been actuary fifty-three years.

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He must now, therefore, view the enormous heap got together under his auspices, with peculiar and increased delight.

'Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.'

So anxious, indeed, does he shew himself to accumulate a hoard, which the 'new law' destines chiefly for the benefit of his seniors and coevals in the Society, among whom are many of the directors, who may be said to form a kind of family compact,* that we doubt not some of the phrenologists will endeavour, after his death, to procure his skull, in order to discover the dimensions of the bump of *accumulativeness*, which must unquestionably be found thereon in its most splendid 'developement,' if there be any truth in the system of Gall and Spurzheim. Far be it from us to insinuate that Mr. Morgan is influenced, in the smallest degree, by personal considerations; *his* is the long-rooted and still growing affection for a child of his own, which, having been fostered with more than a fond father's care for fifty years and upwards, has attained its present gigantic stature. We only accuse him of recommending measures which, we doubt not, he conscientiously believes to be right and proper, but which we conceive to be just the reverse.

But the subject is too serious to those concerned to be treated lightly. The object of the two obnoxious measures,—the select five thousand,—and the decennial periods,—is clearly, and Mr. Morgan does not disguise it, to benefit the *old* members. So early, indeed, as the year 1795, he says, in his 'Address,' 'It does not appear reasonable to admit *new members* to an *equal* participation of the profits of the society with the *old members*, from whose annual payments these profits have been principally derived.' Certainly, not *equally* to participate, and it would be most unreasonable in the new members to expect *that*; but there is a wide difference between *equally* and *not at all*. Besides, Mr. Morgan seems to have forgotten or to overlook the fact, that most of the old members have already more than absorbed the profits derived from *their* annual payments, and drawn profits besides from the annual payments of that numerous class who died without any addition, though qualified, being made to their policies, as well as from many other sources; that *they* have, by his own account, already had from 25 to 400 *per cent.* added to their policies; whereas the new members, if ever admitted into the happy number, could re-

* A numerous Board of Commissioners, or Directors, or Committee-men, or by whatever name they may be known, or to whatever concern, public or private, they belong, are ill adapted for business; when they come in and go out by rotation, and are elected chiefly through what is termed a *house-list*, they are admirably adapted for jobbing; each having his turn, in *rotation*; and when a son steps into the shoes of his father at such a Board, or a son is elected to audit his father's accounts, one is tempted to say that things, if not *mala per se*, have at least an ugly appearance.

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ceive only some 2, or 2½, or perhaps 3 *per cent.* added from year to year, which per centage would equally be added to those sums already apportioned to the old members. It is not true, therefore, that the profits of the society are principally derived from the old members, many of whom have occasioned very considerable losses to the society *. The fact is, that while the profits are mainly derived from the interest of a fund to which the new members annually contribute their fifty *per cent.*, and that almost without a hope of ever participating in them under the new regulation;—a regulation which, we do not hesitate to say, is founded on a principle of gross injustice, and in operation highly injurious to the families of many thousand individuals; and after the adoption of which, the directors are no longer warranted in asserting, as they still do, that 'the great and the leading principle of this society has *ever* been its *equity*.'

Mr. Morgan, to whom the directors 'cannot too much defer,' deems it quite sufficient to say, that although the measure [of the five thousand] 'excludes members, admitted since the year 1816, from an early participation of the surplus, it renders that participation more secure, and ultimately more beneficial;' he ought to have added, 'to the few who may survive;' for more than one-half of the excluded number will, in all probability, be dead before they are entitled, or at least before there will be added to their policies any share of the profits to which they will have so largely contributed. Suppose, as Mr. Babbage concludes from data furnished by Mr. Morgan, that the mean age of those who assure at the *Equitable* is about forty-six; the probability of life at that age, by De Moivre's hypothesis, is *twenty years*. Now Mr. Morgan has stated, in his 'Address' of 1819, that 'out of the five thousand one hundred and twenty-four members that existed in 1800, not more than one thousand five hundred survive to participate in the present additions,'—that is to say, in the course of *twenty years*, the proportion of the dead to the living was as *seven* to *two*, which, though not quite consistent with Mr. Babbage's calculation, is a

* We will state an instance. A member of fifty years standing in 1820, we will suppose to have first assured at the age of twenty-two. The premium at that age for an assurance of £5000 would be £112 10*s.* per annum. Now the amount to which £1 per annum at 5 per cent. would increase in fifty years, is £209·35, and consequently, at this rate, the assurer's annual premium would have increased in fifty years to £23,551·875. In 1820, his additions amounting, by Mr. Morgan's account, to 401 per cent. on his policy, together with the sum assured, would be equal to £25,050; thus occasioning a loss to the Society of £1,498·125. By the same process it will be found that an assurer commencing at the age of forty-five (about the mean) and living thirty years, will have augmented the funds of the Society to £12,616, but by having 180 per cent. added to his policy (which he would have, according to Mr. Morgan), he will be entitled to £14,000 thus creating a loss to the Society of £2,138·4. These instances are sufficient to show the fallacy of Mr. Morgan's unqualified assertion, that the profits are principally drawn from the *old* members.

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matter of fact that admits of no mistake; and this glaring fact alone ought to have restrained Mr. Morgan from suggesting, or lending his countenance to, a measure so unjust, as one which will deprive more than half of the members of the society of what is their strict and undoubted right, and the still more iniquitous measure, of excluding one-half of them from all the privileges of the society.

There is another evil resulting from this everlasting 'new law,' which Mr. Morgan, in better days, would have been the first to perceive and prevent, but which is now considered as a matter of indifference. The future prosperity of the society has received a check,—we had almost said, its death-blow,—from confining the additions solely to the old members, whose policies, with the immense accumulations already on them, must, at their deaths, drain the funds of the society to a much greater extent than if the surplus profits had been spread over a larger surface, and the whole 9000 allowed, as in justice they ought, to participate in them; for the *present value* of the sums to be appropriated will be much greater in the *old* than in the *young* members, and the sooner will the payment of them be demanded.

Mr. Morgan, indeed, must know that, in point of fact, both in strict justice and by the deed of settlement, *all* the members are entitled to participate in the profits of the Society, in the manner as therein provided; that is to say, by dividing the whole into classes, 'in such sort, that the sum to be divided amongst the second class shall be twice as much as the sum to be divided amongst the first class, and the sum to be divided amongst the third class shall be thrice so much as the sum to be divided amongst the first class; and so on, in an arithmetical progression, the sum of the terms of which series shall be the number of the said classes, and the common difference of which series shall be unity.' This *was* the equitable mode of division, until 1800, when it was *ordered*, without comment or explanation, 'that a careful investigation of the value of each policy of assurance be repeated once in *ten* years;' and 'that in future no addition be made to the claims, nor any other mode of distribution of the profits of the society be adopted, without such investigation previously had.' Two notable reasons, however, are assigned by the actuary, for having recourse to these decennial periods. The first is, that 'if the intervals were shortened from ten to five years, and the *same additions* were repeated at each interval, the capital of the society would, after a few repetitions, be reduced *twice* as much in the latter as in the former case.' There really required no 'ghost' to tell us that; but, we would ask, what would be the difference if, instead of the *same*, only

only *half* the additions were made at the interval of five years? If this argument of the worthy Actuary be worth anything, the period of *twenty years* would be twice as good as one of *ten years*, in which case The *Equitable Society* would be converted into a much better *Tontine* than it is at present.

The second reason, which we gather from Mr. Morgan's addresses, for this departure from the deed of settlement, is the vast labour and difficulty of calculating the value of so great a number of policies. This, we think, will be deemed a very idle and frivolous excuse. A society with a capital of *eleven millions*, and a revenue of nearly half a million, might surely afford a few extra clerks, if necessary, to make these computations in somewhat shorter time than at intervals of ten years. There are young men enough, even mathematicians from Cambridge, were such deemed necessary, who would willingly accept the employment. Mr. Babbage has told us, and we very well know it, that there is no difficulty in making them. *Women*, we understand, are employed in the astronomical computations for the Nautical Almanack. The cost could not exceed one or two hundred pounds, if so much; but, if it were as many thousands, *that* would be no sufficient excuse for the neglect. When the Bank of England was called upon to deduct the income-tax from each dividend, the governors pleaded the impossibility of making the calculations on 800,000 accounts, without delaying the payment of the dividends *six months*. Mr. Pitt knew better, and said it *must* be done; and it was done—*in a fortnight!* These objections, therefore, are evidently not entitled to much weight. The only reason, or rather assertion, for the iniquitous measure of cutting off nearly one-half the members from any participation in the profits, is, 'that a great proportion of the new members assured their lives, as much with the view of profit to themselves, as of securing a provision for their surviving families.' Mr. Morgan had asserted the same thing before, but, as we apprehend, without the shadow of proof; but were it even so, how does that concern him or the Society? As to the impatience, of which he so often talks, for a more frequent division of the surplus, it very naturally arises, as he says, 'from the very *old* and the *new* members, the former from the fear of not surviving ten years, the latter from an eagerness to partake of profits from which they have never yet derived any benefit.' Is it, we would ask, not just and reasonable, that it should be so? And is it not another proof of the general feeling of injustice and dissatisfaction at the change of system?

The society over the way in Bridge-street, called the *Rock*, not less flourishing than the *Equitable* was at the same period of its duration, finds no inconvenience, and apprehends no danger, in making

making its septennial allotment of profits; nor in distributing its members *into classes,* in the same manner and in the very words employed in the deed of settlement of the *Equitable.** And this may, perhaps, have been the reason for the latter abandoning it; it could 'bear no rival near the throne.' There has been at least a strange inconsistency in its conduct: for example, in the year 1793, Mr. Morgan, in his Address, says, 'It is impossible to devise a more safe, equitable, and beneficent method of apportioning them (the profits), than by increasing the claims in the manner which has hitherto been uniformly adopted.' Again, in 1795, he says, 'I do not know that a much better method can be devised of making *all* the members to participate in the profits of the society, without endangering its security, than that which has been repeatedly adopted during the last fourteen years.' And again, in 1800, we find him declaring, that 'no better method can be devised, than to persevere in the *old plan* of making additions to the claims.' And what was that *old plan?* Why, that of dividing the members into classes, when every member of four, five, or six years' standing had additions made to his policy at short intervals: thus, additions were made in the years 1782, 1786, 1791, 1792, 1795, 1800. After which, although 'no better plans could possibly be adopted,' there suddenly came out, in 1810, the *six annual payments* system, with the *decennial periods;* and in 1816, the illegal and unjust separation of the five thousand favoured sheep from the four thousand unlucky goats.

The directors, we are aware, have an answer to all this—'Persons need not go to assure at their office unless they like it;' and 'They know the terms on which they assure.'—This may be, so far, true; but we venture to say, that two-thirds of those who make assurances neither know the numbers excluded, nor have the least idea of the length of time that must elapse before they can be numbered with the elect. Would any man of fifty-five, for instance, make an assurance at the *Equitable,* if he knew that there was a probability of his being required to make sixteen or seventeen annual payments before he became *qualified;* and that it might (according to Mr. Babbage) be *twenty-six years* before he could *participate* in the profits—knowing, as he must do, the probability of his life to be only about *fifteen years?* It would amount to an absolute fraud, under such circumstances, to admit such an assurer; at any rate the hopeless chance should be explained to him; though we believe no such explanation is ever given, even if asked for.

* In August last, an appropriation of two-thirds of the surplus profits of the last seven years was made to *all* the members of the Rock Society who had paid *two* annual premiums; and for the credit of this society, we trust that the per centage, be it what it may, is a *progressive* annual addition.

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We must notice another malpractice, confined, we believe, exclusively to the *Equitable*. It is that of deferring payment of the amount of the policy and profits six months after the death of the party, whereas from one to three months is the common practice of other offices, and is more than amply sufficient for every purpose. Can the *Equitable* be sordid enough to put the parties to inconvenience for the paltry object of gaining three months' interest? One member, we understand, did plead the cause of the widow and orphan, with respect to an alteration of this rule, and carried his point unanimously; but, this resolution of one court required to be confirmed in the next, at which the proposer was absent, and strange as it may appear, and not very creditable to the feelings of the assembled assurers, the resolution was rejected! Another Society, the *United Empire*, which pays one-fifth immediately, gives an advantage to the executors of the deceased, which those only who have performed that office can duly appreciate. There are cases where the surviving family have not the means of burying the corpse of the assurer, and where it has been found necessary to raise money for this purpose on the security of the policy. To a society possessed of such a capital and such a revenue as the *Equitable* has, the loss, in interest, of a few hundred pounds, by the immediate payment of a small fractional part of the policy, would be no great sacrifice to the claims of humanity; and we trust the measure will be re-considered, and meet with a better fate.

We have said, and we repeat, that the society has forfeited the name of *Equitable*, for the following reasons:—

1. Because, under the *present system*, the exaction of 30 per cent. above what the premium ought to be, is unreasonable and unjust.

2. Because, by increasing the period of appropriation to *ten* years, nearly one-half of the members are excluded from any hope of ever sharing in the profits.

3. Because, by the unjust, and we believe illegal, separation of the co-partners into two classes, an undue share of profits is bestowed upon one class, and none given to the other class, which is contrary to the letter and the spirit of the deed of settlement.

4. Because, by excluding all, who are not in the first class, from being directors though qualified, and from having voices in the general courts, nearly one-half of the society have no means of expressing their grievances, of knowing what is going on, or of dissenting from the unjust proceedings of the other half.

5. Because, the withholding the sum due on the death of the assurer to an unreasonable length of time, is injurious, and very often distressing to the widow and orphans. And,

6. Because, if it be the practice of making retrospective additions only to policies, (as Mr. Babbage supposes,) the families of those

those who may die in the intermediate time between two periods, whatever may be the standing of the deceased, will be deprived of those additions which are made to others of the same standing, who may survive—which is a measure of partiality and injustice.

The great national importance of this establishment, the vast benefits it has bestowed on thousands of families, and our sincere anxiety for the continuance of its prosperity, have induced us to dwell thus long on what we consider to be the great blemishes recently introduced into the system. We have selected this gigantic Institution upon which to make our strictures,—in a spirit of reproof it is true, but not of hostility—in the hope of bringing back the *Equitable* to its ancient and more wholesome principles; and the more pointedly, because the minor establishments are but too apt to imitate its example, however vicious. The directors are many of them, to our knowledge, highly honourable men; and if they would but take the trouble to consider seriously the trust that is reposed in them, and not wholly 'defer' to their actuary, who, they say, is *supposed* to have his prejudices and partialities,—if they would but exercise their judgments and consult their own feelings,—we think they would not hesitate to rescind the two obnoxious, unjust, and, as we deem them, illegal measures, which deprive so many families of what is justly their due, and return to those 'essential principles,' which have led to the 'unexampled prosperity of the society;' it is yet time to revert at least to the last and at any rate less objectionable measure of 1810, which required six payments of the annual premium to entitle to a participation of profits *. Let them reflect on the odium and reprobation which must fall on them, individually as well as collectively, should they persist in a measure that cannot fail to provoke the aggrieved to have recourse to a public investigation, before two years are over, either in parliament or in one of the lower courts. This would not be the most pleasant method in which to be convinced that there is 'a power,' capable of dissolving what, they are so vauntingly told, their own act had made indissoluble, and that what might be the fit boast of a pettifogging attorney is the shame and disgrace of such an association as *The Equitable*.

We shall touch but on another point.

Mr. Babbage comments with great severity on the practice, as he says, 'of almost all assurance companies' paying a commission to agents, solicitors, or brokers; some of them, he informs us, unblushingly offer, even in the statement of their terms, and most of them privately pay, what they call a commission, to those per-

* The *old* members could not complain of this sacrifice to justice and consistency. It would give only a small proportion of what *they* would receive, and be confined to those only who assured between 1817 and 1821, if the additions were made in 1827.

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sons who bring assurances to their office. Thus the *Albion*, the *British Commercial*, the *Eagle*, the *European*, the *Imperial*, the *Medical Clerical*, *Law Life Association*, and *Pelican*, all advertise in their printed papers, that they give *liberal commissions* to attorneys, brokers, or agents, procuring life assurances; he 'knows but of three, certainly,' the *Amicable*, the *Equitable*, and the *Economic*, who do not *privately* allow such commission; and he feels pleased to add 'to the small but honourable list, the *University Life Assurance Society*, which, in a recent instance, preferred the risk of losing a large and valuable assurance, to the disgrace of bribing an agent.' An instance is related, which strongly proves to what lamentable consequences the encouragement thus given may subject the families of the assured.

A clergyman, in order to provide at his death for a numerous family, succeeded, by great economy, in saving from his income sufficient to assure his life for 2000*l.*; being unacquainted with business, he unfortunately trusted the choice of the office at which he assured to the attorney whom he had been in the habit of employing. The attorney effected the policy at one of those offices which make no return of any part of the profits, and which, notwithstanding, charge the same prices as the Equitable. During about twenty years he received a commission* of five per cent. from the office, which was paid out of the annual sum, with difficulty spared from the scanty income of his employer; and on the death of the clergyman his seven surviving orphans received from the office the original sum assured, 2000*l.*, instead of about 3200*l.*, which they might have received from the Equitable, had not the bribe, held out by the other office, been too great for the integrity of their father's solicitor. In contemplating with scorn the mercenary agent who betrayed, for so trifling a sum, the confidence reposed in him by his client, whose distressed family were thus deprived of 1200*l.*, ought not some portion of our indignation to be reserved for those who tempted him to this breach of trust?'—pp. 136, 137.

On the whole, we are persuaded that the number of assurance offices, and the magnitude of the concerns of many of them, involving, as they do, the interests of tens of thousands of families, will soon require these establishments to be brought under some statutory regulation; and Mr. Babbage's treatise will be of use in the meantime, in directing general attention to those irregular, and sometimes fraudulent practices, of which individuals too often feel the effects, under the present system.

* 'I do not recollect the precise age in this case, but it may be worth inquiring the profit derived by the agent from the sacrifice of his employer's interest. Supposing the clergyman's age, at the time of assuring, to have been thirty, the annual premium on his life, for an assurance of 2000*l.*, would be, at the Equitable, as well as at the other office, 53*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*, out of which the agent received annually five per cent., or 2*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*; so that his whole profit amounted to little more than 50*l.*, whilst the loss to his employer's family was 1200*l.*'

ART. II.—1. *The Political History of India, from* 1784 *to* 1823. By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.L.S., F.R.S., &c. London. 1826. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *A Letter to Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., M.P., on the Administration of Indian Affairs.* By a Civil Servant. London. 1826.

3. *Some Considerations on the Policy of the Government of India, more especially with reference to the Invasion of Burmah.* By Lieutenant-Colonel M. Stewart, F.R.S.E., Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, formerly Aide-de-Camp to the Earl of Minto and Marquis of Hastings, Governors-General of India. Edinburgh. 1826.

THE 'Political Sketch of India' by Sir John Malcolm appeared within two years of the last renewal of the Company's exclusive privileges in regard to the government of India, and the trade with China. That volume has become a manual of modern Indian diplomacy; and although no one can consider its narrative of events as sufficiently detailed, nor the reasoning applied to those events as sufficiently definite, we feel quite assured that a great benefit has been conferred on the community by its publication. Matters not previously exciting general interest, and supposed to involve the necessity of voluminous reading, were treated by the author in a manner, and within a compass, that make them universally intelligible and attractive. Sir John Malcolm's writings possess in these respects a decided superiority over those of Mr. Mill; for, although the latter contain unquestionably much information on every point connected with the history, religion, and general situation of British India, and its inhabitants, the whole is presented in a shape and style that tend to discourage rather than to promote the pursuit of the subject by ordinary readers.

The 'Political Sketch' is embodied in the first five chapters of the 'Political History;' and the author then continues in the same style his account of the political transactions in India, from the commencement of the administration of Lord Minto down to the close of that of Lord Hastings,—the epoch when the Company's government formally declared its supremacy throughout India. We might follow Sir John Malcolm with pleasure, as well as profit, through this long and able narrative; but if we did so, we should scarcely be able to reserve any space for that part of his work in which we are favoured with his views as to the future policy of our government of India.

In the first chapter of the work before us, we find the following passage:—

'The British legislature has hitherto but slowly followed the progress of the power of the Company in India. It has legislated for factories

factories on a foreign shore, when that Company was in possession of provinces; and when the laws were completed to govern those, it had obtained kingdoms. That *the present government is inadequate*, and *the laws under which it exists defective*, and not calculated for the greatness of the empire, every one acquainted with the subject must acknowledge; and the time probably approaches *when some great change must take place*.'—vol. i. p. 8.

Such was the opinion of Sir John Malcolm within two years of the last renewal of the East India Company's exclusive privileges; and as the opening of the trade to the merchants of England, the only important change which took place in 1813, was a measure that affected in a very trifling degree the government of India, we conclude that the work of extensive alteration and improvement is considered by the author as still to be commenced. The three last chapters contain, however, a far fuller exposition of Sir John Malcolm's mature opinions on these points. The importance of the subject, and the deserved weight attached to the opinions of an author so highly distinguished in the annals of Indian diplomacy and service, will, we feel, justify our examining at some length the suggestions to be found in these chapters; and we shall, in so doing, have frequent occasion to advert to the clever pamphlet 'On the Administration of Indian Affairs,' by 'a Civil Servant.'

Sir John Malcolm and the Civil Servant both adopt the obvious division of this part of the subject, namely, the government in England, and the local government in India. Upon the first head the question to be decided is, whether the object of good government will be best attained by continuing the present mixed system of administration by the East India Company and the Board of Control, or by transferring the whole authority to the Crown. The Civil Servant appears to assume the probable continuance of the present system; and Sir John Malcolm reasons very much at length on the inexpediency of substituting any other medium than that of the East India Company for the direct government of our Indian empire. In discussing the consequences of a total transfer of the government to the king's ministers, Sir John says, that—

'the first inevitable change on such an event would be in the different view taken of the Indian empire, by the authority under which it was then placed. With the Company's government *it must always remain a primary* consideration; with his Majesty's government *it must be a secondary* one. This has been too often shown, in cases where the latter had a right to interfere, to leave a doubt of the fact; and who can calculate the danger that would arise in India, when every measure which regarded that empire should be considered with reference to other and more important questions of expediency.'—vol. ii. p. 125.

'The urgent desire (he proceeds) of satisfying friends, and disarming

arming opponents; of conciliating the public, or of avoiding parliamentary discussions, would often outweigh all interest connected with our remote possessions in the minds of the wisest and strongest ministers; and at periods of weakness, the most serious evils might justly be apprehended from this source; nor could we look to the House of Commons as that check which they form upon other occasions, to any abuse or unwise exercise of power. Questions of a magnitude to excite the attention of that body would seldom be brought forward; and when they were, they would be so enveloped in details, that few would understand them: for a general and familiar acquaintance with the affairs of India can never be anticipated.'

There is unquestionably some truth in this statement; and, we think, the most important part of it is, that the government of our Indian empire requires the attention of *some* authority in England, from which it may receive undivided and unremitting attention; and this result we conceive to be obtained in a much greater degree under the present system, than we could expect it to be under any other that has hitherto been proposed. We cannot, however, subscribe to the conviction expressed by Sir John Malcolm, that the inevitable consequence of the governing authority being vested directly in his majesty's ministers would be the postponement of the Indian empire to the minor considerations of parliamentary tactics and momentary convenience. We cannot believe that the sole and detailed superintendence of affairs involving the happiness of millions would be neglected or undervalued by the '*wisest and strongest ministers*;' on the contrary, we feel assured that, were the transfer to the crown to take place, the attention to this great department would be proportionably increased; and that the affairs of India would receive as minute consideration as those of the treasury or foreign relations now do. Still less are we disposed to admit, without reserve, that 'an investigation as to the mode in which patronage has been exercised in those distant possessions, (the British colonies,) would not be favourable to the arguments of persons who advocate this change in our Indian government:' for—with the exception of the few offices in the colonies, which still continue to be performed by deputy—the responsibility under which the patronage (and, indeed, every part) of the colonial department is administered, is, in the present day, much more direct and unceasing than that attached to the government of India. The constitutional and increasing jealousy attending the patronage of the crown generally, and the readiness with which the complaints of individuals are brought forward in the House of Commons, have the effect of sometimes embarrassing the honest discharge of official duty, and, to say the least of the matter, render the chance of impunity under malversation highly improbable. On the other hand,

hand, a great change has taken place in public opinion with regard to individuals employed in India: for while public service in that country was, in the last century, however unjustly, considered synonymous with the corrupt acquisition of wealth, the most absolute confidence as to good intention and conduct seems now to be bestowed on the servants, civil and military, of the East India Company; and as neglect of their own pretensions forms no part of their general character, and a regular and copious supply of panegyric upon public events in India, and individuals employed in India, is not included among our literary wants, the present impression is not likely to be disturbed. Still we cannot but admit that the mutability belonging to the high offices of administration in England, and the change of measures to which contending parties are so often pledged, might, if applied to India, materially affect the stability of our extraordinary empire in that country. Dynasties have risen and fallen in the East, without changing the laws or manners of the people; and there unquestionably is a fixedness about municipal and fiscal institutions in India, that renders change, even though directed to obvious improvement, difficult, and makes periodical experiment extremely dangerous. That such a possession should be an appendage to Great Britain is most extraordinary; it is impossible not to feel with Sir John Malcolm, that 'our empire in India bears little analogy to any power that ever existed in the universe.' It is not less certain that the present system of home administration is a most singular one; but at the same time it combines elements peculiarly adapted, as well to the political interests of our own country, as to the good government of our Indian possessions. Subordinate as commerce must needs be with the ruling authorities in England to the greater questions of empire, it would be utterly impossible legislatively to create such a body as the East India Company, or to establish a deliberative assembly constituted and qualified like *the Court of Proprietors.* In that court is to be found the most accurate and complete information on every point connected with the administration of India at home and abroad. Sufficiently numerous to possess the advantages of a popular assembly,—and yet, from the amount of a qualification to a vote, (500*l.* India stock,) and the general condition of its members, free from many of the disadvantages of one—this Court presents a basis for the government of India, that is certainly not to be found in any other part of our political organization. Sir John Malcolm treats the Court of Proprietors entirely as a control upon the Court of Directors and the local government in India; and divests that assembly of any importance as the instrument by which any improvement may be hereafter effected, either in the distribution of duties at home, or in the

administration of government abroad. We, on the contrary, should, maintaining the positive efficiency and political convenience of the existing system, press strongly the obvious and increasing utility of this Court of Proprietors, as the only medium through which the difficult question of governing India in the present day, with all the benefits of a representative system, and without its official vicissitudes, can be obtained. The Civil Servant entertains a similar view of the matter:—

'I conceive (says this writer) that the Court of Proprietors has not sufficiently exerted itself in circumstances either of political or mercantile vicissitude: in fact, until within the later years, when the personal activity and ability of a few individuals has called general attention to the occurrences of our Indian empire, the proprietors were considered as mere receivers of dividends, and sometimes of pensions and gratuities. The spirit of inquiry may be now said to walk the face of the waters dividing Europe from India: the press is daily annihilating distance, and the proprietors will be singularly wanting to their own interests, and show themselves unfit to retain the continued management of that empire, which the East India Company originally acquired for their country, if they do not employ the interval between this period and 1833, in a systematic and persevering examination of every branch of their affairs, so as to merit either a renewal of the charter, or to deserve the thanks of parliament for the state in which the great trust may be transferred to other hands.'—p. 2.

As the executive authority vested by law in the East India Company is exercised by *the Court of Directors*, the fitness of the members for the duties which they have to perform is obviously a matter of the highest importance to the good government of India. Sir John Malcolm and the Civil Servant concur as to the necessity of some alteration, as well in the composition of the court, as in the regulations under which its business is conducted. We have to regret the indistinct manner in which the former has treated all that relates to the directors, and shall, therefore, in bringing this part of the subject before our readers, avail ourselves of the brief but definite suggestions of the pamphlet. The Civil Servant justly remarks:—

'It is singular, that with the increased importance of the duties which the Court of Directors have had to discharge, and still more with the augmented diffusion of knowledge on all subjects connected with our Indian empire, that has been effected of late years through the activity of the press, no alteration in the distribution of business should have taken place within the court itself. The administrative business of the Indian empire has been from ancient usage, and is still, intrusted to the eleven senior directors, (including the chairman and deputy,) under the title of the Committee of Correspondence,

spondence, while the remaining directors are divided into committees, more or less occupied in the mercantile affairs of the East India Company.'—p. 5.

Sir John Malcolm estimates, that, 'generally speaking, a period of ten years must elapse from the election of a director, to his obtaining a seat in the Committee of Correspondence.' Both he and the Civil Servant consider this period so long, as to render the information which the director may have acquired by service in India positively useless. Sir John, indeed, almost goes so far as to pronounce previous service in India *mischievous*, from its producing 'the bias of an attachment to old opinions, many of which may have become obsolete.' But surely, if this be correct, there must be a marvellous mutability in the administration of Indian affairs, a mutability quite inconsistent with the decided preference which Sir John Malcolm entertains for the life-tenure—without even the interval of being out by rotation—of a seat in the direction. The Civil Servant thus describes the consequence of the present arrangement:—

'A gentleman who may have held the highest office in India, that of member of the Supreme Council in Bengal, who may have reached that distinguished situation after a series of years passed in the political department of the service, is employed for nine years of probation in the committee of warehouses and shipping, as if the object were to expel all previously-acquired knowledge from his memory, and thus ultimately fit him for the Committee of Correspondence. Military talent and service would have also to run the same course, and it may therefore fairly be presumed, that on admission to the Committee of Correspondence, the member of council and the military commander will have reached, in the descending, the same point as the ship-owner and the merchant in the ascending scale, so that there will be no decided superiority of knowledge to affect the value of their respective opinions.'—p. 4.

In this passage, as in the remarks of Sir John Malcolm, there is obviously much professional asperity,—probably the result of that large share of influence still possessed by the mercantile members of the court, for whose administrative knowledge, neither the military nor the civil servants of the East India Company are commonly understood to have much respect.

The Civil Servant, we think justly, recommends that the business of the Court of Directors should be divided into departments, analogous to those of the empire under their administration, with such addition or modification as may be required by the peculiar constitution of the East India Company; and with this view he suggests the distribution into the following committees:—

'Judicial, to which might be joined education and religion; military;

tary; financial, including commercial, political, or external relations; and lastly, in the class of special administration, London, which would comprise the communication with his Majesty's government. These in the aggregate, would form five committees, four to consist of five members, and the last, or London committee, to which also the duties of secret committee might be assigned, of four members, giving to the chairman of the Court of Directors a casting vote in the committee. The deputy chairman also to be, ex officio, a member of the London Committee.'

A distribution of the business involving less apparent change would, perhaps, be found in adopting the designation of the Departments of Correspondence from India actually subsisting; namely, the Public, the Revenue, the Military, the Political, and the Commercial. The details or denominations of such arrangements are comparatively unimportant, but the principle deserves attention, for we quite concur with this author, that the efficiency of the home administration of Indian affairs depends mainly upon that of the Court of Directors; and we cannot but admit that the present distribution of business in this Court is not calculated to render the previous acquirements of individual directors most speedily and generally useful.

The trade of the East India Company has,—(with the exception of that of China,)—since the year 1813 become so trifling a part of the business of the Court of Directors, that detailed mercantile knowledge has *de facto* ceased to be an important part of the qualification of a director. The captain of a ship engaged in the trade to India and China might have been, in the last century, no unfit person for a seat in this Court; but in the present day, when the commercial character of the Company has, as far as regards India, merged in that of an instrument of sovereignty, the presence of such individuals in the Court of Directors, however respectable their private characters, has a tendency to diminish the reputation for efficiency of the whole body; and this effect is nowhere so much felt as among their own military and civil servants abroad, who, although they may seek pensions for the past or promotions for the future from the power of the Court of Directors, can attach no value to the opinions of men still regarded as essentially mercantile in their internal arrangements and proceedings. An improved distribution of the business, by which superintendence of the important departments of Indian administration should be assigned to previously acquired knowledge, and not to mere seniority, would give a totally different character to the internal proceedings of the Court of Directors. Correspondence which is now examined, and questions which are now prepared for discussion, by irresponsible clerks, would be considered and dealt with

with by the directors themselves, who would be responsible to their colleagues and to the proprietary for the application of their time and abilities to the department under their immediate superintendence. The individual labour of the directors would be unquestionably greater, and a seat in the direction would partake more of the form of an office than it does at present, when it is so constantly an appendage to other pursuits. Increase of salary consequent upon such augmentation and permanence of duty might be expected; and, although the patronage of each director—which is estimated for the last year by the Civil Servant at 20,200*l.* exclusive of assistant-surgeonships, and other minor appointments—may perhaps be considered as sufficient, the efficiency of the Court of Directors would, no doubt, be well purchased even by an increased expenditure.

When the exchangeable value of the patronage possessed individually and collectively by the Court of Directors is taken into view, it may well be a matter of surprise that they do not possess a greater degree of influence over public affairs than at present; and that the office itself, the qualification being so easily attainable, is not more an object of general ambition. It would, therefore, seem that, however large the amount of patronage, there must be something most innoxious in the exercise of it, which avoids censure by not attracting notice, and so affords the best practical reason for the continuance of this part of the existing system. Sir John Malcolm regrets that some regulation has not been framed by which a certain number of appointments, civil and military, should be assigned to the sons of officers employed in the service of the East India Company: unquestionably such persons have the strongest claims upon the East India Company; and were not the patronage of India the personal remuneration of the directors, there can be no doubt that such claims would be more frequently admitted. In practice, from the introduction of civil and military servants into the direction, a large proportion of these appointments falls upon the relations of those who have served in India; but this is a provision for the wealthy, seldom an aid to the distressed. The object might perhaps be attained by an assignment of a certain number of these valuable appointments to the court generally, to be applied as recommended by Sir John Malcolm, subject to the consideration and approval of the Board of Control.

The Civil Servant remarks that—

'a more frequent change in the composition of the court than the courtesy practised towards the house-list (as the six members not in by rotation are designated) would be desirable. A *life-interest* in such an office as that of *one of the ministers for conducting the affairs* of

of India resting merely upon integrity and decency of behaviour, is much too secure a tenure, and leaves too little motive for continued exertion. It would also be advantageous that the chairman and deputy should be chosen by the Court of Proprietors, an election to take place every four years.'—p. 6.

This author, in another passage, recommends the reduction of the number of directors to twenty-four; the abolition of the practice of regular re-election; and the quadrennial election of the whole body. Sir John Malcolm objects, also, to the shortness of the period during which the chair is held, and to the practice of rotation: the general tenour of his opinion is, however, adverse to making the office of director more precarious than at present. Incapacity of re-election does not form part of the suggestion of the Civil Servant; on the contrary, he observes that, where 'fitness and assiduity had been displayed, re-election, though no longer a certainty, would be the probable consequence and reward.'—Still we cannot but consider a quadrennial election of the whole number inexpedient, and should conceive, that to subject a third of the court to such a periodical ordeal would be sufficient. The continuance of the same individual in the office of *chairman* for a longer period than at present would be an obvious improvement: for, as Sir John Malcolm truly says,

'his business during that short period is overwhelming, and much of it must be hurried through, or neglected, or transferred half done to his successor, who very probably has different sentiments upon revisal of the points under consideration.'

The Civil Servant presses these alterations in the composition of the Court of Directors, and the distribution of the business, upon the ground, that with this body the detailed superintendence of every branch of the Indian administration ought to rest, and that this duty can never be satisfactorily discharged, unless the directors unite knowledge and application. He draws a distinction in this respect between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control; to the latter he does not consider detailed knowledge so essential, but admits that, under all the evils of frequent change in the members, and the little connexion between Indian and domestic politics, '*the duty of* control *has been conscientiously and beneficially exerted.*' We also quite agree in the justice of the following remarks by the same author, that

'in the parliamentary responsibility to which the members of the Board of Control are subject for the general conduct of Indian affairs, the nation has, unquestionably, a great security, that no act of public or private oppression will be committed by the servants of the East India Company.'

In examining the home-government of our eastern empire, Sir John

John Malcolm treats with much asperity the alleged exclusion of individuals who have served the Company from a fair share in that government, as well as from the highest offices of administration in India. He complains not only that meritorious service in India is insufficiently rewarded, but that, from a singular prejudice, qualification locally acquired is a bar rather than a recommendation to further employment in the Indian branch of public administration. He anticipates results injurious to the general character and efficiency of the Company's servants abroad, from perseverance in this alleged exclusion, and finally recommends most strongly, the selection of the members of the Board of Control, and of the governors in India, from among the persons in question.

Now to these views of the subject we cannot assent;—and we are, in the first place, happy to find in our author himself, an instance equally honourable to him, and to the government, that service in India does, *de facto*, meet with no unfair portion of consideration and reward. Sir John Malcolm enjoys a pension of £1000 from the East India Company, as the reward of his distinguished political services. His rank in their military service has entitled him to the emoluments of a regiment; and his Majesty has, as a mark of the sense entertained of his merits generally, conferred on him the Grand Cross of the order of the Bath, an honour which is considered the reward of the highest military and diplomatic eminence. Sir David Ochterlony was similarly circumstanced. Sir George Barlow is also a Grand Cross of the Bath; and Lord Teignmouth was raised to the peerage for his services in India. These instances—and we could easily swell the list—are sufficient to disprove the allegation, that services in India are comparatively overlooked in England.

We will now examine whether there be any principle of exclusion to the employment of individuals who may have served in India from a share in the home-administration of that empire. The proportion of such persons in the Court of Directors is very properly considerable, and it is annually increasing; and if none be found in the Board of Control, a principle of positive exclusion is not the cause. The fact is, that, of those persons who return from India with competent fortunes, few engage in public life at home, and amongst those who have attempted a parliamentary career, the instances of talent sufficiently powerful to distance competition, and to annul claims derived from other sources, have not been so frequent as to command their selection. Lastly, let us see how far this allegation of a principle of exclusion is borne out in regard to appointments in India. Since the first appointment of Lord Cornwallis in 1786, two governors-general, two governors of Madras, and two governors of Bombay, have been appointed

appointed from the Company's service. Of the administration of Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth) Sir John Malcolm distinctly disapproves. The principles acted upon by Sir George Barlow, during his charge of the supreme government, have also been, by the same authority, pronounced unwise; and it would not be difficult to show that the course pursued by these individuals may be traced to an extreme deference for the letter and spirit of their instructions from the Court of Directors; a defect, if defect it were, not unlikely to be produced by the circumstance of their having passed so many years in the East India Company's service. While, therefore, in point of fact, no exclusion has taken place, we have Sir John Malcolm's own authority for saying, that the selection from the Company's service has not been, in the highest instances, so fortunate as to suggest the particular necessity or wisdom of repeating such experiments. Moreover, as two Company's servants are now actually presiding over the governments of Madras and Bombay, the moment does not appear well chosen for preferring this complaint. We are not aware that *any* principle in regard to these appointments has been established, beyond a claim, on the part of his Majesty's government, not to be limited, in selection or approval, to *any particular class of men or department of the public service.* We would further ask, whether the talents and administrative knowledge of Lord Cornwallis, Lord Wellesley, Lord Minto, and Lord Hastings, were not fully equal to their situations, and whether acquirements of pure Indian growth could have been found more suited to the government of our Indian empire? Sir John Malcolm himself says,

'with regard to the servants of the Company, their local experience, unless attended with other qualifications, is but a poor recommendation to stations, which do not so much require an acquaintance with details, as that enlarged knowledge of human nature, that active energy of character, and that commanding talent for rule, which have in all ages distinguished those who have exercised power to the benefit of their country and mankind.'—p. 78.

He further says, 'the fitness of those whose chief claims rest upon Indian service will every day become more doubtful.'—p. 82.

It is difficult to reconcile these passages with the comparison drawn in page 75 between servants of the East India Company who may take charge of governments abroad, 'anxious to justify by their conduct the honour which their selection has conferred on the service to which they belong,' and that of an English statesman hampered in the distribution of offices by party claims, who even if

'a rare individual, as a stranger to India must, for a period, be dependent upon others for all information regarding the character and qualification of the men to whom his choice is limited, and upon the judicious

judicious selection of whom for the various duties they have to perform, the success of his administration will chiefly depend.'

Sir John Malcolm, with some degree of inconsistency, attaches no value, as a remedy for this want of personal knowledge, to the 'assumed information of the servants of the Company who are in council, or who fill the subordinate or executive offices of the state.' Now as these offices are usually filled by the individuals most distinguished among their contemporaries for ability and conduct, their incompetency or disinclination to advise are not very strong recommendations for the investiture of higher authority. Our author further says, that

'acting in countries remote from each other, and whose inhabitants differ in language and customs as much as the nations in Europe, some members of this class rise to the exercise of almost kingly rule; others fill political, civil, judicial, fiscal, and military stations. Such a variety of occupations must in India, as elsewhere, produce an infinite variety of character, and qualify men to pursue the most opposite courses, if such are open to them, in England. It is a sense of injury, alone at the operation of causes which virtually almost exclude them from public life, that unites them in hostility against a system which, under other circumstances, it must be their wish to support.'

This language is obviously quite unsuited to the facts of the case; and in truth the description of the elevated station held in India, by the Company's servants, might be supposed to render official employment in England quite beneath their habits and pretensions. The conclusion to which we arrive, as to the relative pretensions of public men in England and India, to fill offices in the home-administration, or to preside over the governments abroad, is, that, as in both cases the general qualities of a statesman are more important than detailed knowledge, and as public life in England, from the greater display and collision of talent, is the scene most fitted to produce and mature those qualities, if preference is to be taken on either side, the selection will be best made at home. It is further to be considered that information respecting the religion, character, and manners of the natives of India, as well as the political circumstances of the country, is now very generally diffused; that the establishment of the paramount authority of the Company's government has very much simplified our position; and that the abundance of excellent executive officers renders personal superintendence of details on the part of the chief governor unnecessary, even if it were possible. Were the spirit of Sir John Malcolm's suggestions adopted, the administration, both at home and abroad, would be placed exclusively in the hands of persons who had served in India, and thus one great

principle of practical control, namely, the different composition of the co-operative authorities, would be lost. At present the details of government are conducted in India by individuals, who, from early education and uninterrupted residence in the country, cannot fail to possess practical knowledge; but as this very education and residence have a tendency to generate local and professional prejudices, the supreme authority is generally intrusted to persons of high rank, whose public life has been passed in a scene sufficiently remote to secure impartiality, and yet sufficiently familiar to discourage speculative or precipitate innovation. In the Court of Directors, composed of wealthy English merchants, and of persons retired from the Company's civil and military service, European and Eastern prejudices are neutralised by mixture; and, finally, the Board of Control applies the corrective of direct parliamentary responsibility to the whole administration of this apparently mere Oriental Despotism.

Sir John Malcolm (vol. ii. pages 91 & 126) asserts, that Indian affairs do not receive a sufficient degree of attention from parliament; which he accounts for by the further assertion that, in point of fact, unlike the West Indies, the interests of the East are not represented in the House of Commons—propositions, to neither of which can we by any means assent. Two subjects connected with India have recently engaged the public attention: the one, the war with the Burmese; and the other, the state of the press in India. On both, the most complete information has, on the motion of different members of the House of Commons, been laid before parliament and the country: the usual parliamentary attention has, therefore, been given to the matters in question; and if no ulterior proceeding has taken place, the presumption is, that none was required. As for the second assertion, that the interests of the East Indies have no advocates in parliament, can Sir John himself deny that the House of Commons invariably numbers East India directors among its members; that other individuals, who have passed many years in the Indian service, are usually in the House; and that to these must be added, the members of the Board of Control, who are, *ex officio*, responsible representatives of the affairs and interests of the East Indies?—Sir John Malcolm must assent to all this; and having done so, he has, we suspect, acknowledged the existence of as complete and direct a representation, as would, in the opinion of any candid person, be considered consistent with the peculiar nature of our Indian administration at home and abroad.

The Tenth Chapter of Sir John Malcolm's work contains his views on the local government of India, a subject treated also in the pamphlets of the Civil Servant and Colonel Stewart. Sir John Malcolm and the Civil Servant concur in recommending a separation of

of the detailed superintendence of the affairs of any one presidency from the highest duties of governor-general. They both suggest the formation of two more subordinate governments, the one in the northern provinces of the Bengal presidency (or Hindostan), the other in Central India (or Malwa.) Sir John Malcolm does not directly recommend any change in the existing presidencies of Madras or Bombay; whereas the Civil Servant suggests, that the duties of those local governments should be confined entirely to the judicial and fiscal branches of administration, and evidently thinks that the same form should be given to the governments in the North and Centre; while Sir John Malcolm, in accordance with his work on Central India, proposes lieutenant-governors for these new establishments. In the proposed change of duties attached to the office of governor-general, Sir John Malcolm does not contemplate the continuance of a council, and indeed his opinion obviously is, that the chief executive authority should, in all cases, be intrusted to the talent and responsibility of an individual. The Civil Servant, on the contrary, proposes (page 18,) that 'the governor-general should be assisted by a privy-council, to consist of seven members, one of whom to be the commander-in-chief of the Indian army, and three, of the remaining six, to be servants of the East India Company, civil or military, according to fitness; while the three other seats should be open to selection generally, in the same manner as the governments of the presidencies are filled under the present system.'

Sir John Malcolm is of opinion, that the services of the existing council, would be supplied by a more extended, and careful selection of the secretaries in the several departments. But if the general principle of this author's own plan were adopted—namely, to relieve the governor-general from the local duties of the Bengal presidency, and to constitute that officer more directly the depositary of the supreme authority throughout India—the necessity of a council would not, in our opinion, be thereby diminished; and, if there must still be advisers, we should certainly prefer seeing them in the shape of responsible members of council, rather than in that of subordinate and irresponsible secretaries. We are the more surprised that our author should so readily have dismissed the council of the governor-general, because, in another part of his work, the practice of recording all acts of the *governors in council* is expressly extolled, as a most effectual check upon the misuse of the extensive powers with which they are intrusted. Were there no council, the authenticity of the record would become questionable, and the usage would probably cease. As a power to act upon his own responsibility, when he thinks it necessary so to do, must, under either arrangement, be left to the governor-general, we cannot conceive

ceive that any diminution of energy should arise from the existence of a council; while, on the other hand, we are convinced that no unassisted individual whatever could be equal to exercise even general superintendence over so extended an administration as that of our Indian empire. Moreover, the control of the paramount authority in Europe must necessarily be distant in point of time, and can never be detailed in point of circumstance: would it, therefore, be wise to place the executive authority of a great empire in the hands of an individual, without any check on the spot either to his passions or his prejudices? We believe that few public men in England, of the class from whom the selection is usually made, would covet such undivided responsibility, or such absolute power. In a council well constituted, we cannot but believe the ablest governor-general—unless his character were impracticable, or his personal ambition excessive—would recognise an invaluable guide at first, and an useful support afterwards.

We quote the following passage from the Letter to Sir Charles Forbes, as containing the expression of the general principles upon which the author conceives that the local government in India should be conducted, and, with one exception, his opinion, thus generally stated, coincides with the more detailed views of Sir John Malcolm:—

'Our empire in India has now become so continuous, that for all the great purposes of a government it should be viewed as a whole. The object should be to establish in progress of time the same judicial and fiscal system throughout all our dominions. A division into departments or provinces should be made, and these should be administered and defended by one general body of servants civil and military. This implies a consolidation of the three existing armies into one, to be distributed into divisions according to the exigencies of the empire generally.'

The progressive establishment of one common judicial and fiscal system throughout the territories of the East India Company, thus recommended, is, on the other hand, objected to by Sir John Malcolm. He considers that much evil has already resulted from the attempt, and says distinctly, 'There is no cause produces such bad effects in our government in India, as the continued effort to apply the same general rules, principles, and institutions to every part of our extended and diversified empire'—(vol. ii. p. 137); adding in a note—

'This is perceptible not only in the measures of the government: it is to be found in almost all the writings published from observation of particular provinces, but rendered general in their application either by the ignorance or vanity of the authors. This spreads to England, where we have pointed accounts of the habits, manners, customs, religious usages, and character of the inhabitants in India, specifically

specifically true, but which, if taken generally, are as remote from truth as a description of Europe would be, if drawn from an account of France or Spain.'

Now, in this statement we suspect there must be some exaggeration; and with the fact before us, that the bigoted and comparatively barbarous Mahomedan conquerors of India did succeed in giving some uniformity to their general administration, it is difficult to admit that it would be merely hopeless to look for a similar result under a government free from religious intolerance, and possessing the advantages of civilization and knowledge. That uniformity, even in the general principles of administration, can only be gradually attained, and that the attempt should not be made on the first acquisition of new territories—we readily grant; but that, attaching a religious inviolability to every local variety of municipal institution, we should cautiously refrain from innovation or substitution of any sort whatever, is a doctrine so repugnant to improvement, that it seems more worthy of a professional antiquarian, than an enlightened statesman like Sir John Malcolm.

On one great subject connected with the local government of India, the employment of the natives in situations of higher trust and emolument than at present, there is complete accordance of opinion between the three authors whose works are before us. Sir John Malcolm says,—

'Many persons who profess a great desire to improve and enlighten the natives of India, exclaim against plans which are calculated to confer upon these natives high and confidential employment, on the ground of their being ignorant, corrupt, and immoral. Allowing for a moment this melancholy picture to be correct, can it enter into the mind of any man, who has the slightest knowledge of human nature or of human communities, that mere instruction, whether moral or religious, will ever advance men in civilization, while they are excluded from all that stimulates the mind to great and good actions? We may teach them to understand better than they now do their own depressed and degraded condition; but, if we wish that, as they acquire knowledge, they should maintain their allegiance and attachment to those by whom it is imparted, we must grant them confidence and respect; and if we succeed in giving them consequence in their own estimation, they will soon attain it in that of others.'—p. 141.

The Civil Servant, after contending for the intellectual fitness of the natives, says,

'The British government has succeeded in India to native states abounding in all the defects belonging to ill-administered military despotisms; the forms of government were throughout essentially defective, and the evil was aggravated in most instances by the positive decay and decrepitude of the supreme authority. The first necessity of human society, security of life and property, was unsatisfied;

tisfied; while the political convulsions consequent on the dissolution of the empire of Delhi, presented no hope of improvement. The most intemperate revilers of the British administration in India will hardly venture to deny that, as compared with the governments to which it succeeded, great benefits have been conferred on the population. Life and property are secured, and there is, if not an enlightened, at least an equal dispensation of justice. These are substantial improvements, and must have produced their full impression on their first introduction. But however substantial the improvement, the uninterrupted enjoyment of the advantage diminishes the value in comparison with the pre-existing and different condition. Mere security of life and property may be compared to atmospheric air, the value of which is only fully appreciated under deprivation. Unless we can mentally disqualify our native subjects, we may rest assured that they must deeply feel, and perhaps at last resent their practical exclusion from some share in the higher branches of administration, that a mere security of animal existence will not satisfy, and that the intellect which cannot find a natural outlet will inwardly fester, till it corrodes and fatally injures the whole frame of society.' —p. 27.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart expresses the same opinion:

'It is a perilous or rather an impossible attempt to repress by any forced arrangements the operation of all the active principles of human nature among a population of eighty millions of men. These principles cannot be extinguished in the human constitution nor rooted out of the bosoms of mankind; and if deprived of those useful and natural objects on which it was intended they should exert themselves, they will in time find occupation for themselves at whatever expense it is to be obtained. It is a great mistake to suppose that the privation of positive evil is sufficient to tranquillize a people.'

We may add the opinion of Mr. James Stuart, late a member of the Supreme Council, and at present an East India director, as quoted by Sir John Malcolm:—

'Are the natives of Hindostan a different order of beings, that they are to be stinted into honesty, and degraded into principle? As we proceed, these provinces will soon present the singular spectacle of a great empire, the government of which rigidly excludes its subjects from every object of fair ambition, which in the pursuit could stimulate men to cultivate their faculties, or in the possession enlarge their understanding and elevate their minds.'

Such are the accordant opinions of four able men, whom residence and official employment have made personally acquainted with the character and condition of the natives of India. Two of them, Sir John Malcolm and Mr. Stuart, have held the highest situations in the public service. They have returned to England

England without any possible ground for personal dissatisfaction; their talents are eminent and universally acknowledged; and their statements and suggestions deserve the greatest attention. Objections derived from the alleged falsehood and corruption of the native character are treated with contempt by all these authors; they all assert, with equal confidence, their moral and intellectual fitness for the higher offices of administration. Nor do they merely give us their opinions. Sir John Malcolm, in treating of the judical system established in the presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay—which may be said to be administered by European officers, to the exclusion of the natives—contrasts in detail its numerous delays and defects with the system adopted by himself during his superintendence of the affairs of Malwa—one resting upon the municipal usages of the Hindoos. Under this system, justice was administered in civil cases by the principal inhabitants, assembled in courts of arbitration, called Punchayet, under the presidency of hereditary judges. The supreme authority was seldom employed but to enforce the decree of the popular court; and the problem, of combining a speedy with a cheap and satisfactory administration of the law, appears to have been solved. The honest pleasure which our author must have felt, in seeing a province which had been for some years a scene of desolation and disorder, present the appearance of returning tranquillity and prosperity, may have led him to give too high a colouring to the effects of a system of law, which is only fitted to the very simplest state of society, and which secures expedition by the total absence of professional knowledge and established procedure. The passage to which we allude is, however, highly important, as tending to establish the fact, that the natives are, in point of moral character, fully equal to judicial employment, and therefore that their *gradual* introduction into the higher offices, as recommended by the Civil Servant, ought not to be regarded as entirely impracticable. This last writer certainly carries his views for the employment of the natives much further than any of those by whom the general principle has been equally admitted. He distinctly proposes that natives should be made eligible for seats in the contemplated *provincial councils.*

'The only reservation (says he) which I make is, that in all these higher employments they should act in aid of their European colleagues, and never with independent authority or jurisdiction. Absolute equality of salary between the European and native civil servants would not be required for the success of the proposed measure, but unquestionably the rate of remuneration for native services must be much increased. Cæteris paribus, I should say that a native,

whose object would not be the accumulation of money for the purpose of retirement to another country at the middle age of human life, would be sufficiently paid in the highest civil office by a salary not exceeding one-half of that enjoyed by the European civil servant; and in offices of the second class by a salary not beyond two-thirds. I make this difference in the proportion of salary to be attached to native civil servants, because as my proposition has judicial employment specially for its object, I conceive that the remuneration to the native judge should be so liberal, as to command the highest degree of professional talent, and to secure from motives of self-interest the exercise of personal integrity.'—p. 36.

It is obvious that the plan adopted by Sir John Malcolm in Malwa is, from the total difference of circumstances,—the extinction, for example, of hereditary jurisdiction, and the greater prevalence elsewhere of Mahomedan institutions,—inapplicable to the territories of the East India Company generally; but in the punchayet, or court composed of the inhabitants, is to be found the principle of juries, and, admitting the justness of the views taken by all these authors as to native character and intellect, there does not appear any objection to making that admirable institution the basis of judical administration in India. The prevalence of Dekoity or highway-robbery committed by gangs of desperate ruffians, in the Bengal district, has, of late years, brought into doubt the efficacy of the existing judicial system for the maintenance of the public peace; and a question has been much discussed in India, whether the superintendence of the police should be given to the judge of the district or to the collector of the revenue. A preference for this duty is given to the latter, on the ground of his being brought into more constant and varied intercourse with the inhabitants of the district than the judge, who necessarily remains stationary. But Sir John Malcolm, while he acknowledges the superior efficiency of the collector as compared with the judge, suggests the expediency of forming a distinct police establishment, to be composed of native soldiers retired from the service, under the command of such European officers as might be willing and able to discharge the duty. We consider a police so constituted infinitely preferable to concentrating such different duties as those of police-magistrate and collector of revenue, and, in fact, as peculiarly adapted to the general condition and exigencies of our Indian government. Sir John, after enumerating various measures of improvement, continues:

'But the most essential of all measures would be a complete revision of the whole of the laws and regulations, and the formation of almost a new code. To the accomplishment of such a task the highest talents in the service should be directed, and it would not so much require

require *superiority of legal skill* in those employed upon it, as that they should be endowed with minds unfettered by prejudice for, or against, any particular system, and be disposed to take the fullest advantage of the facts and experience which late years have accumulated. No expense would be too great for the completion of such an object; but it is not likely that this general code could be very large: for unless we continue a desire to impose at all hazards the same rules and regulations upon the whole of India, each division of our empire should have a subsidiary code of its own, framed with attention to the particular character and usage of its inhabitants.'—vol. ii., p. 150.

The utility and indeed the urgent necessity of revising the existing laws and regulations of the East India Company appear to us indisputable; we must, however, differ from Sir John Malcolm as to the comparative non-importance of applying 'superiority of legal skill' to such an undertaking. The major-general has wandered for once *a Scævolæ studiis.*

If a revision of the judicial system be required in India, a similar proceeding would seem equally necessary in the revenue. The income of the state, in India, is almost entirely derived from a land-tax, founded upon the principle that a portion of the produce is the positive right of the sovereign. It appears to be generally assumed, that the natives will submit to no other mode of taxation, and that we must rest satisfied with this simple and rude method of providing for the necessities of the public service. Two modes of collecting this land-revenue have been adopted, the one that of permanent, and the other of periodical, assessment —the assessment itself being levied either from acknowledged farmers of the revenue, or from the individual cultivators. Convenience and apparent certainty of receipt recommended to Lord Cornwallis the permanent assessment and a collection from acknowledged farmers; while the successful assiduity and local knowledge of the officers employed in provinces subsequently acquired, have at present given, in general opinion, a superiority to the system of annual assessments and agreements with the individual cultivators. This latter system is known by the name of Ryotwar, and is that to which Sir John Malcolm gives a decided preference. If the opposition on the part of the natives to any other fiscal payment but that of a land-revenue be insuperable, the Ryotwar plan of levying this appears to be the less objectionable of the two; inasmuch as, under it, the revenue of the year may be proportioned to the varying necessities of the State, and to the means of the people. But the source of such revenue itself is so contrary to all sound principles of taxation, that very weighty arguments indeed must be produced, ere a British governor can be expected to lay aside the ambition of gradually substituting, in a

matter so deeply affecting the national prosperity, the results of political science and civilization for the rude institutions of comparative ignorance and barbarism. Colonel Stewart is an exception, on this subject, to the host of Indian authorities: but the passage in which he states his solitary opinion is richer in phrases than in arguments; and as for facts, it contains exactly none.

The remainder of the Tenth Chapter of Sir John Malcolm's work contains his views on the Civil and Military Establishment. In regard to the former, he suggests the necessity of visiting pecuniary embarassment in civil servants with removal to England, a measure of which we cannot but think the practicability and the justice equally doubtful. The author himself admits the hardship of inquisition into private affairs; and as it can scarcely be intended that all anticipation of income should receive such severe punishment, some amount, graduated according to the salaries of different ranks, must be assumed to constitute delinquency;—in other words, the scrutiny into the affairs of individuals must be continued throughout the whole period of their Indian service. Such scrutiny is, we take it, quite impracticable; and it is not unreasonable to hope that the usual punishment of dismissal or suspension, if rigidly and impartially inflicted, will be found in India, as elsewhere, sufficient to secure honesty and application in the discharge of official duty. We nowhere find it asserted that the evils likely to result from the dependance of civil servants upon natives, in the relation of debtor and creditor, have increased of late years; on the contrary, we believe that the exceptions to an honest and independent execution of duty have now become of very rare occurrence, and that, in fact, the arguments in favour of any interference such as Sir John Malcolm suggests will, under the present circumstances of the service, become weaker and weaker every year that passes over our heads.

Much discussion has been employed upon the question whether young men intended for the civil service in India should leave England at the earliest possible age (from sixteen to eighteen), or at twenty-one years, when their general education might be advanced further toward completion.—Sir John Malcolm, we think without sufficient reason, prefers a state of mere boyhood to the maturer age; while the Civil Servant thus states the conflicting arguments, and recommends an opposite course:—

'Those who contend for the earliest age, rest their argument upon the expediency of taking young men from England before habits and attachments can be formed which may render a residence in India irksome, and a source of constant regret. They also point out the advantage to be derived from greater ductility of character, and, as a consequence, a more ready adaptation of mind to the novel scene in which

which they are placed. They further allege that self-instruction is the best, and as the law will scarcely allow time* for a complete course in England, partial education does not compensate for the disadvantage to parents and guardians from delaying the period of admission to actual service. In answer to these arguments I would observe, that the acquisition of English habits and attachments is, in my view of the subject, a positive advantage, nor do I consider that at nineteen or twenty there is any danger of inconsolable regret for change of country or society; nor does any material diminution of quickness in perception or docility take place between sixteen and twenty, so as to give the former age a decided superiority; while, lastly, although self-instruction will do much for minds so happily constituted as to persevere in the arduous attempt, it can never be relied upon as a source of general qualification. On the whole, therefore, the passing two or three years at one of the national universities, appears to me the most eligible preparation. This preparation should, however, take place antecedent to appointment, so as not to combine an academical and official station. Expulsion from the University might be made a positive disqualification for entering the Company's service.'—p. 22.

As connected with the subject of qualification in the civil servants, the author just quoted points out the deficiency of legal knowledge among those servants by whom the law is administered; and he suggests that the first five years in India should be employed in acquiring a competent knowledge of the several codes, including the Company's regulations, the Hindoo and Mahomedan laws. This period he does not consider more than sufficient, and he further recommends that competency of knowledge should be ascertained by positive examination. If the want of professional knowledge in the judges of the distant and provincial courts be such as this author describes, (page 32,) the course of study proposed is indispensable; and we quite concur in the opinion, (page 34,) that 'with such an amount of legal knowledge, and a thorough acquaintance with the languages of the country in the European judges, much more might be left to final decision than at present, and the multiplicity of judicial records and translations for the purpose of instituting appeals avoided.'

In passing to the subject on which, of all others, his opinion must be important, Sir John Malcolm (vol. ii. p. 201) remarks, that, 'however much the success of our internal government may depend upon the civil administration of our eastern empire, our efforts to improve that must be given in vain, unless we maintain a commanding military power; and this consideration gives the utmost importance to every question connected with our military establishment in that country, as being the only means by which we

* By law no person can be appointed to the civil service after twenty-two years of age.

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can preserve India, and as being likely, if mismanaged, to prove our ruin.' The native troops (he goes on to state) consist of 238,000 rank and file, and the whole army amounts to nearly 250,000 men. The organization of this gigantic force is unquestionably a matter of paramount importance; and it is satisfactory to know that, with a few exceptions, the conduct of the Company's army, whether in war or peace, has been such as to justify complete confidence in its discipline and efficiency. The apparent anomaly of placing the control of so large a military establishment in the hands of the directors of a mercantile corporation, has naturally led to a frequent discussion of the expediency of incorporating the army of India with the general military service of the nation. The question was particularly agitated in 1811, and the argument urged against the transfer by the Court of Directors is repeated, in the work before us, as conclusive. The directors avowed their belief, that the respect evinced both by native subjects and neighbouring nations towards the Company's government arose from the possession of a great military force; that this cause of respect, everywhere powerful, was particularly so in Asia, where civil authority, unsupported by the presence of military aid, could never be maintained. They further contended, that any general control left to the local governments would not be sufficient; and that to give to the army a different and a superior master would inevitably lead to the degradation of the civil service, and consequently affect in an unfortunate manner the whole internal administration. The arguments, on the other hand, in favour of a transfer of the Indian army to the direct authority of the English crown, have been rather derived from circumstances connected with the European officers, than the native soldiers. The former have, on more than one occasion, entered into combination against measures of the local governments, affecting their pecuniary interests, upon principles happily unknown to the officers of the king's army. In the case of the Madras army this spirit of combination proceeded to the extent of armed resistance to all authority. Such occurrences, if not outweighed by years of distinguished service and exemplary discipline, would prove the inadequacy of the controlling authority; but, as the case stands, may fairly be viewed as accidents not affecting the general force of the reasoning by which, under a presumed continuance of the political privileges of the East India Company, the expediency of not separating the military from the civil administration of our Indian empire is defended.

The improvements suggested by Sir John Malcolm in the regulation of the Indian army may be divided into three heads;—as they affect, firstly, the European officers alone; secondly, the European

European officers and native soldiers jointly; and thirdly, the native soldiery. In regard to the first, a power of exchange, under certain regulations, between the King's and Company's services, together with the employment on general service of officers of high rank in the Company's army, are recommended. The regulations, under which the proposed exchange could be permitted, necessarily involve such a knowledge of the languages and manners of the native soldiers, as should qualify the King's officers for the alteration of service. But this qualification would be more likely to occur among the subalterns and captains, than among the field-officers of His Majesty's service, and it is, therefore, doubtful whether any effect would be produced beyond diminishing the *apparent* distinction of authority under which the officers respectively serve. Practically, we believe, that exchanges would be so seldom desired by the parties, that the regulation as a general measure would be wholly nugatory. It might be a matter of accidental or private convenience, but would fall far short of those extended effects, in elevating the character and conciliating the feelings of the Company's officers, that are anticipated by Sir John Malcolm. The second suggestion, that of employing the Company's officers of high rank in general service, even if so far adopted as to recognise their eligibility, would not, in our opinion, be of much greater practical importance. The general officers in the King's army are already so numerous, that the great majority of them seem of necessity condemned to inactivity; and unquestionably when a question of selection happened to arise, the career of a King's officer is, in all ordinary cases, more likely to qualify for general service than that of the man whose experience has been confined to India, which, from the military inferiority of the enemy, cannot be considered a scene as pregnant with knowledge, as that which has displayed all the varieties of conflict against the equal skill and discipline of European armies. There are also certain peculiarities belonging to service in India that have a positive tendency to disqualify for subsequent employment elsewhere; and it may be fully asserted that a continual discharge of military duty for thirty years or more in India, leaves the physical strength and habits of very few in a condition to encounter the fatigues and vicissitudes of a novel service upon a novel field. It is further to be observed, that these alterations are all proposed by Sir John Malcolm upon the assumption that the officers of the East India Company's service do *de facto* consider themselves as neglected and degraded, and that a spirit of discontent and depression, eventually injurious to the discipline and character of the army, is the consequence. Of these things, however, we certainly have no proof in the works before us; and we feel convinced that while any extensive system of exchange

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with the King's service must in practice affect grievously the emoluments of the officers of the Indian army, the chances of distinction or promotion in their own country could not be augmented, so as to make such sacrifices generally acceptable.

The proposed change of organization, affecting the officers and native soldiers jointly, consists in the consolidation of the armies of the three presidencies, and the consequent identification of pay, allowances, and internal regulations. We regret that our limits will not allow us to quote at length the arguments by which this proposition is supported; we must rest satisfied with stating the substance. Sir John Malcolm shows, first, that in the present uninterrupted extent of the Company's territory, it is often indifferent, as a question of convenience, from which presidency the military occupation of the great majority of the stations is effected; secondly, that such a general similarity of character, language, and habits, now prevails among the native soldiery, as to render the proposed consolidation unobjectionable; thirdly, that occasions (as heretofore) may arise in which the public tranquillity shall be best secured by the employment of troops unconnected by local attachments or family ties with the provinces where their services may be required; and that, in the case of a consolidated army, such precautions might be adopted without any exhibition of distrust,—than which nothing can be more injurious to the stability of our authority; fourthly, that the constantly recurring employment of the armies of the three presidencies on the same service must render uniformity of pay and regulations indispensable, even if it were not, in every point of view, expedient. In regard to the European officer, Sir John Malcolm says,—'It is desirable on every ground that he should never be local. The more he is exposed to the vicissitudes of the service, and to be employed in different parts of the empire, the more his experience and knowledge will be enlarged, and those qualities, with whatever of inconvenience and hardship their attainment is attended, must ultimately prove as beneficial to the individual as to the government.'—vol. ii. p. 216.

In the discussion of his third topic, Sir John has the following passage:—

'In an army of nearly 240,000 natives, the highest pay which a Soobahdar * of infantry can attain is 174 rupees a month, and after attaining that rank, he enjoys no consideration which can save him from the harshness of an European officer, a boy, perhaps, who has just joined that corps to which he, the native officer, has perhaps belonged thirty or forty years. He has in barrack and in camp no other accommodation than that provided for the Sepoys; and although

* A captain in name, really something more than a serjeant.

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on his retiring to the invalid list his pay is continued, that is become from habit necessary to his support, so that he can make no provision for his children; and as pride in his own condition, or alarm at their being subject to corporeal punishment, prevents, in most cases, his bringing them into the army, they are generally a burden on him while he lives, and when he dies, they are left poor and discontented.' —*Political History*, vol. ii. p. 233.

In a note to this paragraph we find it stated that a *Soobahdar major* has been recently appointed to each corps, and that in so far the prospects of the native officers have been improved. The description, however, remains in the general true, and the case presents difficulties that, although susceptible of diminution, do not admit of removal. The measures recommended by our author are perhaps as efficacious as the nature of the case will admit; but they fall very far short of holding out excitements to fidelity and zeal amongst the classes whose individual and political interests have been depressed by the extension of the British power, and they can scarcely be hoped to prove effective, even with the more gallant spirits that will still seek employment in our native army; in fact, the employment of native commissioned officers, in the present organization of our regular army, appears to us extremely questionable, and the continuance of the arrangement seems rather justified by the hazard of disturbing that which has been established, than by any argument of intrinsic utility. Sir John Malcolm proposes that *civil distinctions and privileges* should be granted to native officers, on retirement from the service; that these advantages should descend to their children; that the latter, in the event of their entering the army, should be exempted from corporal punishments: and he takes the opportunity of again recalling to notice the suggestion, that native officers and soldiers should be employed in the police establishments. He does not enter into any explanation of these 'civil distinctions and privileges,' but we may presume, from his use of the expression 'trivial,' that they could not be such as to place natives in a class of society much higher than that from which they had originally entered the army. The want of details on this part of the subject is to be regretted, as the experience of our author in the affairs of Indian administration, civil and military, would have rendered his suggestions especially valuable.

While Sir John Malcolm attributes 'the exclusion of native officers from the exercise of high military command to the nature of our power and to policy,' the civil servant expresses his belief 'that in all the physical qualities, and in the moral energy required for the higher degree of military character, the natives of India are decidedly inferior to Europeans generally, and especially to our countrymen; that they have courage enough to follow, but not to lead.

lead. 'It is the courage (says he) displayed by the European officers, displayed too, from its great purpose being example, in a chivalrous degree, that brings our regiments of Sepoys almost to an equality with those composed entirely of Europeans. With the example before them, the difference in military efficiency seems reduced to that of mere physical strength; but withdraw that example, and the native soldiers will not bear a comparison.'—So speaks the Civil in opposition to the Military Servant; if the opinions of the former be correct,—and they are not, we must say, without large support from the military history of India,—the natives are not qualified for higher advancement in this branch of public service, and their present position is fixed, not by considerations of policy, but by the simple necessity of maintaining the efficiency of our regular army. It is, however, extremely difficult to waive, upon such a matter as this, the authority of Sir John Malcolm's long and intimate personal experience of our Indian troops.

In the eleventh and last chapter of Sir John Malcolm's work will be found observations on the British community in India—half-castes, or Anglo-Indians—propagation of Christianity—and the state of the press. On all these important subjects the author strongly urges the expediency of maintaining the existing principles of administration, and in this opinion the Civil Servant completely concurs. Such sentiments are, in fact, common to the great majority of those who have carried any practical knowledge of the natives of India and the local administration to the discussion of these important questions; while, on the other hand, a removal of the restrictive system has been recommended by individuals not deficient in talent, and abounding in zeal, with whom the propagation of their political and religious creeds is so primary an object, as to produce a neglect of the more homely considerations of practicability and safety. To such stirring spirits, the colonization of a very old, a very densely peopled, and a very distant country, the conversion of eighty millions of bigots, and the establishment of a free press in India, are points of easy attainment, involving no sacrifice but that of the prejudices and conveniencies of an arbitrary government. Their voice here and elsewhere has of late been loud.

Sir John Malcolm applies the term 'British community in India' more particularly to British subjects 'living under the protection of the Company's government, but not in their service.' His majesty's courts of justice have given to British subjects resident in India a distinct civil existence, inasmuch as, with the exception of trifling misdemeanors, they are not amenable to the courts of the East India Company's government. On the other hand, British subjects are restricted as to place of residence, are prohibited from becoming proprietors of land, and are liable in certain cases to be sent

sent to England by the local authority. The two principal objections taken by Sir John Malcolm to a removal of these restrictions and consequent encouragement of colonization, are, first, that grants of land could not be made by the local government to Europeans, without a disregard of the rights, or at least the far superior pretensions of the native subjects; and secondly, that as physical and mental degeneracy would result from the effects of climate, and connexion with native females, the estimation of the master-caste generally would be lowered, and the stability of our empire seriously endangered. Our author conceives that the existing restrictions do not interfere with the diffusion of those advantages which necessarily result from commercial intercourse, but asserts, that 'our empire in India has already derived and must continue to derive the greatest benefit from the enterprise of British merchants, which has diffused wealth, encouraged industry, and promoted the general prosperity of the country, adding, by the increase of its resources, to the strength of the government.' The Civil Servant is equally opposed to colonization: he contends that there is no room for colonists; that the 'inhabitants are already so numerous as to press upon the means of subsistence in a degree most confirmatory of the received doctrines on population.' This description is certainly not applicable to all parts of India, but is sufficiently true to justify the assertion, that there is no such deficiency in the supply of human labour, as to require assistance from colonization. After stating the protection afforded by the king's court of justice to British subjects, he thus proceeds: 'Although the existence of two systems of law within the same dominions, the one applicable locally to both classes, native and European*, and universally to the latter, be in itself an anomaly, the number of European residents in the country has hitherto borne so small a proportion to the whole population, that no inconvenience has been felt from the greater consideration shown for the lives and properties of the master-caste: but let the principle of colonization be once admitted; let Europeans and their families be congregated in towns throughout the country; let them become permanent land-owners, and it will be difficult, if not impossible, to continue this legal distinction. Neither the first colonists, nor their descendants when they feel the strength of numbers, will submit patiently to a system of government so essentially different from the British constitution: in the first instance they will endeavour to persuade the natives that their common interest calls for innovation, and may avail themselves of their physical force to effect it; the next step will be to usurp all authority from the executive government, and the result of this

* The author incorrectly uses the word 'European' instead of British. Europeans not British subjects are subject to the jurisdiction of the Company's court.

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dissension between the European governors and the European governed must be the extinction of both by the natives.'—In these sentiments we so far concur as to believe, that while the advantages either to British subjects, or to the natives of India, from colonization are exceedingly problematical, a removal of the existing restrictions would be attended with immediate and certain embarrassment to the local governments, and might endanger the continuance of our empire in India.

Although Sir John Malcolm appears to entertain some vague notions of improving the condition of the class of persons known by the name of Half-Castes, or Anglo-Indians, yet, as he at the same time admits the expediency of maintaining the regulations by which they are excluded from the regular civil and military service of the East India Company, it is not easy to imagine the mode by which, in his opinion, the object is to be effected. He says, 'they may be almost said to monopolize the situations of clerks and accountants in the offices of government, as well as in those of public servants, and private European merchants.' In compensation for their exclusion from the regular services, they are, as natives of India, allowed to become landed proprietors; are not restricted as to residence; and are not liable to removal from the country, except by sentence of a court of law. The privilege of sitting upon juries has recently been conferred upon them; and on the whole, therefore, the Anglo-Indians appear to receive as much countenance from the English government as is called for by their particular claims, or consistent with impartiality towards the rest of our native subjects. The numbers of this class are so trifling in comparison with the overwhelming mass of the population, and from the very mixture of their race their personal influence is so inconsiderable, that the question of their civil condition is at present rather one of feeling than policy: though extension of privileges might indeed, by exciting the jealousy of our Mahomedan and Hindoo subjects, give it a very different character. The Civil Servant avows a similar, and indeed a still more decided opinion.

'However similarity of religion may excite personal interest, as the very security of our empire depends not only upon religious toleration, but upon the forbearance from any attempt to a positive political preference of Christianity, the half-castes ought to receive no larger share of favour and protection from the British government than the Hindoo and Mahomedan subjects. In truth, a preference would have a tendency to encourage the illicit connexion from which this unhappily-placed class derive their existence. That existence is to a certain degree an evil, an evil which is not to be prevented, but one which would be much aggravated by special legislation, or public interference.'—p. 45.

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The propagation of Christianity in India is by many considered the positive duty of a Christian government, and by all must be admitted to be of the highest importance. The Hindoo religion abounds with doctrines and observances inimical to moral and political improvement; this is also in a great degree the case in regard to the more comprehensive religion of the Koran: to the adherents of both, Christianity is an object of dislike, and this feeling presents a most serious obstacle to cordial association in the relations of domestic and civil life. Conversion of the natives of India to the Christian religion would therefore be attended with great political advantages: but, whether viewed as matter of duty or interest, the mode of effecting this sacred and important object must be determined by the actual circumstances of the country, the rights of the people, and the nature of the government; if any one of these considerations be overlooked, failure in the attempt must be the first, and political convulsion with all its attendant evils and atrocities, the ultimate consequence. Sir John Malcolm justly observes, that the uniform conduct and public proclamations of the British government have not merely given to the natives of India a *right* to the free and protected exercise of their religions; that, in fact those religions have become *part of the law under which the government itself is administered;* and he therefore concludes, that all interference from authority for the substitution of another form of worship would be a positive breach of contract, and could not but excite the most decided opposition. He cites a remarkable instance of the native jealousy on the subject of religion, that occurred during the administration of Lord Wellesley.

'In 1804, the subject proposed for a public disputation at the annual examination in the college at Fort William was, "the advantages which the natives of this country might derive from translations in the vernacular tongues, of the books containing the principles of their respective religions, and those of the Christian faith." The belief that this discussion would involve topics offensive to the religious prejudices of the Mahomedans, led a number of the most respectable and learned of that faith to address a memorial to the governor-general, remonstrating against this supposed infringement of the unequivocal toleration which they gratefully acknowledged the government had till then afforded to the unmolested exercise of the religion of its subjects. The consequence of this memorial was, that the subject of disputation was withdrawn, and an official document was circulated, declaring that "the discussion of any subject connected with religion, or which was degrading to the religions of India, was quite foreign to the principles of the institution of the college."'—vol. ii. p. 270.

The mutiny and massacre at Vellore, in the opinion of Sir John Malcolm,

Malcolm, of the government at the time, and of all persons well informed on the subject, arose much more from religious exasperation than from attachment to the family of Tippoo. A report was at that time industriously circulated through the southern provinces of India, that the forcible conversion of the natives to Christianity was the secret object of the British government, and some trifling alterations in the appearance of the Sepoys on parade, were brought forward as proofs of this intention. It was further reported, that advantage had been taken of the monopoly of salt, to mix the blood of swine with that article of general consumption, so as to violate at once the institutions of the Mahomedan, and of the Hindoo religion. So dangerous did these calumnies appear to the government of India, that a proclamation was issued, most solemnly denying the charge, and 'disclaiming every thought of interference with their customs or religion.' Such declarations may fairly be considered as pledges on the part of the British government to abstain from conversion as a matter of public administration. Two modes in which this desirable object may be attempted are, however, as stated by Sir John Malcolm, still open—the labours of individual missionaries, and the diffusion of general knowledge. To the latter we may perhaps look with the greater confidence: for the existence of such superstitious practices as belong to the Hindoo religion, must, however interwoven with the domestic habits of the people, and the personal interests of their priests, be incompatible with the diffusion of European science and literature among the leading classes of society. A more familiar and extended acquaintance with the English language would, to the natives, be the surest source of intellectual improvement, and might become the most durable tie between Britain and India. 'In any plan, therefore, for the public education of the natives, the complete knowledge of our language ought to form so prominent an object, as to lay the ground for its gradually becoming at least the established vehicle of legal and official business. The English tongue would thus in India, as in America, be the lasting monument of our dominion; and it is not too much to hope, that it might also be the medium through which the inhabitants of those vast regions might hereafter rival the rest of the civilized world, in the expression of all that most exercises and distinguishes human intellect.

Sir John Malcolm commences his remarks on the disputed question of the state of the press in India, by a brief historical notice of the regulations under which the publication of newspapers has been hitherto permitted. It is a remarkable fact, that the first newspaper printed at Calcutta, more than half a century since, owed its original success and ultimate suppression to a systematic

tematic and intemperate abuse of the government, which, as the law then stood, had no means of arresting the evil but repeated prosecutions for libel, by which the editor was finally ruined. The power of removal to England was soon after granted by parliament to the local government, and was exerted by Lord Cornwallis in the case of the editor of the Bengal Journal. Lord Wellesley had recourse to the same measure in regard to Mr. M'Lean, editor of the Telegraph. During the administration of that nobleman a censorship was established, and the duty was intrusted to the secretary to government. Restrictions were also imposed as to the publication, during war, of naval intelligence. Such were the restrictions until the arrival of Lord Hastings, who abolished the censorship, and substituted regulations prohibiting the original discussion of certain classes of subjects, or the republication of passages treating of such subjects, from the English newspapers. Animadversions on the Indian administration in England and in India were forbidden in this new code; offensive remarks upon the members in council, the judges of the Supreme Court, and the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, and, generally, all private scandal. Discussions, having a tendency to excite alarm among the natives on the subject of religion, were also prohibited; and removal to England continued to be held out as the penalty of disobedience. However it might have suited the interest of individuals, to assert that the substitution of these declaratory and prohibitory regulations for the censorship had given an increased latitude of discussion to the periodical press—it was obvious that substantially the matter remained as before; in short, that the alteration only extended to the permission of printing that without inspection which, practically, under the former system, could not have failed to receive the imprimatur of the censor. The new system had, however, the disadvantage of bringing the editors of newspapers at once under the inflictive power of the government: it was thus, in the case of timid persons, calculated still further to restrict the freedom of publication; while, with the bold or the mischievous, the ever-questionable applicability of the regulation was likely, by encouraging habitual approach to the verge of offence, to produce a tone of feeling and expression that could not fail to end in positive infringement. Such was the progress and end of the Calcutta Journal, edited by Mr. Buckingham. A conviction of the insufficiency of the regulations to enforce that daily and immediate control over the press, the right to which had never been ceded by the government, and the inapplicability of the penalty of removal to natives, led to the adoption of an additional restraint, by which every printer was obliged to have a license to print any paper, pamphlet, or work whatsoever; the

the license to be withdrawn on transgression of any of the regulations under which the press had been placed. On the whole, therefore, the abolition of the censorship has led to increased restrictions on the press; and it is not to be expected that, under the present system, any editor, whether British or native, will subject the property vested in the materials of a paper to immediate depreciation, by neglect or resistance.

The state of the press in India is discussed by Sir John Malcolm:—1st, as it affects the British community; and, secondly, as to its influence upon the native population. He observes, that 'the English part of the population is, perhaps, as respectable a community as any in the world, but they are not what the English would designate as a public. The great majority are civil or military servants, of whom a very considerable proportion hold their offices at the pleasure of the local government under which they serve; and the other part, composed of merchants, free traders, missionaries, shopkeepers, and citizens, not in the service of government, enjoy, under the protection of the British courts of law, every privilege of an Englishman, except such as the interest of the Indian empire would make it dangerous for them to possess.' —p. 308. He considers that as, in the community thus composed, 'professional feeling, ignorance, disaffection, prejudice, and enthusiasm swell the numbers of the advocates of a free press, it is from their support that it has lately derived, and will hereafter derive, confidence in its attacks upon the local administration, and upon the usages and religion of the natives of India,' and that 'there is no preventing this effect of the law as exclusively appealed to; and the victories which editors obtain over government and its officers will daily strengthen a cause which has gained in a short period such ground both in India and England.' From these observations it may be inferred, that Sir John Malcolm conceives that the freedom of the press would have the effect of increasing among the British community the existing dislike to the restraints of an administration, necessarily conducted upon principles essentially different from those happily established in their native country; and that individual and party zeal would lead them to encourage, through the agency of the press, political changes incompatible with the security of our empire in India, and, in their present state of civilization and knowledge, with the well-being of the natives themselves. And this is the conclusion distinctly pressed by the Civil Servant in a passage which, as we conceive, embodies in a very few words the common sense of the whole subject.

'A representative government (says this author) and a free press are *naturally co-existing political circumstances*; the freedom of the press prevents the representative system from degenerating into a mere

mere form; it is the element without which political vitality could not survive; but, in a government where every authority centres in the executive, the freedom of the press is an antagonist principle, always tending to the dissolution of the administrative conformation. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, when once the government have adopted a measure, must be the maxim of all despotisms: discussion and implicit obedience are incompatible, and the only quarter from whence a control, consistent with the duration of our empire, can be exerted over public functionaries in India, is England.'—p. 41.

Sir John Malcolm says, that 'for the last thirty-five years inflammatory papers, addressed to the interests and passions of our native troops, and subversive of the British power, have been most actively circulated in different parts of India; that these have too often made deep impressions; and that the further extension of the mischief is to be attributed solely to the difficulty of multiplying copies and to the fear of detection.'—(Vol. ii. p. 317.) We have, further, the authority of Sir John Malcolm for the fact, that the higher ranks of the Mahomedan population, and the Brahmins amongst the Hindoos, who, in the character of spiritual instructors, possess the most unbounded influence over the military classes, are disaffected towards the British government. The comparatively recent loss of empire accounts abundantly for that feeling on the part of the Mahomedans; while the destruction of the independence of the still subsisting Hindoo states, by narrowing so lamentably the field of intrigue in which the Brahmins universally found their most congenial and profitable occupation, has produced the same effect with that ambitious priesthood. There can be little doubt that in a press, unrestricted by the direct control of the executive authority, individuals so disposed would discover a ready medium for disturbing the minds, and probably shaking the fidelity, of our army. Upon that fidelity rest the existence of our empire in India, the immediate tranquillity of the country, and consequently the social improvement of the natives themselves. These are practical considerations of too great importance to be sacrificed for the speculative advantages that might arise from a more direct restraint upon the measures of the local governments in India,—nay, even for the chance of placing the sacred truths of Christianity more generally within reach of the native population:—for this, after all, would be but a chance; and there would be blended with it the grievous risk of extinguishing, in a sudden agony of political convulsion, the faint glimmering of religious light that has already begun to make itself visible amidst the darkness of Indian superstition.

The publications which we have been considering furnish of themselves sufficient evidence of the boldness with which, as one

of them expresses it, 'the spirit of inquiry is now walking the face of the waters that divide Europe from India;' and they are all deserving of very careful attention from those who are peculiarly interested in the concerns of our Asiatic empire. Though we differ, in some important particulars, from the opinions of Sir John Malcolm, we must always do justice to the liberal spirit in which they are conceived, and the manliness with which they are expressed;—the work, as a whole, is worthy of its author's reputation. It is proper, for an obvious reason, to observe, that the Letter of the Civil Servant appeared earlier than the more elaborate performance with which we have so often had occasion to compare its views; and we must take the liberty of saying that the author, in his brief and hasty style of composition, has done slender justice either to his materials or to his talents. Colonel Stewart's pamphlet, being principally occupied with the Burmese war, has not been so often cited by us; but we cannot conclude without expressing our sense of the ability displayed in it also. It was published some months before the Letter of the Civil Servant.

ART. III.—*Translations from the Servian Minstrelsy: to which are added some Specimens of Anglo-Norman Romances.* 4to. London. 1826.

OF this volume a very small edition only has been printed for private circulation; but a copy has been laid upon our table, with leave to make what use of it we might think fit—a permission of which we willingly avail ourselves. For the last twelve years, the popular poetry of the Sclavonic nations, and in particular of the Servians, has received much attention in Germany; and we are happy to hear that the extensive collections published at Vienna and at Leipsig have very recently been followed by another (M. Vesely's) from the press of Pest. When Gibbon wrote his History, he took occasion to say, that the Illyrian provinces were the most obscure part of Europe; and, in spite of the insurrection which was put an end to by the peace of Bucharest, they remained so, until the curiosity of the learned began to be attracted by the discovery—originally, we believe, set forth in the 'Hungarisches Magazin'—that there had lurked for centuries among those untravelled regions a large body of ballads, historical and romantic, not unworthy of being placed on the same shelf with the 'Cancioneros' of Spain, our own 'Minstrelsies,' and the northern 'Kiœmpe Viser.'

No English ear will ever be persuaded that there is any ballad in the world to be compared with 'Chevy Chase;' no Spaniard will ever believe that any other chivalries have been sung as nobly as

as those of Castile and Grenada: nor can it be expected that we should meet with a Scandinavian critic less strongly prepossessed with the superiority of his own Svend Vonveds and Reddar Olles. We suspect, however, that when these various fountains of romance are all equally familiarized, as it appears likely they soon will be, to the general 'reading public' of Europe, the ballads of the long-trampled *Servians* may be found entitled to a place not very far below those of haughtier nations, whose ancestors have been enabled to hand them down inheritances more valuable than ditties 'old and plain,' for the benefit of

> 'The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids that weave their thread with bones.'

This people maintained for ages a dubious struggle with the power of the Byzantine empire; but the Turk had grappled with, and utterly broken them, nearly a century before the final ruin of Constantinople. The campaign in which their freedom was beaten down, never again effectually to re-assert itself, is abundantly celebrated, as might be expected, in their minstrelsy. There the immense superiority of numbers is given to the host of Amurath I., of valour and conduct to the heroes of Lazarus, King, Despot, Zar, or Kral of Servia; and the fatal issue of the field of Kossova is ascribed solely to the treason of the prince's brother-in-law, Vuk, who went over to the Sultan with 12,000 men in the midst of the contest. The story of that conclusive battle is thus given in the page of our old classic *Knolles*, of whom, if language were everything, Dr. Johnson might perhaps have said without absurdity—at the time when he did say so—that he was 'the first of all [our] historians, unfortunate only in his subject.'

'Eurenoses, a man of great experience, told Amurath that the Christians were for the most part well and strongly armed, and shouldring close together in their charge, would be like a rock of iron, unable to be pierced; but if, in joyning the battle, he would a little retire, the Christians, following upon good hope, would so loose their close standing (the chief part of their strength) and leave an entrance for his men. Upon which resolution, Amurath commanded the archers to give the first charge; which they couragiously performed. At which time, the Turks army gave ground a little; which the Christians perceiving, with great force assailed the left wing of their army, and, after a hard and cruel fight, put the same to flight; which Bajazet seeing, with such fury renewed the battel, that the Turks which before, as men discouraged, fled in the left wing, began now to turn again upon their enemies; and the Christians, having as they thought already got the victory, were to begin a great battel. *In which bloody fight many thousands fell on both sides; the brightness of the armour and weapons was as it had been the lightening; the multitude of launces and other horsemen's staves, shadowed the light of*

the sun; arrows and darts fell so fast, that a man would have thought they had poured down from heaven; the noise of the instruments of war, with the neighing of horses, and outcries of men, was so terrible and great, that the wild beasts of the mountains stood astonied therewith; and the Turkish histories, to express the terror of the day (vainly say) that the angels in heaven, amazed with that hideous noise, for that time forgot the heavenly hymns wherewith they always glorifie God. About noon time of the day, the fortune of the Turks prevailing, the Christians began to give ground, and at length betook themselves to plain flight; whom the Turks with all their force pursued, and slew them downright, without number or mercy. In which battel Lazarus, the Despot, himself was also slain. Howbeit some histories report otherwise, as that he with his son were taken prisoners, and by and by afterwards (in revenge of Amurath his death) cruelly slain; othersome also reporting that he died in prison.

'Amurath after this great victory, with some few of his chief captains, taking view of the dead bodies, which without number lay on heaps in the field like mountains, a Christian souldier, sore wounded, and all bloody, seeing him, in staggering manner arose (as if it had been from death) out of a heap of slain men, and making towards him, for want of strength fell down divers times by the way as he came, as if he had been a drunken man; at length drawing nigh unto him, when they which guarded the king's person would have stayed him, he was by Amurath himself commanded to come nearer, supposing that he would have craved his life of him. Thus the half-dead Christian pressing near unto him, as if he would for honour sake have kissed his feet, suddenly stabbed him in the bottom of his belly with a short dagger, which he had under his souldier's coat; of which wound that great king and conqueror presently died. The name of this man (for his courage worthy of eternal memory) was Miles Cobelitz; who before sore wounded, was shortly after in the presence of Bajazet cut into small pieces. The Turks in their annals somewhat otherwise report of the death of Amurath; as that this Cobelitz, one of the despot his servants, in time of the battel, coming to Amurath as a fugitive, offering him his service, and admitted to his presence, in humbling himself to have kissed his feet (as the barbarous manner of the Turks is) stabbed him into the belly, and so slew him; being himself therefore shortly after (as aforesaid) in the presence of Bajazet most cruelly hewen into small pieces. Whereupon ever since that time, the manner of the Turks hath been, and yet is, that when any embassador or stranger is come to kiss the Sultan his hand, or otherwise to approach his person, he is, as it were for honour's sake, led by the arms into his presence betwixt two of the great courtiers, but indeed by so intangling him, to be sure that he shall not offer him the like violence that did this Cobelitz to Amurath.'—*History of the Turks*, p. 139, edition 1687.

The following is a Servian edition of the tale—in which, our readers

readers will perceive, the 'half-dead Christian soldier'—'one of the Despot his servants'—turns out to be a personage of very high rank—the brother-in-law both of the Servian Krall and of the traitor Vuk.

'That night came two black ravens from Kossova field,
And round about the tower in the red dawn they wheeled;
Round it, and round it with many a croak, they flew,
When they perched them on the turret more loud their croaking grew.
Ho! is this the castle of that famous king?
It is a silent castle— it holds no living thing.

'The solitary lady heard them where she lay,—
Up went she to the turret, in the dawning gray;
"Ye two black ravens, God greet ye well this hour,
Why come ye here so early, to croak about the tower?
Over Kossova field was it your luck to fly?—
Saw ye two mighty hosts that thereupon did lie?—
Saw ye the meeting, ravens? —Did ye hear the din?—
Tell me truth, black ravens, which of them did win?"

'"Fair thanks for such a greeting," said the ravens black
"We have been to Kossova, we are just come back;
Two mighty hosts, fair lady, it was our luck to see,
Yesterday they fought, and near enough were we;
The princes of the armies are slaughtered, both the two,
And all the Turks are dead except a very few;
Some of the Servian warriors still remain in life,
But every breast among them is gashed with lance or knife."

'While the black birds were croaking in Militza's ear,
Her servant, Mulatin, a faithful man, drew near;
His right hand, parted from the wrist, in the left he bore—
Down his horse's sides the streams of blood did pour,
Seventeen wounds, I ween, Mulatin had ta'en,
Ere he turned his horse's head from Kossova plain.
"What's that?—poor Mulatin! (it was thus the lady said),
Speak, was there any treason, that the Zar is dead?"

'Mulatin, the servant, his lady did thus greet:—
"Help me quickly, lady, help me from my seat;
Bring cold water from the well, and wash my burning brow,
And pour me wine, red wine, for I have thirst I trow—
I am sorely wounded, my heart is bloodless now."

'The beautiful Militza helped him from his selle,
And she washed his brows with cold water from the well,
She filled the cup with wine, and held it to his head,
And when some strength was come, it was thus she said,—

'"Now, Mulatin, look up, and all thy tidings yield,
Tell me how went it upon Kossova field;

First

First of the famous prince, how he was slaughtered tell,
And my gray-haired father Ugo, where the old man fell,
And my noble brothers, all the noble nine,
And Milosch the waiwode, that dear friend of mine,
And Vuk, the fearless lord, my other sister's man,
And young and bold Straïnia, the son of the old Ban?"

'The soldier raised his head, and thus his tale begun—
"They lie upon Kossova, slaughtered every one;
Where the famous prince, the Zar, my master, lies,
Has blood enow been shed, all the grass it dyes;
With lances broke and shivered is the ground bestrown,
Many a Turkish lance, but more of them our own,
For the Servian soldiers clustered from afar
To defend their master, and died about the Zar.
For your father Ugo, I saw the good old man
Struck down among the foremost as the fight began;
Eight of the Ugovitzes were slaughtered by his side,
The band stuck fast together till all but one had died;
It was Bosko Ugovitz, he alone was left—
I saw him raise his banner, out his way he cleft;
In like an eagle then among the Turks went he,
And scattered them like doves till the blood was at his knee.
Straïnia lies in Sitniza;—Milosch, too, hath his sleep
In the river's bed, in the water cold and deep;
But ere Milosch was slain, the Lord had blessed his hand
To do a deed of glory for the Servian land,—
With his own hand he slew the Sultaun Amurath!
God bless his soul for that, and all the kin he hath!
O, sung in many a song, and told in many a tale,
While green Kossova lasts, his memory shall not fail.
Why did you ask for Vuk? Him never name again,
But to curse a traitor, and a deadly traitor's strain!
He in the hour went over to the heathen host,
He and his false twelve thousand; thus the Zar was lost."*—pp. 5, 6.

The Servian Minstrelsy contains the record of many subsequent battles, or rather skirmishes, between this unfortunate people and their Ottoman enemies; some of them occurring after the Servian soil had been in part colonized by the conquerors. The war had then assumed the ferocity of a civil one; and its terrors appear to have been softened occasionally by that influence which, in all ages and countries, has been humane. For example—

'Right early rose the Turkish maid, before the East was red,
And coming to Moritza's bank, thereon her linen spread.

* The field of Cossova was the scene of another great and hardly-won Turkish victory, in 1448; when the Hungarian hero, Huniades, (one of Sir William Temple's 'seven great men that deserved, without wearing, a crown,') sustained, to use the words of Gibbon, 'till the fourth day the shock of an Ottoman army four times more numerous than his own.'

The

The sun is up; yet clearly flows the river by her side;
But ever as in heaven he rose, more troubled grew the tide.

'The noontide waves were black with blood—and first there came a horse,
And then a turban on the flood, and then a Turkish corse:
A Turkish corse went rolling by, bright through the waves it shone;
And close behind a Christian knight comes sorely struggling on.

'The waters tossed him grievously—when he beheld the maid
To reach the margin much he strove, and thus in anguish prayed—
"O! sister, for the love of God, some garment stretch to me;
O! save me, and the life thou giv'st shall all be spent for thee."

'The maid had pity on the knight that did her grace implore;
She stretched a garment forth to him, and drew him to the shore.'
&c. &c.—p. 21.

In the following ballad we find the Turks as well blended with the Servians, as we suppose they ever were, or are likely to be. We quote it at length for three several reasons: first, on account of the state of manners which its narrative describes, and which is equally indicated in the oriental imagery of its diction; secondly, because it is the only Servian ballad in this collection that professes to be rendered in the metre of the original; and thirdly, for the extraordinary resemblance which the story of 'Suko' bears—down even to the taunt of the closing verses—to that of 'Young Lochinvar'

'Never, never, since the world's beginning,
Never, never bloomed a fairer blossom
Than was reared of late beneath the shadow
Of the noble Lubovitzi's fastness.
White and high o'er Nevesinya looking
Stands the tower wherein they reared Hainuka,
But it holds no more the flower of beauty,—
Far away lies Lubovitzi's sister.

'Fair she was, there could be nothing fairer;
Stately was she as the mountain pine-tree;
White and rosy-colour intermingled
Were her cheeks, as she had kissed the dawning;
Dark and flashing, like two noble jewels,
Were her eyes; and over them were eyebrows,
Thin and black, like leeches from the fountain;
Dark the lashes too; although the ringlets
Hung above in clusters rich and golden;
Softer were her eyelids than the pinions
Of the swallow on the breeze reposing.
Sweeter were the maiden's lips than honey;
White her teeth, as pearls in ocean ripen'd;
White her breasts, two little panting wild doves;
Soft her speaking, as the wild dove's murmur;

Bright

Bright her smiling as the burst of sunshine.
Wide through Bosnia and Herzegovina
Went the story of her wondrous beauty.

'Lovers many came about the maiden;
Two above the rest came late and early;
One, the hoary-bearded Mustaph-Aga,
Lord of Kraina, lord of Castle-Novi.
Mustaph-Aga, at her brother's portal,
Met another that was come a-wooing,
Young and noble Suko of Ubeina.
Mustaph-Aga and the fearless Suko
Once they met at Lubovitzi's portal,
As the sun went down on Nevesinya.

'Mustaph-Aga brought a thousand pieces
Virgin gold upon a golden basin;
Round the basin twined a golden serpent—
Eyes of diamond glittered in its forehead;
Eyes of diamond, glittering so splendid
Men might feast at midnight by their shining.
Suko offered but a dozen ducats,
All he had he offered for the maiden;
Lord was he of little but his sabre,
And the targe that hung upon his shoulder
Noble Suko made the border feed him,
As the air is fain to feed the falcon.

Lubovitzi spake unto his sister,
"See, my sister, see, my dear Hainuka,
In the hour in which thy mother bore thee
It was written somebody should wed thee;
Many lovers come to me a-wooing,
But this night the two that are the noblest
Both are here, within the court together.
Here is hoary-bearded Mustaph-Aga,
Come from Kraina, from his Castle-Novi;
Wealth on wealth hath lordly Mustaph-Aga,
All in silk and satin would he clothe thee,
Every day with honey would he feed thee.
Close beside is Suko of Ubeina;
Lord is he of little but his sabre,
And the targe that hangs upon his shoulder.
Choose, Hainuka, choose to-night, my sister,
Choose and tell me which of them shall wed thee."

'Thus the sister spake to Lubovitzi,
"Thine the choice is, thine alone, my brother;
He to whom thou givest me is my husband;
But for me, I'd rather have a bridegroom
Young and bold, with nothing in his girdle,

Than

Than the richest that is hoary-bearded;
Wealth it is not to have gold and silver,
Wealth is there where lover meets with lover."

'Lubovitzi heard his sister's answer,
Yet he gave the maid to Mustaph-Aga;
Sore against her will he gave Hainuka.
Mustaph-Aga swiftly rode to Novi;
Mustaph bade his kinsmen to the wedding;
Suko too was bid by Mustaph-Aga,
Noble Suko was to ride the foremost
With the banner, bringing home the maiden;
Richly clad came Mustaph-Aga's kindred;
Noble Suko rode among them proudly.

'White days three they feasted in the fastness;
But they mounted early in the morning,
When they led her from her brother's dwelling.
When her home lay far behind the maiden,
Far within the plain of Nevesinya,
Fair Hainuka whispered to the bridesman,
"Tell me, kinsman, tell me true, my jewel,
Which is he that Lubovitzi chose me."

'Softly whispered back again the bridesman,
"Lovely maiden, beautiful Hainuka,
Right and left I pray thee look around thee!
Seest the old man riding far before us?
Him that stately sits, like an Effendi;
Him that sits upon the crimson cushion,
With the white beard hanging to the girdle;
Mustaph-Aga, with the beard of silver—
Whom besides could Lubovitzi choose thee?"

'Right and left the maiden looked around her,
Heavy heart had beautiful Hainuka,
And again she whispered to the bridesman,—
"Who is he that rears aloft the banner,
Riding yonder on the snowy charger,
Curly-bearded, blacker than the raven?"

'Softly whispered back again the bridesman,—
"Lovely maiden, Suko of Ubeina,
He that sorely struggled with thy brother
In the hour when Mustaph-Aga won thee."

Swift she dropt as if a dart had pierced her,
Black the ground, and like a corse her falling;
All came round to lift the lovely maiden,
Mustaph-Aga came himself to raise her;
But she lay as if her blood was frozen,
Until Suko struck the banner-halbert

Deep

Deep in earth, and bent him from his saddle;
Swiftly then, O swiftly, sprung Hainuka,
Swiftly leapt she on his horse behind him;
Swiftly Suko gallops for the woodland,
Swiftly, swiftly, never star more swiftly
Sunk in gloom, across the clear sky darting.

'Mustaph-Aga screamed unto his kindred,
"Noble guests I've bid unto my wedding—
Ha! the robber seizes on my maiden!
Ne'er a hand is lifted to avenge me!"

'"Aga, Aga," answered all the kindred,
"Welcome be the wild hawk to his pigeon,
It was written she should be his booty;
White and stately is the Castle-Novi,—
There repose thee, with thy beard of silver—
Old man, dream not of the flower of beauty."'—pp. 30-34.

Not the least curious of these pieces appear to be those in which the various intercourse, warlike and peaceful, between the Servian chiefs of the middle ages and 'the Latin lords' of Venice is commemorated; and how largely both nations had, at this period, orientalized their manners may be seen from the single ballad, or rather metrical romance, of 'The Wedding of Maxim Zernojevitz;' part of which we shall transcribe. Ivan Zernojevitz, the father of Maxim, is introduced as repairing to Venice for the purpose of asking the beautiful daughter of the doge in marriage for his son. He describes 'before all the Latin lords' his own high rank and extensive possessions, and boasts that Maxim, his son, is the handsomest youth in all the world. The doge smiles upon his proposals, and Ivan sets out on his return to 'Shabliack, the white castle,' triumphant on the success of his embassy. But, on his arrival there, a sore disappointment awaits him. An 'evil poison of pimples' has, during his absence, totally destroyed the boasted comeliness of his son; and so utterly is he confounded with this mishap, and dreams and omens enough besides, that nine years elapse ere he takes courage to return to Venice, and claim the promised bride. He at length arrives at the doge's court with a numerous attendance of armed men: one, a young warrior of surpassing beauty and strength, Milosch, is introduced as his heir; the party are feasted magnificently for some days by the doge. Most splendid gifts, particularly a high bonnet or helmet, with a plume composed of jewellery, and a shirt woven of pure gold, are presented to the (supposed) bridegroom; and, the young 'Latin virgin' being delivered, veiled most Asiatically, into the hands of her father-in-law, the Servians bid adieu to Venice with their prize.

Matters proceed smoothly until they are within sight of the white

white castle of Shabliack, when the tale is made to proceed as follows:—

'Maxim spurred his spotless black,
And left the troop behind his back;
All the rest, but only ten
Of his kindred, trusty men.
Maxim was resolved to be
First comer of his company:—
His mother needs must pay him well
For the news he hath to tell.

'Milosch, perceiving him advance,
Gaily set his bay to dance,
And stooping by her palfrey's side,
With finger gently touched the bride.
Ah! the merry-minded maid!
Tho' golden veil her eyes did shade,
Sharp her glances were, and keen,
And well could pierce the threads between.
When she saw him near her riding,
Confusion o'er her heart-strings gliding,
Her veil from off her eyes she drew
With freedom his fair face to view;
And with all her fingers pressed
The daring hand that touched her breast.

'Ivan, that never should have seen
That sight, beheld what passed between
The Waiwode and the Latin maid;
And thus in grief and fury said,—
"Off the hands! What's here begun?
Veil thee, veil thee, wanton one—
Veil thee, daughter, or I vow
I'll make the eyes leap from thy brow.
What's his comeliness to thee?
Look before thee, look, and see!—
He that sits yon charger black,
With golden shield upon his back,
And shining lance above his head—
He alone must share thy bed;
He with the spotted face, and dark—
Scarred with many an ugly mark—
That's the true Maxim,—Ivan's son,
And the husband thou hast won.
At Venice, o'er and o'er again
I praised him peerless among men,
And truly; but when back I came
His visage was no more the same;
By pestilence thus seamed and torn,
I could not show him without scorn

And

And that I might eschew the sneers
Of thine old father and his peers,
I made Milosch ride as my son,
And promised, when our march was done,
He for his pains the gifts should keep
We had brought with thee o'er the deep."
'The Latin lady heard, and stopt
As if a thunderbolt had dropt;
Sorrowing, she halted in her course,
And said, as she reined up her horse,—
"O Zernovitz! what hast thou done!
A father thus to rob his son!
And wherefore? for a stranger's sake!—
May God in heaven his vengeance take!
And what although his cheeks were scarred—
Were eyes, or heart, or spirit marred?
And who the fool that doth not know
How bloom and beauty come and go?
And that disease, and pain, and sorrow,
May chance to-day, may chance to-morrow,
Unto the merriest of us all?—
Nine years within my father's hall
I waited for this son of thine,
And should I wait another nine,
In white Shabliack I'd not repine.
Thou né'er shalt blush for deed of mine—
Thou, nor thy kindred, nor my own
At home about the Doge's throne.——
But hear me"'

Now comes the real matter of this exemplary young lady's concern—

'"But hear me, in God's name—this day
Those gifts must be restored, I say!
Given to my husband, given with me
To Maxim—Maxim's they shall be.
I'll ride no nearer to Shabliack,
Until the Waiwode yields them back."'

Milosch, the waiwode, is extremely indignant at this proposal, which, it must be owned, comes with indifferent grace after the very promising flirtation which Ivan Zernovitz had so unceremoniously interrupted: a tumult ensues, and Maxim, hearing loud voices, returns and partakes in the affray. He slays Milosch, cuts off his head, and puts it in a bag; seizes the bride, and gallops to Shabliack, where his mother receives him with tears and curses for the misery which his rashness has brought upon his race and his country. The youth, confounded with his reception, and awe-struck with the fulfilment in part of many dark dreams and prophecies, dismisses his bride to Venice, and flies to Stambol, where he

he assumes the turban, and is well received by the sultan. The brother and representative of the slaughtered Milosch follows the same course shortly after; and two Turkish races, descended from these fugitive chiefs of Servia, are still remarkable, says the last verse of the legend, for the violence of hereditary hatred that divides them.

The Spanish *cancioneros* differ from all other *minstrelsies* in one important particular—namely, the very scanty use of the machinery of the fairy superstition. The Servian ballads, on the other hand, are almost as rich in materials of this description as the Scandinavian, though, in general, their fairy legends are of a much less dismal character. The Scandinavian 'folk-viser' are, indeed, alone in the profound darkness of their melancholy; nor is it difficult to account for this. Those nations were christianized much later than any other members of the European community, and their body of popular poetry is the only one that reflects the struggle of feelings which immediately followed the demolition of an heathen creed. Odin and his kindred had not been dismissed as nonentities, but dethroned as usurpers; and the primeval pine-forests, amidst which their bloody altars had stood, were invested with a deeper gloom as the habitation of still powerful and relentlessly revengeful demons. The elf-race of the Servians appear to be much more near of kin to our own 'good neighbours.' The *vila* is, in general, a small, black-haired lady, with the voice of *a woodpecker*,* fond of dancing and singing, powerful in the region of dreams, more playful on the whole than spiteful. Occasionally, however, the lady of the wood appears in much more terrible colours—and never more so than in the ballad on the founding (it ought rather to be said the re-founding) of Scadar, (*Scutari*, the ancient *Scodra*, which Livy somewhere characterizes as *urbs et arx munitissima.*) The ballad is, in many points of view, a curious, and, in some, a very obscure one; nor do we find any information in the notes before us, except that the words *stojan* and *stojana* are connected with the verb which signifies *to stand fast:* to which we suppose our own Teutonic *to stand*, and Στεω, might have been added.

'There came to the Boïana's side three of Morlatchi's race
To build a castle o'er the tide, a strong and stately place;
The King Mokaschin was the chief, with him his brothers two;
Three hundred masters under them, whate'er they bade to do:
Three years they toiled and all in vain, for what they built by day
The Vila from the mountain came, and swept by night away.
'At midnight King Mokaschin heard a voice from out the wood,
"In vain thou toil'st," the Vila cried, "it cannot come to good—

* See the very learned essay prefixed by M. Grimm to the German version of Mr. T. Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Legends from the South of Ireland.'—p. lxxix.

In

In vain thy masters sweat—in vain thou spendest all thy gold,
For never on Boïana's side a tower shalt thou behold;
Find Stoian and Stoiana first, and build them in thy wall,
(The brother and the sister,) thy towers may then be tall.'

King Mokaschin spends three years in seeking for Stoian and Stoiana, and at last, finding no trace of them anywhere, recommences the work in the old fashion and with the old success;

'For ever, when the morning broke, the tower of yesterday
Had felt the Vila's midnight stroke, and all in ruins lay.'

The lady of the wood interferes again after some weeks have been spent in this hopeful manner, and king Mokaschin thus communicates her message to his brothers—

'"O! brothers dear, a word of fear came to me from the wood,
Spend gold and sweat until ye die, it cannot come to good;
List! ye be brothers three, and each a fair wife to his bed,
Each day they bring their baskets, when all your men are fed;
Set one of these within your wall, when next she comes at noon,
Build strong and stout all round about, Scadar shall rise full soon."'

An oath of silence is taken by the three brothers; but Mokaschin, the eldest, and Ugleisha, the next in succession, cannot resist the evening blandishments of their respective spouses, and give them fair warning to carry no baskets on the morrow. Goiko, the youngest, on the contrary, proves a man of his word.

'Right early in the morning light the Morlavitzis rose,
And each to the Boïana's side, as is the custom, goes;
Up also rose their fair young wives, and two out of the three
Have much at home that day to do, right careful wives they be:
Mokaschin's wife and maids a score are at the washing mead,
The linen they had bleached before of bleaching still hath need.
Ugleisha's wife is early gone with pitcher to the well,
There friends she meets with many a one, and much to hear and tell.

'One more there is at home doth sit, the youngest of the three,
Her boy is but a suckling yet, a monthling babe is he;
To her, when noontide hour was nigh, 'twas thus her mother said,
"Give me the basket, daughter, the workmen must have bread."
"No, mother, watch the cradle here, (young Goiko's wife replied,)
I'll bear the basket to my dear upon Boïana's side;
Was ne'er such shame since sin began, if, when our builders dine,
Each other dame should serve her man, and thou be serving mine."

'The ancient mother staid behind to nurse the little boy,
And Goiko's wife and all her maids went forth in mickle joy;
Soon reached they the Boïana's side, where one did watch for them,
And forth, when he their coming spied, to meet the troop he came;
Morlatchovitz came swiftly on, he took her by her waist,
And down his cheeks the hot tears ran, as he his wife embraced,

A thousand

A thousand and a thousand times her face did Goiko kiss,
And at the last he spake to her, and a doleful speech was this
'"My wife! 'tis sorrow to my heart that I thy face behold,
Thy days, though young and fair thou art, are numbered, dear, and told.
Why leave the child? say, who shall wash thy babe at home this day?
The cradle rock, and give the breast, when thou art far away?
How could'st thou leave him?" '—&c.

The poor lady is carried to the scene of sacrifice, without entertaining the least suspicion that any harm is meant: she, on the contrary, laughs on, although she sees herself surrounded with masonry 'above the knee.'

'And beams they drew, and stones they drew, and higher, higher still—
The wall above her girdle grew ere once she dreamt of ill:
But when she saw their mind at last, and how the wall did rise,
On Goiko's brothers standing near, she weeps aloud and cries—
"O brothers! for the love of God, if God ye think there be,
O hear my cry, and stand not by this misery to see."
Mokaschin and Ugleisha, when thus they heard her pray,
Made answer none unto her moan, but turned them both away." '——

Here is a singular trait of Oriental modesty—the lady's husband is the last of his house she ventures to apply to.

'"Twas then that shame and fear of blame she cast them both aside,
And to her husband standing near, before the people, cried—
"O, good my husband and my lord! my years have been but few,
Help, Goiko! stand not idly by, this misery to view—
O God! it is a dreary thing thus, in my youth and prime,
Built up within a wall of stone, to die before my time.
To mine old mother let me go, let me go home once more,
She hath both gold and silver, she'll give ye all her store,—
Some slave, or man, or woman, ye with her gold may buy,
And build them in; what is my *sin, that I so young must die?*" '

Goiko makes no answer; and, after a pause, she applies to Master Rad, the chief of the masons, and 'whispered in his ear'—

'"The wall is at my breast—O leave a little window here,
A little space (dear brother), so may thine age be blest,
That when they bring my suckling I may put forth the breast."
'The master, for the love of God, had pity on her case,
And, o'er against her bosom, left a little open space,
That, when they brought her suckling, she there the breast might set
Whereon she always nursed him, and give him nurture yet.
'And yet once more she called on him, and whispered in his ear,
"The wall is at my face—O leave a little window here,
A little window, for the love of God that sits on high,
That I may see mine own white house until the hour I die;
A little window, brother dear, that I the child may see,
Both when he hither comes and when they bear him home from me."

'And

'And like a brother once again he her petition took,
And left a window that she still upon her home might look,
That she might have the light of God to see her infant still,
Both coming and returning home when he had sucked his fill.'

And this is the lady who had just made the proposal about 'some slave, or man, or woman!' Alas! for the inconsistencies of poor human nature.

It is added, that the child was nourished in this way for a year, though during the first week only the voice of the mother could be heard through the aperture, and then the ballad closes with—

'So was it in the days of yore; so is it in our own!
To mothers that of milk are poor, full well the charm is known;
To kiss that spot the child is brought whom hunger pincheth sore,
And such the grace that haunts the place, his cries are heard no more.'

—pp. 50-56.

We have hitherto been quoting metrical romances and historical ballads; but the Servians appear to have an abundant store of poetical compositions, more strictly within the class which we moderns describe by the term *lyrical*. Of these, the greater part are, of course, amatory; and in the specimens before us we find few traces of that Turkish kind of love, which predominates in the historical ballads of the collection: on the contrary, we find the passion depicted, in all its stages, with a degree of delicacy for which we were by no means prepared: perhaps things have been softened a little in the translating. For example:—

'O lovely was the sight I saw
By moonlight o'er the still Danaw,
When heroes lay on tented ground,
And golden wine went round and round.

'A beautiful and gentle maid
From hand to hand the cup conveyed,
And ever as she poured the wine
She heard the whispered prayer, "Be mine!"

'"Ah, noble lords!" the damsel said,
"Take lowly service, gladly paid;
But know the heart of love is frozen
For all but one, the dear, the chosen."'—p. 80.

The following looks more as if it might have been modelled after some Turkish imitator of Hafiz:—

'O nightingale, a note more deep,
Or pour from leafier boughs thy strain;
'Twas I that soothed my love to sleep,
'Tis mine to bid him wake again.

When breaks the morning, forth I'll go,
And pluck a rose-leaf from the tree,
To touch his cheek, and open so
The eyes it is my life to see.'—

The

The song entitled 'The Lover's Blessing' is a good contrast to this gentle voluptuousness—

'The wild hawk sat the dark night long
Beside the window of Melan,
And ever and anon her song
Thus sharp and clear began:—
"Rise up, it is a noble feast,
Thine own true-love to-night doth wed;
Rise, taste the cup, or send at least
Thy blessing to the bed."
Melan made answer: "By my word,
To drink her wine I will not go;
But thou shalt bear my blessing, bird,
Since thou wilt have it so:
May for each drop this night she drains
Ten thousand tears hereafter flow!
Be child-birth pains the only pains
That bed shall never know!" '—p. 68.

The last of these compositions which we shall quote, will remind the readers of Goethe of the commencement of 'Hassan Aga:'—

'Was it a vine, with clusters white,
That clung round Buda's stateliest tower?
O no; it was a lady bright,
That hung upon an armed knight,—
It was their parting hour.
They had been wedded in their youth;
Together they had spent their bloom;
That hearts so long entwined in truth
Asunder should be torn in ruth,
It was a cruel doom.
"Go forth," she said; "pursue thy way;
But some fair garden shouldst thou see,
Alone among the arbours stray,
And pluck a rose-leaf from the spray,
The freshest there may be;
Unclasp thy mail, when none is by,
That leaf upon thy breast to lay,
How soon 't will wither, fade, and die,
Observe—for that poor leaf am I,
From thee, my stem, away."
"And thou, my soul," the soldier said,
"When I am wandering faint and far,
Go thou to our own greenwood shade,
Where I the marble fountain made,
And placed the golden jar.

At noon I filled my jar with wine,
And dropp'd therein a ball of snow,
Lay that on this warm heart of thine,
And while it melts behold me pine
In solitary woe."'—pp. 82, 83.

We hope the use we have made of this 'Minstrelsy' may lead to its publication, and think a larger appendix of notes and illustrations ought to accompany the verses. Some of the minor songs of the Servians have been very prettily translated in a late number of a contemporary journal,* and from that quarter also we may look for further exertions on a field which is wide enough to employ, and rich enough to reward, many labourers.—A gentleman well qualified for such a task is, we understand, preparing for the press an Irish Minstrelsy; which, by the way, Mr. Moore should have given us long ago. If Messrs. Jamieson and Borrow would combine their strength, we might easily have a very popular Scandinavian one; and were these works added to the English library, we should be in a condition to take a more comprehensive view of the popular poetry (strictly so called) of the various nations of Europe during the middle ages, than has hitherto been attainable.

We have left ourselves little room for the Anglo-Norman part of the collection on our table: the specimens it encloses are chiefly valuable as showing the extent to which our French minstrelsy continued in popular request to even a later period than had been supposed by Ritson. They are for the most part rendered from some recent black-letter quartos printed by the Roxburgh Club, and therefore as much dead letter to the public at large as the original MSS.

Passing over the noble ballad on the battle of Evesham,

'Ore est ocys la flur de pris qe taunt savoit de guere,
Ly Quens Mountfort sa dure mort molt en plorra la terre.' &c.

which was long ago translated as well as possible, by Sir Walter Scott,† the Anglo-Norman strain with which we have been most amused is the 'Rhyme of the King of England and the Jongleur of Ely.' Its *Epigraph* is thus given; and having compared it with the original, we are enabled to bear witness that the version is a *facsimile*.

'The jongleur was no lying wighte, but one that shrewdly spake and righte, The King he wisely did advise, and prudently his faults chastise; Before the throne, below the dais, in castell strong, in riche palace, Liars and backbiters are found, their trade doth

* Westminster Review.

† It is hardly right that this fine version of a fine poem should be allowed to lie buried in 'Ritson's Songs.' Why is it not included in the editions of Sir W. Scott's works?

mickle

mickle there abound; There gambling thrives, and letchery, and many trained in trickery, of cunning charm and jugglery, and glamour artes that given backe Black for white and white for blacke. Thenne let us praye sweete Saint Marie, on Engleland to have pity: Her lette us praye to watche us well, and teache them wisdome that rebell, and give our Lord the King counsell, as did the loyal Menestrel.'

We do not fancy that our readers would much thank us for transcribing any part of the loyal minstrel's sage counsel; but the opening of the conversation, which paves the way for his admonition, is diverting in itself, and gives, we have no doubt, a fair notion of the fashionable wit of the times.

'Lordings, list, a little space,
And I'll well repay your grace,
For of a minstrel ye shall hear
That sought adventures far and near.
Not far from London, on a day,
As through the fields he took his way,
He met the king and his menée.
Around his neck his tabour hung,
Stamped with gold and richly strung.
"For love now (quoth the king), me tell
Who art thou, Master Menestrel?"—
And he replies, withouten dread,
"My master's man, Sir King, indeed."
"And who, Sir, may thy master be?"
"In faith, my mistress masters me."
"And who thy mistress?"—"By my word,
The goodly dame that is my lord."
"What name, I pray thee, dost thou bear?"
"The same that was my sire's whilere."
"What name, then, had this sire of thine?"
"Why, just the same, Lord King, as mine."
"Whence comest thou, Sir Minstrel?"—"Thence"—
"And whither may'st be going?"—"Hence."
"Speak plainly, man,—whence comest thou?"
"Why from our own good town, I trow."
"And what your town, then, Master Quirk?"
"The town about the Minster-kirk."
"What Minster-kirk, Sir, tell us freely?"
"The Minster, sure, that stands in Ely."
"And where stands Ely?"—"God us guide—
Where but by the water-side?"
"And how's this water called, I pray?"
"Called! not at all, Sir, by my fay,
The water chooses his own way,
And comes uncalled for every day."—p. 98.

There is some more of this fencing, till the king, apparently willing to change his ground, remarks the comeliness of the Jongleur's steed, and proposes to strike a bargain :—

" Come—wilt thou sell thy nag to me?"
" More gladly, faith, than give it thee."
" And for what price, Sir?" quoth the king.
" Why, e'en for that that it will bring."
" For how much shall I have the nag?"
" For just the money I shall bag."
" Is the nag young?"—" Why, well I ween
His chin hath yet no razor seen."
" Speak truly, is he sharp of sight?"
" More so, I think, by day than night."
" Come, Minstrel, one plain truth declare—
Is't a good eater?"—" That I'll swear;
This chesnut in one single day
Will eat more trusses of fresh hay
Than you, from January to May."
" And drinks he well?"—" Now God us guard—
He'll drink you, by Saint Leonard,
More water at a single draught
Than ere in a whole week you quaffed."
" Is he a creature of good speed?"
" A pretty question's here, indeed:
Howe'er I spur, howe'er I thump,
The head keeps still before the rump."
" Good friend, now tell me, draws he well?"
" Good Lord, I scorn a lie to tell,
He's ne'er been tried, for aught I know,
Either at harquebuss or bow."
" A trusty beast upon the whole?"
" I tell the truth, so thrive my soul!—
He's ne'er been charged, at any rate
Since he was mine—bare facts I'll state—
With larceny, or small, or great."
" Now answer me—a truce to wit—
Is he an easy nag to sit?"
" Conscience is conscience—I declare
He's nothing to an elbow-chair."
" These words, Sir," quoth the King, " are folly;
Is the nag sound—completely—wholly?"
" Why no, Lord King, I must confess
He has no claim to holiness;*
For if he had, your Grace knows well
He'd have some shrine wherein to dwell;

* In the original, the quibble is between *sein* and *saint*.

The

The monks and priests would dress him out
With trappings gay and fine, no doubt,
And all the race of the devout
Would kiss, an't were but his thigh-bone,
And kneel, and sob, and moan, and groan,
Beseeching intercessioun."

After much more foolery of the same kind, the king asks if his feet be hard:—

"Hard say you?—hard enough, my fay,
I wish you had his smith to pay."
"He never shys?—no coward he?"
"My nag a coward! no, pardie;
Give him enough of hay and corn,
And he fears nothing night or morn.
I doubt if, since he first drew breath,
He ever spent one thought on death."

"His tongue is good?"—"Yea, by Saint John,
'Twixt this and Lyons on the Rhone
There's not a better:—sure am I,
He never told a single lie;
Nor would a hundred marks in gold
Bribe him one secret to unfold.—
Steal, rob, or slay, you sin secure,
He'll ne'er betray, of that be sure."

"Knave," quoth the King, "I value not
These ribald turns and quirks a jot."
"I'd rather that you did by half,
For 'tis my trade to make folks laugh;
And when great princes cross my way
I give them still the best I may."

A new series of conundrums ensues upon this, and the king's patience is at last fairly exhausted with the inveterate jester—

"The devil's in thy mother's son,
Still quirking, quibbling, pun on pun!
I never met buffoon like this—
Pray tell us what thy business is?"

"My business? By our lord the pope,
No harm's in telling that I hope!
I'm one, of many, Sire, whose trade
Is most to eat where least is paid;
As also when a cup's in hand
To sit much liefer than to stand;
Especially when dinner's o'er,
For then one's heavier than before,
As doctors tell us by their lore.
In short, to have good drink and victual,
And work, an't please you, very little." &c. &c.—p. 104.

The

The gaiety of this gentleman's attire and conversation affords a fine contrast to the miserable condition of the minstrel in the later days of the craft; when even so true a poet as the author of the elder ballad of 'Chevy Chase' was accustomed to indite such verses as the following—

'Now for the good chear that Y have had heare
I give you hartty thankes, with bowing off my shankes;
Desiring you, by petyeyon, to grante me such commission,
Because my name is SHEALE, that both by meate and meale
To you I maye resorte, some tyme to my comforte;
For I perceive heare at all tymes is good chere,
Both ale, wine, and beere, as hit dothe now appeare.
I perseive without fable ye kepe a good table.
Some tyme I will be your geste, or els I were a beaste;
Knowynge off your minde, yff I wold not be so kinde,
Some tyme to taste your cuppe, and with you dyne and suppe;
I can be contente, yff hit be oute of Lente,
A peace of byffe to take, mye hunger to aslake,
Both mutton and veile is goode for *Rycharde Sheale.*
Thogge I look so grave, I were a veri knave
Yf I wold think scorne, ethar even or morne,
Beyng in hongar, of fresshe samon or konger; &c.

The reader will find the continuation of this melancholy ditty in Mr. Conybeare's 'Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry,' p. 28—where it was first printed from one of the Ashmolean MSS.; a highly-curious volume, of which we shall shortly have occasion to treat at length.

ART. IV.—*Hebrew Tales; selected and translated from the Writings of the ancient Hebrew Sages: to which is prefixed, an Essay on the Uninspired Literature of the Hebrews.* By Hyman Hurwitz, Author of Vindiciæ Hebraicæ, &c. &c. London. 1826.

TOWARDS the close of the second century, the Jews began to be sensible that their chance of re-establishment in the Holy Land was almost hopeless. For a long time after the destruction of their city and temple in the year 70, they cherished ideas of the speedy appearance of their Messiah in the only form in which they would acknowledge him—as a great temporal deliverer—an Avatar of victory and revenge. They then doubted not that his advent was destined about that period, and quoted the prophecies, which they have since learned to interpret differently, in support of the correctness of their belief. But having rejected Him in whom all the characteristics of the true Messiah were united, but who wanted the one mark of temporal power, which

which their national prejudices exalted into the most important of all the tokens of Messiahship, they were obliged to look for another, and Barchochoba (the son of the star*) appeared to gratify their desires. They exaggerated his victories, in reality trifling when considered in opposition to the power of Rome, into absolute proofs of his claims to the title which he assumed, and clung to him with their national obstinacy, and occasional displays of bravery worthy of a more successful cause. He was proclaimed as the star of Jacob, and the sceptre of Israel, foredoomed, by the reluctant prophecy of Balaam, to smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth. The sword of the Romans speedily dispelled these visions; and Adrian proved, by the enactment of oppressive laws, and the infliction of the most cruel punishments, that no temporal Messiah should arise to the Jews in his dominions. After defeating them with merciless slaughter, he banished them from Judea, persecuted them in all parts of the empire, and insulted their religion by erecting altars to Pagan deities on the very ground where the Shechina once had been. Some specimens of his cruelty are related in Mr. Hurwitz's little volume, (p. 106, &c.,) and the Jewish records would supply many more. In the pages of Roman history his character is represented in at least mixed colours:—he is 'severus, mitis, sævus, clemens.' In the records of the Jews there is no redeeming trait: he appears as the very incarnation of cruelty.

This persecution by Adrian appears to have destroyed or interrupted the succession of the Hebrew schools, which had flourished unbroken since the days of Ezra. In the insane insurrection of Barchochoba, Akiba, the most learned of the rabbis, and the then president of the schools, took a most active part, although we are assured that he had arrived at the age of one hundred and twenty; a circumstance that does not appear very probable. He publicly proclaimed the impostor as the Messiah, and even acted as his armour-bearer. On the overthrow of his party he was taken prisoner, and *carded* to death, the horrible tortures of which he bore with the greatest courage, showing himself so attentive to the ceremonies of his religion, as to repeat the proper prayer in the regular manner while under the hands of the executioners. His biographers have noted the very letter at which he was stopped by death. Mr. Hurwitz (pp. 119, 120) insinuates that he was executed for his zeal in teaching the Jewish doctrines, but this is incorrect; he was put to death for his peculiar activity in the rebellion, and the obstinacy with which he advocated the impostor's cause. The memory of few persons has been more cherished by

* On his defeat, they altered this name to Bar-Chuziba—the son of lying. This is not unlike the treatment King James II. has received from his Irish partisans.

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their countrymen than that of Akiba. They are never weary in extolling his immense learning,—his knowledge of seventy languages,—the eagerness of his late-taken up and long-protracted studies,—or the incalculable number of his disciples; but even these topics of praise are not sufficient. His genealogy is carefully traced to Sisera, the Canaanite general of King Jabin; and his wife is said to have been the widow of a Roman nobleman of high rank. We are told that a whole volume would not be sufficient for a detail of his merits, and, in fact, personal anecdotes of him have been handed down which would enable a biographer to draw up a life of Akiba more resembling a memoir of modern times than an account of a rabbi of the first century, whose existence is hardly known to any but scholars occupied in the study of an obscure literature. Long after his death, they pointed out with affectionate regret his tomb, by the Lake Tiberias, where they tell us he was buried, with twenty-four thousand of his disciples at his feet. His courage, patriotic enthusiasm and learning have procured him pardon for having acknowledged a false Messiah; and Maimonides, strange to say, founds on this very error an argument to prove that the Messiah is not yet come. He is universally acknowledged as the most learned of the rabbis, though the works attributed to him badly support that fame; and as with Barchochoba perished the last of the Jewish generals, so with Akiba expired the last of the great oral doctors. 'At the death of Rabbi Akiba,' says the Mishna, 'the glory of the law perished.' He died about A.D. 135; soon after the taking of Bitter.

The later rabbis fondly remark, that on the very day of Akiba's death, Rabbi Jehudah, whose labours were destined to supply the want of oral teachers, was born. He is styled either Hanassi, *i. e.* the prince, from his literary and political rank among his countrymen; or Hakadosh, *i. e.* the holy, from the sanctity of his life, of which some rather whimsical stories are told. This learned man flourished in the reigns of Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Commodus, with all of whom, we are informed, he enjoyed the highest favour. We may doubt, however, what we are told in En Israel, that the first of these princes submitted to the rite of circumcision at his hands. 'He seeing,' says Maimonides, 'that disciples were falling off, dangers and difficulties impending, and the kingdom of Satan spreading all over the world, and obtaining greater strength, (Maimonides probably alludes to the spread of Christianity, which, in the tranquil reigns of the Antonines, was making rapid progress,) while the people of Israel were driven to the ends of the earth, made a collection of traditions fit for public dissemination, in order that they might not fall into oblivion.' It

is evident that the chief motive which actuated him in making his collection, was his feeling of the utter hopelessness of the Jewish cause. He saw the Roman empire in undisputed plenitude of universal power, and if he lived in the courts of its emperors, he had ample means of convincing himself that no efforts unaided by miracles, of which there was but little chance, could shake the force which they wielded. Under these circumstances, he could look forward to nothing but an indefinite prolongation of the captivity, and was of course anxious that the traditions, which his people regarded with as much reverence as the Scriptures themselves, should not be lost, as there was every probability they would be, if entrusted to the oral keeping of the dispersed teachers of an oppressed and dwindling people. It was no time then to recollect the strong injunction that existed, to forbid 'that things delivered by word of mouth should be committed to writing.' The traditions must either be written, or, in all probability, perish; and 'The loss of a limb,' as Mr. Hurwitz expresses it, (p. 46,) 'is preferable to the destruction of the whole body.' The Hebrew scholar has reason to be thankful to Jehudah for not observing this precept, of which it is much easier to appreciate than to admire the purpose.

The accuracy, industry, and talent which he brought to his work are highly praised by his countrymen. He spent many years in collecting materials for it from all the rabbis of the nation wherever dispersed, and published it, according to the general computation, in A. D. 190, the 11th year of the Emperor Commodus. He styled it the MISHNA, a word which has been differently interpreted, but which is generally allowed to signify the *secondary* law; the Greeks interpret it δευτερωσις, as if it bore the same relation to the scriptures which Deuteronomy does to the other books of the Pentateuch. It was immediately diffused with great eagerness among all the Hebrew schools of Palestine, Babylon, &c. and of course soon found commentators. The comments speedily swelled into a bulk far beyond that of the text, and received the title of Gemāra, *i. e.* the completion. The Mishna and Gemara united form the Talmud, which signifies the 'doctrinal.' Of Talmuds there are two, the Jerusalem and the Babylonish, so called from the schools which compiled them. The former was collected by Rabbi Jochonan, who was born in 184, and died in 279. The latter was begun by Rabbi Asche, who died in 427, and completed by Rabbi Jose seventy-three years afterwards, viz. A. D. 500. Most of these dates are disputed, and some are inclined to put them later; but the Archbishop of Cashel shows* that the Babylonish Talmud must have been composed before 531.

* See the notes to a sermon preached by Dr. Laurence before the University of Oxford, p. 24.

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This is by far the more famous and complete—as might be expected, being by three centuries the later of the two. The doctors of Babylon were, besides, of much higher renown, the schools of Palestine being at that time in a state of decadence, while the other flourished till the twelfth century. Yet, as De Rossi truly remarks,* the Jerusalem Talmud deserves to be more valued, as being 'più esente di inezie, e più utile all' illustrazione delle sagre antichità.' Prideaux was also of the same opinion. The style of the Mishna is purer, and far more scriptural than that of either of the Gemaras; that of the Jerusalem being frequently so obscure as to puzzle the most learned, for instance, Lightfoot: and the Babylonish being full of foreign words and barbarous phrases. The Jerusalem Talmud is contained in one folio—the Babylonian in twelve; and it is impossible to look at the comparatively pure text of the Mishna, surrounded as it is in all directions by so disproportionate a mass of commentary, not always the most valuable, without recollecting the uncleanly, but very descriptive, jest of Rabelais on the glosses in which Accursius has involved the Pandects of Justinian. And yet, with all this bulk, it is incomplete; many of the sections of the Mishna being unaccompanied by any Gemara.

If the ritual law of Moses itself abounds in minute ceremonies and observances, evidently ordained for the purpose of making the Hebrew nation more decidedly distinct from all others, it might naturally be expected that the traditions which arose in the long course of time between the promulgation of the law and the completion of the Talmud, should be still more minute in their regulations, and applied to an infinitely greater number of contingencies; and, on examination, such expectations are fully verified. No where does such a code of laws, or casuistical decisions, exist, applied with so much exactness to such a vast number of cases,—some highly important, some the most trifling conceivable, rendering the law, as expounded by them, what it was described to be eighteen hundred years ago, when administered by the oral predecessors of the Talmudists, 'a heavy burthen, and hard to be borne.' Mr. Hurwitz (p. 38, &c.) pleads, that several of the customs and laws in the Talmud are founded on scriptural authority. It may be true—and is true, in the instances which he quotes; but it is impossible to turn over the first ten pages of the Mishna without finding many which have no warrant of Scripture or common sense to support them. In practice, they are known to be annoying enough. Mendelsohn testifies to the fact; and we think it is Mr. Frey who assures us that it takes as hard a course of *theological* study to become a Jew butcher, (from

* Dizionario Storico, vol. I. p. 171.

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the minute regulations as to choosing the beast, sharpening the knife, &c.,) as in most Universities of Europe would qualify for a Doctor of Divinity.—But it must not be imagined that the great rabbinical repository does not contain better things. In spite of its trifling, and of other objections that might be urged against it, few works are better worth the attention of the antiquary, the philologer, the philosophic historian, and the theologian. It presents the most curious picture of the modes of thinking and acting of the most singular people that ever existed, under circumstances altogether unparalleled. In the Talmud, says Buxtorf, an excellent authority in every point of view, 'sunt multa quoque theologica sana, quamvis plurimis inutilibus corticibus, ut Majemon alicubi loquitur, involuta. Sunt in eo multa fida antiquitatis Judaicæ collapsæ veluti rudera, et vestigia ad convincendam posterorum perfidiam, ad illustrandam utriusque Testamenti historiam, ad rectè explicandos ritus, leges, consuetudines populi Ebræi prisci plurimum conducentia. Sunt in eo multa Juridica, Medica, Physica, Ethica, Politica, Astronomica, et aliarum scientiarum præclara documenta, quæ istius gentis et temporis historiam mirificè commendant. Sunt in eo illustria ex antiquitate proverbia, insignes sententiæ, acuta apophthegmata, scitè prudenterque dicta innumera, quæ leviorem, vel meliorem, vel sapientiorem reddere possunt, et ceu rutilantes gemmæ non minùs Ebræam linguam exornant, quàm omnes Latii et Græciæ flosculi suas linguas condecorant. Sunt in eo vocum myriades quæ vel voces in Scripturæ Sacræ usu raras illustrant et nativè explicant, vel totius linguæ Ebrææ et Chaldææ usum insigniter complent et perficiunt, qui alioquin in defectu maximo mutilus et mancus jaceret: sunt denique in eo quamplurima ad infinita Novi Testamenti loca quoad voces, phrases, et historiam insigniter illustranda maximum momentum habentia.' Abating the praise bestowed on the gems of Talmudic eloquence as brought into opposition with the *flosculi* of Greek and Roman literature, a point on which we should hardly consult the worthy lexicographer, nothing can be more just than the above panegyric. It is a fair mean between the overstrained encomiums of the rabbis themselves, and the bitter contempt or hatred which it has been the lot of the Talmud to meet with from many Christian critics, both learned and illiterate.

Both praise and dispraise have been stretched to the highest; but among Christians, the fortune of the Talmud has generally been adverse. Even so early as the Pandects, the δευτερωσεις are marked with legal displeasure; in Novella 146, 'Eam Scripturam quæ secunda editio (in Greek, δευτερωσις) dicitur interdicimus omnimodo, utpote sacris non conjunctam libris, neque desuper traditam de prophetis, sed inventionem institutam virorum ex solâ loquentium

loquentium terrâ et divinum in ipsis habentium nihil.' In later times, the popes persecuted these books with unrelenting hostility. Gregory IX., in 1230, and Innocent IV., in 1244, condemned them to be burnt. Their example was followed by the anti-pope Benedict XIII., who fulminated a bull against them in 1415, from Valencia. He accuses the Talmud of being the chief cause that the Jews are so blinded as not to be converted to Christianity; attributes its composition to sons of Satan, and orders it to be committed to the flames. In 1554, Pope Julius III. ordered a general burning throughout the Italian cities: but as few copies were destroyed on this occasion, in consequence of the Jews secreting them, and carrying them principally to Cremona, where their people were very numerous at that time, Pius V., in 1559, sent Sixtus Senensis to seize them; and, according to his own account, he succeeded so well as to burn 12,000 copies of the Talmud, no less than 144,000 volumes. We may be allowed to doubt the exactness of this number; but there is no doubt that he very zealously performed the honourable business allotted to him. In 1593, Clement VIII. renewed the order for the burning, directing that all Talmudic and Cabalistic books should be delivered up to the ordinaries of the places in which they should be found, or to the inquisitors of heretical pravity, by them to be committed to the flames. We copy these facts from Bartoloccius, vol. iii. p. 731—747, who mentions them with high praise and much gratification. Mr. Charles Butler, in his Horæ Biblicæ, panegyrizes the popes for their great general kindness to the Jews: let him lend his ear to the narrative of Bartoloccius. 'Hinc (that is, from a desire of saving the souls of the Jews) eorumdem Pontificum jussu tot amara pharmaca Judæis propinata, ut tanquam in caveam primò fuerint inclusi in septum (in Ghettum); eorum synagogis omnibus demolitis, unicâ tantum reservatâ; deinde bonis omnibus stabilibus spoliati; signo in capite eorum tamquam in Cain fratris occisore imposito, ne interficeret eos omnis homo. (How kind and considerate!) Nullius generis mercaturæ iis permissæ nisi tantùm stracciariæ, et cenciariæ, hoc est, veteranorum vestium, ex misericordiâ (misericordia!) tolerata. *Et alia id genus multa ut per ea incommoda ad fidem Christianam suscipiendam hortarentur.*'—vol. iii. p. 748.

This is extracted from no anti-catholic writer, but from a most learned Cistercian. He adds, that not content with these winning ways, the popes had recourse to the method of compelling the Jews to listen to the sermons of friars appointed at certain seasons to convince them of their errors—a custom which, we believe, still continues at Rome: it certainly lasted till the French revolution. The conduct of the Jews, it appears, was not the most reverent at these

these forced audiences. 'Quid mirum,' says the indignant friar, 'si Judæi, non conversi, sed perversi, et coacti audire verbum Dei et suorum Rabbinorum ineptias ac fabulosas Scripturæ Sacræ interpretationes, in risus et screatus aliquando se resolvant? Quapropter redarguuntur concionatoris voce; et ut in officio persistent, nec auditorium perturbent, adest, qui hoc casu, non ingenti pertica, sed oblongâ *ac tenui virgâ in eos leviter animadvertat.*' p. 750. There is something very amusing in the picture of a crowd brought together to hear their religious tenets abused by a friar, and then gently chastised if they presume to laugh at what they may happen to think (often, we suppose, most justly) mere nonsense. Bartoloccius evidently thinks the thin stick far too lenient, and drops a significant hint that the 'ingens pertica,' the long pole, might have been employed with greater advantage to belabour them into devotion.

In other parts of the Christian world, the danger of destruction was equally great. Just before the Reformation, Pfeffercorn, a converted Jew, recommended to the Emperor Maximilian that all the Jewish books, of all kinds, and especially the Talmud, should be burnt, and had almost succeeded. The controversy which this occasioned is well known. Reuchlin saved them from destruction, and we have no reason to regret the proposition, because it turned the attention of the learned (then awaking from the sloth of the middle ages) to Hebrew literature, and discussions still more important; and, we may add, because it was the occasion of one of the best and most successful jeux d'esprit that ever appeared, the *Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum*—a work to which succeeding wits are more indebted than they would wish to be known.

We do not know that Hebrew books ran any risk of destruction in this country, but we fear that we owe our exemption from being chargeable with this species of persecution to the early date at which we expelled the Jews—in 1279. The theologians of the court of Edward I. and his predecessors, we should imagine, knew very little of their existence, except as books of *the Black Art*, of cultivating which the Jews were very generally accused in the dark ages. The belief has lingered in the superstitions of this country, and the witch reads her magic rhymes *backward*, for no other reason than because such is the method of reading Hebrew. The Bishop of Salisbury has indeed shown that there never was a period at which Hebrew literature was entirely unknown in this country, but during those ages it was very thinly diffused. The people, who, at the accession of King Richard I., burnt the Jewish papers, took care to burn those of most importance against themselves: content with flinging into the fire contracts and *stars*,* they let the Talmuds and Medrashim escape. During

* The deeds, obligations, and releases of the Jews were usually called *Stars* in our

During the period of the revival of letters there were no Jews in England, and Jewish books therefore escaped the effect of the hostile spirit, to the existence of which in other countries, at that period, we have alluded. But when Cromwell, on the soundest maxims of policy, permitted their return at the solicitation of Menasseh Ben Israel, the outcry that was raised against the measure proved that the unfriendly feeling had not abated in the course of near four centuries. Cromwell was accused of being looked on as the Messiah by the Jews, and a visit paid by a wandering rabbi to Cambridge, in quest, as he said, of Hebrew MSS., was construed into a design of seeking in Huntingdonshire the genealogy of Oliver, for the purpose of tracing his pedigree to David. Prynne took a most active part in this clamour, and brought his ever-ready pen to abuse the unfortunate Hebrews. His 'Short Demurrer' is worthy of being read, because it contains a history of the cruel treatment which the Jews suffered in this country, drawn from authentic records. It is written with his usual asperity of temper, silliness of argument, and accuracy of research. His hatred of the Jews makes him give ready credence to all the absurd stories of the middle ages against them, even so far as to swallow popish miracles, which, under other circumstances, he would have called anti-christian, and he absolutely revels in describing cruelties which disgraced the perpetrators, as much as they injured the victims. The motives for his writing it are described graphically enough. The 6th of December, 1655, being appointed to be kept a fast, in a proclamation with a very canting preamble, according to the fashion of the times, setting forth the various enormities which rendered this fast necessary, Prynne could not help remembering that it was on that day seven years, viz. December 6, 1648, that the House of Commons had been purged by Pride, and a great number of admirable personages, including himself, sent to Hell in Westminster, and there, as he pathetically reminds us, lodged on bare boards, like Turkish galley-slaves. Full of this and other coincidences, he walked the next day down 'Martin's-lane,' (it was un-sainted in those days,) and there met Sir John Clotworthy, one of these expelled gentlemen, leading his lady afoot towards Wallingford House (the present Admiralty), and about that place they met Pride himself, the very man who had purged the House of them and other equally valuable people. 'Fellow Pride,' said Sir John, (Prynne did not know the Colonel's person,) 'remember this day seven years.' What answer the Colonel vouchsafed to the knight is not recorded; but on Prynne's passing farther,

early records; as, for instance, in King John's time, Istud *Star* fecit Hagius filius ri de London Domino Ade de Strattona, &c. They were written in Hebrew and It is derived from the Hebrew שטר. Mr. Todd has not noticed the word.

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he met Nye, who in great concern asked him about this new project of introducing the Jews; which he could not help wishing had been attempted rather in the bishops' time than in theirs. After much excellent discourse with this amiable divine, he went on his way grieved to the soul, but more ill omens met him as he passed along.

'As I kept on my way to Lincolne's Inne-fields, passing by seven or eight maimed soldiers on stilts, who begged of me, I heard them say aloud one to another, "*We must now all turn Jews, and there will be nothing left to the poor.*" And not far from them another company of poor people, just at Lincolne's Inne back gate, cried aloud to each other, "*They are all turned devils already, and now we must turn Jews,*" &c.'

Struck with these 'concurrent providences and speeches,' Prynne sat down to write his book, in which we find 'his brains lying about in the margin,' as usual. His arguments are folly, but his researches are profound, and we owe him something for the preservation of the records against the exertions of Hugh Peters, whom, in this 'Short Demurrer,' he especially reviles. Nothing can reconcile him to the measure, and everything among the Jews is abominable, even to their 'base parsimony, industry, and frugality.'

From Prynne's days downwards, an irregular fire in pamphlets was kept up against the Jews, which, in 1752, burst into a loud explosion, in consequence of the Naturalization Bill. The most hideous consequences were predicted from this measure—the overthrow of the constitution—the upsetting of the church—the Judaizing of the country, &c. &c. A history of the controversy that bill occasioned would be both amusing and instructive, but we have no room for it here. One argument pressed by the friends of the Jews is rather whimsical:—they claimed, it seems, much merit for their exertions against Charles Edward, in 1745; and the answer this plea received from one of the most eager of their antagonists is, perhaps, worth copying, though little complimentary to any party:—

'Fifthly. A piece of political merit—they saved the state, if you may credit the apologist. When the constitution was in danger, in the year 1745, then the heroic Jews raised all Duke's place; they mustered, marched out, and took the field; they raised money—imported specie—filled the royal coffers—lent money on the land-tax—entered into associations and subscriptions—preserved our sinking credit—and saved the bank. All this the Jews did, which, when the ragged Highland crew heard at Derby, they fled from these intrepid Jews, like so many frighted sheep from a troop of wolves, and never stopped until they received intelligence that the Jews' army was returned to its headquarters, in Duke's place.'—p. 45. *An Answer to a Pamphlet, entitled, Considerations on a Bill, &c. re-printed by the Citizens of London.*

We should hope that the time is now come, when, if a bill for naturalizing the Jews were to be presented to the legislature, there would be no necessity for setting up so absurd an apology for conferring a well-deserved favour on a loyal and industrious body of men; and still more, that nobody would be found to raise a voice against it.

it. On the continent we are sorry to see that these prejudices still exist in full fury against them in many places.

Far different, of course, from this low estimation, hatred, or contempt in which the Talmud was held by the Christians, was the feeling with which it was regarded by the Jews themselves. In their writings no praises are too great for its merits—no authority so sacred as not to be alleged in its favour. The preface of Maimonides (a great name in any literature) to the Seder Zeraim (the first section of the Talmud) opens with claiming for it the highest authority of all. 'It must be known,' says he, 'that the precepts delivered to Moses by God were accompanied by an interpretation, God himself first uttering the text, and then its explanation. When Moses returned to his tent, the first person he met was Aaron, to whom he repeated text and interpretation, as he had just received it. When Aaron went to stand at the right hand of Moses, Eleazar and Ithamar, his sons, came in, to whom Moses repeated what he had done to Aaron. When they went to stand, one on the left of Moses, the other on the right of Aaron, the seventy elders entered, and were taught by Moses in like manner. The whole people next came in, seeking the Lord, and the same was repeated to them, until all had heard it. Moses then left them, and Aaron repeated to those who remained what he had thus four times heard. Aaron then departed, and Eleazar and Ithamar repeated to the elders and people what *they* had four times heard. On their departure, the elders repeated to the people what they had heard four times also; so that the people had heard it four times.' Joshua and Phineas taught these traditions to their successors, by whom the chain of tradition was brought down unbroken to the days of Rabbi Jehudah Hakadosh, 'the phœnix of his time, the chief ornament of his age,' by whom they were committed to writing. In this story all the rabbis agree, and it is no wonder that, when they claim for it such an origin, they should set upon it a value almost amounting to idolatry.

'The Talmudists (says the apologetic Mr. Hurwitz) are accused of esteeming their own works more than the Bible, and of recommending the Mishnah and Talmud in preference to it. Their traducers endeavour to support this truly absurd charge, by two passages from the Talmud. One (according to their representation) runs thus:—"They who study the Bible, do what is deemed neither virtue nor vice. They who study the *Mishnah*, perform something of a virtue, and on that account receive a reward. But they who study the *Gemara* perform what may be esteemed the greatest virtue." (Talmud Baba Meziah.) The other runs thus:—"The Bible is like water, the Mishnah like wine, and the Talmud like spiced wine," &c. &c. (Treatise Sophrim.)

'From these passages it is inferred that the Talmudists preferred their own works to the Scriptures. But really I cannot see how such an inference

inference can fairly be drawn from them. For what regards the first quotation, the first part thereof is evidently mistranslated. The original doth not say "that those who study the Bible do what is deemed *neither virtue nor vice*," but העוסקים במקרא מדה ואינו מדה "Those who study the Scripture do what is deemed a *virtue and no virtue*;" that is to say, the knowledge of Scripture is so indispensably necessary to every Israelite, that those who are engaged in its study have no right to arrogate any particular merit to themselves since they are only doing their duty. "Those who study the Mishnah (not, indeed, to the exclusion of Scripture, as those writers would have us believe, but in addition to it) do what is meritorious, for which they may expect a reward." Because a knowledge of it is not absolutely necessary for every individual, but for those who are designed to instruct their brethren; because also it cannot be acquired without great industry and application. And a knowledge of the Talmud, in addition to the preceding, is still more laudable, for the same reasons. The second quotation inculcates the same sentiments. The holy writings are compared to water: water being indispensably necessary for the preservation of every individual; so are the Scriptures. The Mishnah is compared to wine,—wine being very acceptable, but surely not absolutely necessary. Still less necessary is spiced wine, to which the Talmud is compared: though happy is he who possesses all three in abundance.'

This, however, is much more ingenious than satisfactory, and not altogether candid. These books abound with precepts, which are still more plain than those which Mr. Hurwitz has exercised so much ingenuity in softening; they distinctly consign those who neglect the rabbinical writings to *eternal immersion in boiling dung* in the other world. One of their commonest sayings is, that the words of the scribes are preferable to the words of the prophets (דברי סופרים חביבים מדברי נביאים), and it was abundantly acted upon. Their intemperate abuse and abomination of the Karaites prove how much they valued the Talmudic additions, when they anathematized with such fury those who rejected them, and adhered to the biblical text in preference. In the Chagiga it is declared, that there is no peace for him who returns from reading the Talmud to reading the Scriptures. In the Golden Altar, and many other tracts, we are informed that the written law cannot be understood without the oral. When Rabbi Eliezer was on his death-bed, his disciples asked him what they should do to obtain salvation; and his dying admonition was, to turn away from the study of the scriptures. In fact, there is scarcely one of the rabbis from whom we could not extract similar passages; and very many of them have assertions of a still more absurd, indeed of a blasphemous, character. We are told, for instance, that God reads the Talmud, complies with its ordinances, nay, we are assured that his favourite chapter is 'the Red Cow.' It

would, in our opinion, be better to explain these flights on the principles of human nature. We need not be astonished that an oppressed people of high pretensions should have thought, and spoken, and written extravagantly of the value of works which flattered all their vanities and prejudices, and, from the peculiarity of the language, were as a treasured gem confined exclusively to themselves.

Even with respect to the sayings explained away by Mr. Hurwitz, we must take the liberty to say that he has been entirely led aside by the desire of making a case. In the Treatise Sophrim it is said, that the Bible is like water, the Mishnah like wine, and the Talmud like spiced wine. Is not the natural interpretation, that as *conditum* is more costly than wine, and wine more costly than water, so the Talmud is more valuable than the Mishnah, and the Mishnah than the Bible? Mr. Hurwitz well knows, that this is not only the most natural, but the most common—we believe the universal—interpretation of the rabbinists: and it is put out of dispute by other passages. The saying which usually accompanies that above quoted is, the Bible is like salt, the Mishnah like pepper, and the Talmud like perfumes. Here, also, is a gradual rising in value of three commodities; none of them, like water, of 'indispensable necessity for the preservation of every individual.' In the Treatise Erubin, we have another triplicity of the same kind. They quote Solomon's Song, vii. 11, 12: 'Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.' Of which verses the following is the interpretation: 'Let us get up early to the vineyards—*the vineyards are the synagogues and schools;* let us see if the vine flourish—*by the vine, is meant the students in the Holy Scriptures;* if the tender grape appear—*these are the students in the Mishnah;* if the pomegranates bud forth—*these are the students of the Talmud.*' Here again, as the pomegranate surpasses the unripened grape, so does the Talmud the Mishnah; and as the fruit is to the blossom, so is the Mishnah to the Scriptures. Again in Sota, 'He who knows the Scripture, but not the writings of the wise, (*i. e.* the comments upon it,) is a clown (one of the people of the earth—עם הארץ). He who reads the Scriptures only, and not the Mishnah, is a blockhead,—(בור—rather worse than a blockhead indeed, for Maimonides interprets the word, 'one who is equally devoid of knowledge and morality'). How are these passages to be explained away by any fine-drawn special pleading?

As for the other saying quoted by Mr. Hurwitz, 'Those who study the scripture do what is deemed a virtue and no virtue, &c;'

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we beg to refer him again to the place where he found it. If he examines it there with attention, we doubt whether he will think, from the context, that those who wrote it had any such moderate ideas of the value of the rabbis or their works as he wishes us to believe. It occurs in the Gemara on the second chapter of the Baba Metzia, fol. 33, 1; and in that section it is laid down that the superiority of the rabbis must be acknowledged to such a degree, that even should the case occur of a man's father and his rabbi falling together into captivity, he is bound to release the latter in preference. We fear that Mr. Hurwitz's character for orthodoxy would stand very low, if he hazarded such interpretations of their dogmas in presence of the actual compilers of the Talmud.

It is this high appreciation of the Talmud and the rabbinical writings generally, that appears to have excited the gall of the great Hebrew scholars who flourished immediately after the Reformation, and of whom Mr. Hurwitz (p. 7) complains so eloquently. It would seem odd otherwise, that the Buxtorfs, for example, who were perhaps the greatest Hebraists that ever wrote, should often speak so angrily of the works with which they were taking so much pains. But they found the rabbis overvaluing them, and they set about abusing them in return. Their depreciation, as Mr. Hurwitz elsewhere (p. 14) says, was a revulsion from the opposite extreme of an undue and excessive veneration. It must be admitted, however, that most of their charges of malitia, malevolentia, &c., of hatred of Christianity, and those persons our faith considers holy, charges which we so often meet in the pages of Wagenseil, Hackspan, Wolfius, &c., are very absurd. It was rather too much to expect that, in theological works destined for the perusal of their own people, they should not speak slightingly of other sects; or that their polemics were to stand quite alone in the world as being marked with a spirit of polite deference to antagonists. The poor Jews had indeed much reason to be civil. After being persecuted, hunted like beasts, robbed, reviled, trampled upon, in every Christian country in the world, it might surely be pardoned them that they were occasionally disrespectful to that faith, the abuse of which exposed them to such calamities.

Some use of these writings, for the purpose of illustrating Christianity, has been made, but not enough. The works of Lightfoot and others, valuable as they are, are rather, as the Bishop of Chester observes, to be looked on as collections of materials for others to work upon, than in any other light. Allix has well employed the Talmudic writers in the Unitarian controversy, and the Archbishop of Cashel throws by their means much light on the

doctrine of baptismal regeneration. But when we reflect that, for many centuries, their rabbis, all of them educated, some of them clever, men, employed their pens against Christianity, it is impossible not to be impressed with the opinion, that a careful examination of their polemical writings, during the dark ages, would tend, in some degree, to illustrate the history of the opinions which they impugned. The Rev. G. Faber, in his excellent work 'The Difficulties of Romanism,' has shown, by the use he makes of the negative testimony of Julian and Lucian, how even scoffers may be brought to throw light on disputed points of the greatest importance, about which the leading Christian sects are themselves at issue.

We waive entirely the advantage which, De Rossi * assures us, a knowledge of the Talmudic writings would give us, 'contro degli stessi Ebrei.' If we cannot bring them to acknowledge the truths of Christianity by means of the writings to which Christ himself referred them—by Moses and the Prophets—there is no chance of success from other means. If they can evade arguments which are to be drawn from the letter of Scripture, they will find it much easier to evade those deduced from its comment. Yet we should press upon Mr. Hurwitz's attention, that, however the infidelity of which he justly complains among the present generation of Israelites is to be deplored, it is not, under the circumstances of the nation, to be wondered at.

'Why (says he) should it be concealed, that the demon of infidelity is making strong and bold approaches on the precincts of Judaism; nay, that he has already surprised and carried off many a limb from the once chosen flock of Israel?

'The fact is certain. There are few whose own experience cannot supply some instance in proof. But what shall we assign as the cause? To what is it attributable? To the neglect of the Talmud? I am too well aware of the incredulous and contemptuous smile which it would provoke, to hazard the assertion. But to the causes that produced the neglect of this and other relics of Hebrew learning, and to the neglect itself, as a secondary and conspiring cause, I do venture to attribute this frightful phenomenon—a tendency to the rejection—for disbelief is rejection—of their sole remaining honour in the eyes of nations, of the one splendid privilege which the world could not rend from them, and which even their oppressors admitted and revered.'

We beg to ask Mr. Hurwitz, whether the feeling of 'hope delayed' will not rationally account for this frightful phenomenon, without referring to any other cause? Some fervent and enthusiastic spirits may still continue to flatter themselves that the Messiah is to come; but can such faith, after so many disappointments,

* Dizionario Storico.—Art. Talmud.

so many shiftings, so many discordant interpretations of prophecies, be expected from the worldly-minded or the cool-minded—nay, from men endowed with the powers of common calculation? None will remain real Jews but such as our author—men of true piety and ardent faith, whom no disappointments can shake—or mere ignorant bigots, who swallow the nonsensical traditions of their forefathers, and cling to the Law, because it abounds in ceremonial observances which cheat the conscience into the belief that he who complies with them performs the duties of religion. All other classes of professed Jews will, in reality, be deists, and such, without Mr. Hurwitz's avowal, we know to be the case.

Mr. Hurwitz's own estimation of the Talmud is of course not carried to such a degree as that of the Elder Rabbis; he admits that, far from being a pure luminary, it is 'a spotted orb,' and fairly allows that many parts of it are defaced by absurd or objectionable matter. We were, however, hardly prepared to find him throwing his shield over the nonsense of the Cabbala. That the cabalistical *metaphysics* are worthy of attention, we readily admit; and add, that, for fanciful luxuriance of poetical ideas on the sublimest psychology, the book Zohar has never been surpassed; but *literal* cabalism is sad trifling, and little deserving the praise it receives, however qualified, from Mr. Hurwitz. We leave it to our readers to judge, from his own examples—

'It cannot be denied that many of their inferences and interpretations are *highly ingenious*, and that most of them have *a moral tendency*. A few examples will make this clear; and give the general reader an idea of these *researches*, or *inquiries*, as they are called.

'1. The holy law, or pentateuch, begins with the letter ב *beth*. Why? Because, says the son of *Kafra*, this letter, as a numeral, represents the number *two*, and the divine writer wished to indicate that there are two worlds; one, the material, in which we move and exist, the creation of which he was about to describe—the other, the world of bliss, which we may enjoy hereafter.

'2. Because also, says another rabbi, the figure of this letter ב represents a space enclosed on three sides, namely the anterior, upper, and lower parts: one side only is left open; intimating that such a frail creature as *man* must not, dare not, search into what existed antecedent to the creation, nor into what is above or beneath him: all this is enclosed and interdicted; but there is still a wide open space left for his searching mind, namely, from the creation onward; in as far as God has chosen to reveal it in his holy word, or has laid it open to our view in the great and wonderful book of nature.

'3. The final letters (says one of the Talmudists) of the first three words of the *law*, בראשית ברא אלהים are ת מ א, composing the word אמת *emeth*, (the Hebrew word for *truth*,) to indicate that the only object of the holy book is *truth*. This the divine Psalmist has distinctly expressed

expressed by saying ראש דברך אמת, "The beginning of thy word is TRUTH." (Psalm cxix. 160.)

'4. They remarked, that the letters composing this word אמת, are taken from the beginning, middle, and end, of the alphabetical series; because, say they, *truth* ought to be the *beginning*, *middle*, and *end* of all our thoughts and actions, and the object of all our pursuits.'

With all deference, this is nonsense—and nothing but nonsense. There were Greek triflers who inquired why Homer began the Iliad with a M, and gave reasons just as sagacious and valuable. Had the first letter of the Bible been any other than ב, '*morality*' as well-founded could have been drawn from it. In our own version, the first letter is I. If a cabalist inquired why does it begin with I? we could answer, because I being the numeral for *one*, it is meant to denote the unity of God; or, its figure being that of a column, it signifies that this book is to be the pillar of our faith—or something else as profound. The true reason, we take it, is, that it is the first letter of the word *in*; and the cabalist would not be very wrong, we imagine, if he were to conclude that Moses began the Pentateuch with *b*, because it was the first letter of *bereshith*, and for no other reason. As for אמת (emeth) truth, the cabalists have another fancy, not quoted by Mr. Hurwitz. They observe, that each of its three letters stands on two points, א, מ, ת; while in the word for falsehood, שקר, they stand each on but one, ש, ק, ר, *because* truth, being steady, stands on two feet, while falsehood, weak and vacillating, has only one. It is odd to see this cabalistical fancy used by Franklin in his notes on Mr. Justice Foster's celebrated charge on the legality of impressment. That learned judge, in the course of his argument, had used the colloquial vulgarism, of 'on the foot of usage;' on which Franklin remarks, 'though falsehood, like this reasoning, rests on one foot, truth stands upon two.' Where did Franklin find this witticism, which, from the nature of the case, *must* have been drawn from the Cabbala? His well-known appropriation of the beautiful parable on toleration proves that his reading lay occasionally in paths rather remote from what might be expected from his general studies; and moreover that he was not very nice in using the knowledge so picked up. At all events, it has passed on the editor of the State Trials as original; for he thinks it worth his while to quote it, Vol. XVIII., p. 1331, little suspecting that he was gracing his pages with a morsel of second-hand cabalism.

It is time, however, to come to that part of the Talmud which gave occasion to the work before us—viz. its stories. It appears by the preface, (p. v.) that we are indebted to Mr. Coleridge for the suggestion of such a work; indeed, three of the tales appeared long ago in 'The Friend.' The collection is very amusing and instructive:

structive: it would not have been difficult to have made one very much the reverse from the same stores. The insertion of the tales in the Talmud has been regarded very angrily by some splenetic critics, and beyond anything else contributed to give a character of trifling to the whole work. It has obtained for its learned authors, from Hottinger, the uncomplimentary title of 'fabularum γραωδῶν consarcinatores impudentissimos,' most impudent patchers together of old wives' stories; and the opinions of other Christian scholars are expressed in terms not more polite. This, however, is not at all just. These critics did not sufficiently attend to the oriental origin of the work which they were reviling, and reflect that, in all the nations of the East, it was customary to mix up such narrations with graver matters. A greater familiarity with various oriental literature has made modern men more tolerant of such deviations from the strait-laced regularity of western ideas; and no theological critic should have forgotten that the example of our Saviour sanctified the principle of applying stories (some of them drawn, in all probability, from a common source with many of those in the Talmud) to the elucidation of affairs of the most sacred importance. Why the writers of the Gemara (few anecdotes occur in the Mishna) thought proper to use these apologues is, perhaps, best accounted for by Wagenseil: 'Crediderim,' says he, in the preface to his very curious Tela Ignea Satanæ, 'plerasque veteres fabulas a magistris sic prolatas fuisse, ut tædium, quod difficillimarum disputationum ἀκριβεία in animis discipulorum fortè pepererat, iisdem lenirent, et severiora dogmata amœnitatibus quibusdam temperarent.'

Some of the Talmudic stories are excessively absurd, and others highly indelicate. The interpretation of some of the former class has puzzled the most famous of the later rabbis and their Christian favourers. In the darker ages, the great bulk of the Jewish doctors contended for literal interpretation, laying it down as a rule, that if 'the masters said that your right hand was your left, or your left your right, you should not question it.' In times nearer our own, this doctrine was generally given up, and the most absurd of the stories were explained allegorically. Such will always be the case, where philosophical generations are called on to believe in the fancies of poetical antiquity, and to interpret the dreams or wisdom, as the case may be, of mystic or superstitious predecessors. Gibbon has well observed, that the goose and goat which the brute multitude, that marched under Walter the Pennyless, on the first crusade, regarded with such reverence, would, in all probability, have become objects of worship if the crusade had succeeded, and exercised the ingenuity of a philosophising posterity to resolve them into allegories. Such was strikingly

strikingly the fate of the gods of Greece. The stories of Saturn and his family were probably founded on historical facts, out of which the plastic fancy of the Greeks had framed innumerable fables. Philosophy, perhaps,—and but perhaps,—*might* have had her share, and the brilliant fictions of Homer *might* have sometimes contained allusions to science, which he, or the fabulists from whom he drew, *might* have considered as too valuable to be committed to the unhallowed gaze of the exoteric crowd. For many a generation, however, those fictions were literally believed; but an age came at last when the Platonists allegorized them all, and discovered, in the rudest figments, the profoundest results of the most recondite erudition. The allegorizing doctors who followed the Talmudic rabbis acted in the same way; and Maimonides finds much to praise in this manner of wrapping up truth in fables, which, if literally interpreted, are but the consummation of folly.

It is, of course, on the allegorizing side that Mr. Hurwitz is engaged; but we cannot compliment him on his success. In the hands of an ingenious man it is, after all, as easy to allegorize as to adopt the plain meaning. By cutting down incidents, by softening expressions, suppressing some particulars, and distorting others, an allegorical case can be made from the most nonsensical tale ever invented. It is said that a dexterous etymologist can derive any given word from any given root, by altering the consonants, and omitting the vowels; so a clever allegorizer, by twisting facts, and altogether neglecting the original inferences, can never be in want of philosophical solutions for any story he may take in hand. The same tact that derives King Pepin from ὁσπερ will discover the Copernican system in Goody Two Shoes. We shall see how Mr. Hurwitz manages the matter:—

'To enumerate all the various misrepresentations of the writers who have aimed their venomous shafts at the poor rabbis and their literary productions would require volumes. However, to enable the general reader to form his own conclusions on the subject, I think it necessary to illustrate the preceding remarks by a few examples.

'It is well known that the state and condition of the progenitor of mankind, his mental capacity and intellectual acquirements, were favourite topics of discussion amongst the learned of almost every age; and that, whilst some have bent the father of the human race down to the earth, and reduced him to a level with the brutes, others have raised him to the skies, and given him an angelic nature. That the learned Hebrews should have exercised their thoughts on the same subject is no more strange than that they should have expressed those thoughts in the language of metaphor and allegory, the favourite medium of oriental philosophers. Now it was the opinion of some of the rabbis that since, according to scripture, every created being was produced in its perfect state, Adam must likewise have come from the hand

hand of the Divine Maker in the most perfect state; not only as far as regarded physical capabilities, but also mental powers, and that, consequently, his intellectual endowments must have been proportionally great. This opinion they conveyed in terms which appear hyperbolical, because it is overlooked that they are figurative, by saying that *Adam reached from earth to heaven;* i. e. his Being, joining the earthly with the celestial, had the animal as its base, and the angelic as its capital; or, that the man in his vast perfection was framed to ascend from nature to nature's God.

'To intimate that man is *omnivorous*, that the strength, pliability of his frame, and his peculiar organization, enable him to dwell in every situation and in every clime, they said,—"*that the dust from which Adam was formed was collected from every part of the earth.*"

'To express man's two-fold nature, the *duplex homo*, namely, the spiritual and the material, they said, "*that Adam was an* אנדרוגינם *Androgynes*," (a man-woman): the former indicative of the soul, on account of its superiority and vigour; the latter representing the passions, desires, and propensities, on account of their fascinating allurements.

'To express the result of this two-fold combination, they said, that "*Adam had two faces; one turning to the east, the other to the west.*" That is to say, the one (the spiritual nature) is turned towards the source of light and knowledge; the other (the material) is inclined towards the regions of darkness—the abode of sensuality and debasement.

'Further, they said, that when "*Adam lay down, his head rested in the east, and his feet in the west.*" By which they meant, that, though by our first parents' transgressions, or their fall, as it is called, man's nature was deteriorated, yet it was not changed *in kind*: his head (his superior nature) still resting in the east—the source of light; whilst his feet (his inferior nature) turn towards the west.

'Such were the real opinions of the ancient Hebrews. But their traducers, either through ignorance or malevolence, taking their words in their most literal sense, unblushingly tell us, that the Sages of Israel *believed* that Adam was a most gigantic two-headed monster—nay, wonderful! that he was a—hermaphrodite!'

All this is, no doubt, very philosophical, and our indignation ought to be strongly roused against those calumniators who did not find out that the rabbis *meant* what is very wise, while they *said* what is very foolish. Yet we doubt whether the rabbis themselves would not be particularly astonished at the wisdom discovered in their descriptions of Adam. They certainly drop no hint of any such thing. The great stature of Adam is assigned on reasons very different from those given by Mr. Hurwitz. How is it proved, says Rabbi Joshua, that Adam extended from east to west? By Psalm cxxxix. 5. 'From west to east thou hast formed me.' How that he extended from north to south?—By Deut. iv. 32. 'God created man from one end of heaven to the other!'

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It is, therefore, to two misunderstood texts of scripture, not to any fine-spun metaphysical reasoning, that Adam owes his rabbinical magnitude. From a misunderstood text of scripture also it is, that he is considered as a hermaphrodite, Gen. i. 27. 'Male and female created he them'! That the rabbis had anything but philosophy in their heads is evident from the questions they raise as to this androgynical Adam. If he had two bodies, one male and one female, joined at the back, it is inquired which walked first; and, impolite to say, the rabbis have decided the *pas* in favour of the male. According to some rabbis, Adam had a tail, and they adduce as good reasons for decorating him with such an appendage as they do for making him a hermaphrodite. What piece of ancient metaphysics lay concealed in this opinion, we should be glad to learn from Mr. Hurwitz, particularly as we cannot now have the pleasure of consulting Lord Monboddo. Or how does he propose to explain the fact of Adam's being created circumcised, and the whimsical reason given for it in Jalkut—viz. '*because* God created him in his own image'? Or how get over some other stories reported of our original parent, to which we can only refer? See Bartoloccius, vol. i. p. 76. And yet explaining away one absurdity will not be of any avail, so long as these and others of the same kind admit of no sensible solution whatever. Bayle very properly laughs at all this in his article 'Adam.'

But let us come back to Mr. Hurwitz:—

'Further: the Talmudists, with a view, perhaps, of communicating an historical fact, relate the following story:—

'"Once upon a time, an egg of בר יוכני *Bar-Ioccane* (i. e. the son of Ioceane), fell down, and it inundated sixty cities, and broke down three hundred cedars." It was asked, "How came the egg to fall; since it is written, the wing of the songster is beautified?" To which Rabbi Asci replied, "Because it was a foul egg." That this fable alludes to a terrible persecution which, in the time of its inventor, raged against some Hindoo sects who believed in the *mundane egg*, is not only highly probable, but is rendered almost certain, by the egg being described as the son (offspring) of Ioceane (Ocean). And when it was asked, how that egg came to fall, (i. e. how the persecution arose,) since that egg was so beautified by the wing (the imagination) of the songster (poets)—the witty Rabbi replied—"because it was a foul egg." And that it was not very sound, the reader may perhaps allow, considering the many fables to which it gave birth. But [illegible] extended critics, not knowing what to think of the *son of Ioceane*, converted him into a *bird*, which they called *Bar-jochna;* imagining, perhaps, where there is an egg, there must be a bird: and judging, from the size of the egg, of the dimension of its feathered [illegible], they hatched a creature so monstrously large, as was big enough to devour the poor rabbis, together with their bulky works; and then, turning

turning to the Jews, bid them look at the gigantic bird!—and exultingly asked them, what they thought of their ancestors' wonderful discoveries in ornithology!—little thinking that this Bar-jochna was a creature of their own disordered imagination.'

No, Mr. Hurwitz, it is no creation of theirs. The Bar-Jochna is too famous a fowl to be dismissed so easily. It is no metaphysical bird by any means, but the identical bird that is to be eaten by the Israelites at the advent of their Messiah—Leviathan forming the fish, and Behemoth the flesh, of the great entertainment to be provided on that occasion; when, by the way, every Jew is to have two thousand eight hundred Gentiles to wait behind his chair —whether in or out of livery our authority unfortunately omits to inform us;—when geese are to be roasted in such quantities that their fat will run in rivers—when the cow salted on the first Friday of creation for this auspicious moment is to be cooked—and wine of the most delicious kind handed about in capacious cups, holding each two hundred and odd quarts. This account of the Bar-Jochna, we find, is no calumniator of the rabbis, but in Elias the Levite. An allegorical interpretation, alluded to by Mr. Hurwitz, is made in the book Caphthor, which interprets the bird in hand to be a great rabbi, and the three hundred cedars the Talmudic writings devoured by his sixty studious disciples. This interpretation is easily allowed to be absurd. How does Mr. Hurwitz prove the certainty or likelihood of his? What evidence have we that the Gemarists knew anything of the systems of Hindoo cosmogony?

Kimchi, an authority whom Mr. Hurwitz will not disparage, informs us of a bird that, when he opens his wings, darkens the sun. The Bar-Jochna, in fact, is by several Hebrew commentators supposed to be identified with the bird Ziz, and how are we to get over that fine fowl? Rabba Bar Bar Channa, a deep philosopher according to Mr. Hurwitz, as we shall shortly see, vouches that *he saw this bird while he was on a voyage;* that its ancles were in the water, and its head in the sky. It may be objected, he says, that the water was not deep; but when it was proposed to try its depth by bathing in it, we were advised that it was a hazardous experiment, for a carpenter, some seven years before, had dropt his hatchet in that part of the water, and it had not yet reached the bottom; not, to be sure, entirely so much on account of the depth of the water, as the rapidity of the stream. And this bird, Ziz, is most excellently adapted for gracing the festal table, because it is ready roasted, and contains in itself the flavour of every other fowl in the world. How does Mr. Hurwitz explain these philosophical transactions? Would it not be better to let the Bar-Jochna be considered as a variety of the genus roc, than to speculate on its connection with the Braminical philosophy,

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of their acquaintance with which it would be impossible to bring any other proof from the books of the rabbis than this far-fetched allegory? The Talmud and the Arabian Nights Entertainment drew from the same systems of ornithology.

In an etymological point of view, Mr. Hurwitz's derivation of the word יוכני from ωκεανος is not at all probable; nor can we conceive how he spells it in Roman characters 'Ioceane,' unless for the purpose of making it look like the English word *ocean*. The Latin *o*, and the Greek ο or ω, are expressed, when adopted into Hebrew at the beginning of a word, by או, not by י, which expresses ιω. Thus ογκος is אונקום—οβελος, אבוריזין, or its equivalent, אבריזין—ολον, אולון—אונטום, ουτως—אוני, ωνη, &c. &c. K or c is, in nine cases out of ten, expressed by ק not כ, which more properly expresses χ; and the termination ος, or the Latin *us*, is regularly וס, as טיטוס, Titus, טורנוס רופוס, Turnus Rufus* (a name which occurs in this book, p. 114)—אפרכוס, εφαρχος—זיחוס—ζυθος—אלכסנדרוס Αλεξανδρος—&c. י expresses the termination η or α, as Αφροδιτη, אפרודיטי, Delphica, דלפקי, ολη היולי, &c.—יוכני would thus represent Ιοχνη, not ωκεανος. We, therefore, *à priori*, would reject Mr. Hurwitz's derivation as being contrary to usual etymology; but the question is beyond doubt, when we find that in rabbinical Hebrew the word actually occurs written as the rules above laid down would incline us to write it. So Aben Ezra, in his 'Commentary on the Psalms,' lxxii. 8, writes, ים אוקינוס, certainly not ים יוכני; in which very passage he gives another blow to Mr. Hurwitz's hypothesis, by distinctly stating that the oceanus, the ים אוקינוס was the Northern Sea, *i. e.* the Mediterranean, as distinguished from the Red Sea, the sea of the south. Nor would a man, writing in Babylon, or, indeed, any ancient Hebrew, be inclined to attribute an *oceanic* origin to a fable from Hindostan: it would have come to him, if at all, over-land.

As for Rabba Bar Bar Channa, who vouches for his personal knowledge of the bird Ziz, we have the following comment on one of his philosophical opinions:—

'With the same candour have these literary traducers treated the philosophical opinions of the Talmudist.

'*Rabba*, the grandson of *Chana*, in order to communicate to his readers the surprising fact, concerning the luminous appearance of the sea, [illegible] with admiration by most navigators, and so beautifully descri[illegible] my friend, Mr. S. T. Coleridge,†) and to express the wonders

* Mr. Hurwitz doubts whether this be meant for Terentius or Tinnius Rufus. Schoettgen and others interpret it Turannius Rufus. This was the person to whose widow Akiba is said to have been married. The beginning of the courtship is odd enough.

† 'A beautiful white cloud of foam, at momently intervals, coursed by the side of the vessel

ders of God, who, by the divine ray with which he animated man, has enabled him to subdue the raging billows of the sea, by means of a few *planks* and *sticks*—related the following allegorical tale:—

'"Those that travel on the sea have told me, that on the head of the wave that threatens destruction to the ship, there appear sparks of white fire: that they beat it (the sea) with sticks, on which is written the name of the Almighty, and it rests, or is subdued." Further, to explain the cause of day and night, he invented the following narrative:—"An Arabian merchant said to me: 'Come, and I will show thee where heaven and earth join.' I took my bread-basket, and put it into the window of the firmament. I then said my prayers, which I finished in due time. Then I looked for my basket, but found it not. 'What!' said I to the merchant, 'Are there thieves in this place?' 'No,' answered he, 'it is the heavenly sphere that turns about which took it along with it. Wait till to-morrow, at the precise time, and thou wilt find thy basket again." It is generally supposed, that the grandson of *Chana* accounted for the phenomenon by supposing, according to the Ptolemaic system, that the heavens turned round the earth. But it is not improbable that, by the expression, "*Come, and I will show thee where heaven and earth meet*," he intimated, that the phenomenon may be explained in two ways; either in the manner just stated, or on the Pythagorean system of the earth's turning on its own axis: for the disappearance and re-appearance of the fictitious basket would take place on either supposition.'

Nothing can be finer than the quotation from Coleridge in the note, and the ingenuity of the interpretation may be readily admitted; but we should think that Rabba Bar Bar Channa would hardly understand his apologist. This respectable gentleman is one of the hardiest *travellers* that we happen to have met with. He saw a fish on one occasion dashed against the shore, and it overthrew sixty cities; sixty more fed upon its flesh; and yet there was enough left to supply a third sixty with salt provisions. On his return next year, he was happy to perceive that the sixty overthrown cities had been rebuilt with the bones of the fish. One of its eyes yielded three hundred vessels of oil, which, however, is but an inadequate proportion. On a different occasion he disembarked on the back of another 'sea-beast,' which was covered with earth, and produced grass, &c.; and 'deeming it some island,' (Milton did not forget this in his description of Leviathan, which is altogether rabbinical,) landed on it, kindled a fire, and began to cook, which naturally alarming the fish somewhat, the fish moved himself, and the veracious rabbi escaped with great difficulty. He also saw a frog as big as the village of Akra, which contains sixty houses—a fa-

vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled, and went out in it; and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness."'—*Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii.

vourite

vourite number:—a serpent swallowed the frog, and then came a raven which ate the serpent up as easily as a fox eats a pear, and then perched upon the next tree—the dimensions of which (more is the pity) the rabbi does not give us. After this, we do not wonder that his name is as highly reverenced even among his brother rabbis, as that of Ferdinand Mendez de Pinto is among ourselves. They have a saying, that 'every Abba is a drunkard, and every Bar-bar Channa a fool;' a more satisfactory way of accounting for his travelling adventures, than by resolving them into philosophical opinions. Channa, in fact, is very much such a philosopher as Sinbad; and his adventures are in place amidst writings which tell us of cabbages that must be scaled with ladders, turnips in which foxes whelp, and wheat as tall as palm-trees, containing grains each as large as a *baron* of beef (כשתי כליות של שור חנרול).

Mr. Hurwitz has done well in not pressing such tales into his collection, which generally consists of anecdotes of various distinguished Jewish characters. Some of them are highly interesting, and they lose nothing but some, perhaps, unpreservable touches of simplicity, in the hands of their translator. We subjoin a specimen:—

'Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, *Rabbi Akiba* wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

'The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking, where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging—it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood. "It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; *but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.* He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the *law.* He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What," exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study?—*But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.*"

'He [illegible] himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few [illegible] sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf [illegible] killed the cock. "What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My vigilant companion is gone! Who henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just, he knows best what is good for us poor mortals." Scarcely had

had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are gone—my poor ass, too, is gone—all is gone! But, *praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best.*" He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise, not to find a single individual alive!

'It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as *Akiba* had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed, "Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation! But thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful! Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised, then, be thy name, for ever and ever!'

There are many fine apologues in this collection, of which we can make room for but one. In it due justice is not done to the character of Alexander the Great; but that is too common a case, to be complained of.

'Pursuing his journey through dreary deserts, and uncultivated ground, Alexander came at last to a small rivulet, whose waters glided peaceably along their shelving banks. Its smooth unruffled surface was the image of contentment, and seemed in its silence to say—this is the abode of tranquillity and peace. All was still: not a sound was heard save those soft murmuring tones which seemed to whisper into the ear of the weary traveller—"Come, and partake of nature's bounty!"—and to complain that such offers should be made in vain. To a contemplative mind, such a scene might have suggested a thousand delightful reflections. But what charms could it have for the soul of an Alexander, whose breast was filled with schemes of ambition and conquest; whose eye was familiarized with rapine and slaughter; and whose ears were accustomed to the clash of arms—to the groans of the wounded and the dying? Onward, therefore, he marched. Yet, overcome by fatigue and hunger, he was soon obliged to stop. He seated himself on one of the banks of the river, took a draught of water, which he found of a very fine flavour, and very refreshing. He then ordered some salt fish, with which he was well provided, to be brought to him. These he dipped in the stream, in order to take off the briny taste, and was very much surprised to find them emit a very fine fragrance. "Surely," said he, "this river, which possesses such uncommon

uncommon qualities, must flow from some very rich and happy country. Let us march thither." Following the course of the river, he at length arrived at the gates of Paradise. The gates were shut. He knocked, and, with his usual impetuosity, demanded admittance.—"Thou canst not be admitted here," exclaimed a voice from within; "*this gate is the Lord's.*" "I am the Lord—the Lord of the earth;" rejoined the impatient chief—"I am Alexander the Conqueror! Will you not admit me?" "No," was the answer. "Here, we know of no conquerors—save such as conquer their passions: *None but the just can enter here.*" Alexander endeavoured in vain to enter the abode of the blessed; neither entreaties nor menaces availed. Seeing all his attempts fruitless, he addressed himself to the guardian of Paradise, and said:—"You know I am a great king—a person who received the homage of nations. Since you will not admit me, give me at least something, that I may show an astonished and admiring world that I have been where no mortal has ever been before me." "Here, madman!" said the guardian of Paradise, "here is something for thee. It may cure the maladies of thy distempered soul. One glance at it may teach thee more wisdom than thou hast hitherto derived from all thy former instructors. Now go thy ways." Alexander took it with avidity, and repaired to his tent. But what was his confusion and surprise to find, on examining the received present, that it was nothing but the fragment of a human skull! "And is this," exclaimed Alexander, "the mighty gift that they bestow on kings and heroes! Is this the fruit of so much toil, danger, and care!" Enraged and disappointed, he threw it on the ground. "Great king," said a learned man who happened to be present, "do not despise this gift. Despicable as it appears in thine eyes, it yet possesses some extraordinary qualities, of which thou mayest soon be convinced, if thou wilt order it to be weighed against gold or silver." Alexander ordered it to be done. A pair of scales was brought. The skull was placed in one, a quantity of gold in the other; when, to the astonishment of the beholders, the skull over-balanced the gold. More gold was added, still the skull preponderated. In short, the more gold there was put in the one scale the lower sunk that which contained the skull. "Strange," exclaimed Alexander, "that so small a portion of matter should outweigh so large a mass of gold! Is there nothing that will counterpoise it?" "Yes," answered the philosophers, "a very little matter will do it." They then took some earth, covered the skull with it, when immediately down went the gold, and the opposite scale ascended. "This is very extraordinary!" said Alexander, astonished. "Can you explain this strange phenomenon?" "Great king," said the sages, "this fragment is the socket of a human eye, which, though small in compass, is [illegible] in its desire. The more it has, the more it craves. Neither gold nor silver, nor any other earthly possession can ever satisfy it. But when it once is laid in the grave and covered with a little earth, there is an end to its lust and ambition."

We must come to a close, but cannot do so without expressing our

our hope that, as Mr. Hurwitz has thus opened the way, he will continue his researches in the Talmud. He well knows that there is much for him to glean there, and he has only to guard against painting things better than they are. What man of sense is there who is not prepared to find fable, and nonsense, and indelicacy, and intolerance, occasionally mixed with the better matter of a work composed at such a time, and under such circumstances? Let him not expose himself in his researches to the old reproach against the writers of his nation:

> Quæfiacumque volunt Judæi somnia fingunt,
> Gens nimis in laudes ingeniosa suas.

A philosophical view of the whole Talmud, expounding its spirit—(which, we may remark in passing, is, with few exceptions, kind, and rather pastoral *)—analyzing the views of those who dictated the code—the circumstances that created it—the effect it has had on the manners and ideas of those for whose guidance it was composed, would be a valuable work; but one which would, perhaps, require the re-appearance of a Selden. But without looking for this, a literary history of the Jews could be made a most amusing book, and it would go somewhat towards filling up that melancholy chasm in the history of literature which extends from the seventh to the fourteenth century; a period, through the great part of which we have no light to guide us. This task has as yet been but imperfectly done. Even scholars do not know much about Hebrew literature—the general reader knows nothing. It may, for instance, astonish the inquirer into the literary productions of our own country, to be informed that one of the earliest books written here after the Conquest was by one of the most eminent of the rabbis, Aben Ezra. In 1159, the sixth year of Henry II., he wrote from London a letter on the proper time of keeping the Sabbath, in verse; and in the same year, his Jesod Mora (the Foundation of Fear) a treatise, in twelve sections, on the various requisites for the study of scripture, tradition, science, &c. This book was printed in Constantinople in 1530, and in Venice in 1566. We are afraid that there is not a copy of it in the British Museum, and yet it ought to be there, as a national curiosity. It would be amusing to speculate on what were the opinions of the critical and scientific Jew on the state of civilization and literature which he saw about him.

We were going to conclude by paying a merited tribute to the benevolent spirit and kind-hearted eloquence of our author; but we recollected this had lately been done by Mr. Coleridge, in

* The title-page of Surenhusius to his first volume, in which he gives *vignettes* expressive of the subject-matter of the several chapters, reminds one of the peaceful pictures of the shield of Achilles.

his 'Aids to Reflection,' a book full of passages of the most powerful eloquence; and we quote his words the more readily, because they refer to a former work of Mr. Hurwitz's, every way deserving of the praise it receives. 'This latter and more endearing name (fellow-Christian),' says Mr. C., 'I scarcely know how to withhold even from my friend Hyman Hurwitz, as often as I read, what every reverer of holy writ and the English bible ought to read, his admirable Vindiciæ Hebraicæ. It has trembled on the verge, as it were, of my lips, every time I have conversed with that pious, learned, strong-minded, and single-hearted Jew—an Israelite indeed, and without guile:

> Cujus cura sequi naturam, legibus uti,
> Et mentem vitiis, ora negare dolis;
> ... s opibus, verum præponere falso;
> ...nu vatum sensu dicere, nil facere.
> Post obitum vivam secum, secum requiescam,
> Nec fiat melior sors mea sorte suâ!'

Any panegyric from us would indeed be superfluous after this.

ART. V.—1. *Rough Notes taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas, and among the Andes.* By Captain F. B. Head. London. 1826.

2. *Travels in Chile and La Plata, including Accounts respecting the Geography, Geology, Statistics, Government, Finances, Agriculture, Manners, and Customs, and the Mining Operations in Chile, &c.* By John Miers. London. 1826.

AT the moment when many of the absurd but ruinous speculations were approaching the zenith of extravagance, and just as some of them were but faintly showing themselves above the horizon, we thought that the application of a little ridicule might at least mitigate, if not wholly remove the dog-star heat then raging. Ours, however, was but 'a voice crying in the wilderness:' admonition could gain no listener; discretion slept; fraud and avarice led triumphantly; and folly and delusion joined headlong in the chase.

Among the most absurd, and we fear it will ultimately turn out the most disastrous, of the speculations then afloat, was that of working mines in the South American states and Mexico, which (though the experiment had already been tried and failed, under such able and experienced men as Helms and Trevethick) were represented as wanting only men, money, and machinery from England, to return us such an influx of the precious metals, as might make it matter for serious discussion, whether it would not be necessary for us to resort to something more valuable and rare than

than mere gold and silver as our circulating medium. There was scarcely an old lady in the country who did not contrive to save something from her income to lay out in *shares;* nor a young and inexperienced adventurer in London who was not found dabbling in some mining scheme; while the old and crafty knaves were straining their inventive faculties to discover in what manner and by what juggle they could swindle these easy dupes out of their money, by creating a fictitious rise in the prices of shares. Most of these bubbles have long since blown up, and we see the few remaining ones bursting daily. Had Mr. John Miers published his account of the 'Mining Operations in Chile,' before the frenzy had begun to rage, some of the mischief might perhaps have been prevented. His own unfortunate instance would alone have been sufficient, if not wholly to defeat the deep-laid designs of the swindler, at least to put those honest people who had any sense on their guard against falling into his snares.

Mr. Miers' experience of South America is chiefly confined to Chile, of which he gives a most gloomy and unfavourable account:—'I should lament,' says he, 'to hear that any British capitalist, however flattering the offers made to him, should invest his capital in any enterprise upon the soil of Chile.' Indeed! and is this the real state and character of that Chile, in the mines of which so much English money has already been sunk, and to which so much more has been sent in the shape of loans?—of that Chile, respecting which so many pretty tales have been told so pleasantly by our friends, Mrs. Maria Graham and Captain Basil Hall?—of that Chile where, Mr. Caldcleugh says, 'streams abounding in gold wander through the most luxuriant corn-fields, and the farmer and the miner hold converse together on their banks'?—(how rich! how rural! how poetical!)—of that Chile, where Mr. Consul Matthew Carter has discovered the surface of a whole mountain to be covered with argentiferous 'clots,' of, which, we hope, Mr. *Commissioner* Caldcleugh, of Coquimbo, may gather up a full cargo, as did his predecessor and almost namesake Cacambo, of those 'cailloux d'or' which were strewed over the highways and streets of El Dorado?* No

* How unfortunate that, at the very moment when rivers of gold and mountains of silver are brought in the full blaze of splendour before the eyes, and ready to pour themselves into the lap, of the 'Chile Mining Association,' with his Excellency Don Mariano Egaña at its head, it should have been frightened into an act of suicide, for having incurred a trifling loss of about 60,000*l.*, when the further expenditure of some two or three times that sum might have put them in full possession of Mr. Caldcleugh's gold, and Mr. Consul Matthew Carter's silver. The discovery whereof is thus gracefully described by him:—'The discovery took place (quoth Mr. Consul) by a poor man who was cutting wood upon the top of a vast mountain. Accident brought his axe in contact with a large stone, mixed with which he perceived *clots* of silver; this led him to further search, and he found himself surrounded by one immense bed of silver ore; and before he made his good

No one, we believe, is better qualified to form a correct judgment of most matters concerning Chile, from the experience of many years, than Mr. Miers. He left England, in 1818, on an enterprise of some magnitude, having, together with a friend, embarked a considerable capital in the speculation. The object of the undertaking was to erect a very extensive train of machinery for refining, rolling, and manufacturing copper into sheathing. He calculated, 'upon the given data, that an immense fortune might rapidly be made in the proposed speculation;' especially as the South American deputies in London, and the two Chile ambassadors, held out to him the most flattering prospects. They told him that coal was to be had for almost nothing, labour for less than a fourth of its cost in England, and that the demand for sheet-copper was very great along the coast of the Pacific, and particularly in the sugar-manufactories of Peru; they, moreover, assured him that the government would afford every facility, protection, and assistance, to an enterprise of such vast importance to that infant country. Instead, however, of all this, vexation and disappointment met and harassed him at every step; and after struggling for four or five years against the obstacles thrown in his way, he returned to England, without, we fear, any part of that 'immense fortune' which he had anticipated. He has had the courage, however, to proceed once more to Buenos-Ayres, to erect, by contract, in that city, the machinery for a national mint,—which, if we may judge from the statements of his own book, and of Captain Head's, is not likely to be overloaded with employment.

Captain Head, a well-known and very clever officer of the corps of Engineers, being applied to by one of the 'Mining Associations,' whose object was 'to work the gold and silver mines of Rio de la Plata,' accepted the management of their speculation: accompanied by two highly-respectable captains of the Cornish mines, a French assayer, a surveyor, and three labouring miners, he proceeded across the great plains of the Pampas to the gold mines of San Luis, and from thence to the silver mines of Uspallata, more than a thousand miles from Buenos-Ayres, leaving two cargoes of English and German miners in that city, until, by inspection, he could determine how to dispose of them to the best advantage. He afterwards proceeded across the Andes to Santiago, and made thence about twelve hundred miles in different directions, to inspect gold and silver mines in Chile, having, as he says, 'rode against time for upwards of six thousand miles.'

good fortune known to the governor, he dug out, with a single pickaxe, equal to a *ton of silver*. So rich is this mine, that, according to the specimens which have been produced, it will yield as much *silver as dross*; and it is impossible to calculate what amount of wealth will be drawn from this mountain"!!!

From

From the result of all these journeys it appears that this 'Association' had been the dupes of fraudulent agents in America; and that the whole of the transaction was what is vulgarly called a humbug. Perceiving this, the Captain hastened, like an honest man, to recross the Pampas, dismissed a portion of the miners, chiefly Germans, who wished to remain in the country, and returned with the rest to England; thus preventing, as we have been informed, the continuance of annual salaries and wages to the amount of not less than 15,000*l.*! and putting an end to a concern, out of which the partners have some faint hope of escaping with the moderate loss of about 50,000*l.*! The reports of two such experienced men as Head and Miers must dissipate the last feeble shadows of that wilful ignorance and delusion which so unaccountably fastened on the public mind, and explode the few light and airy bubbles of El Dorado, which may yet be seen flickering amidst the gloomy atmosphere of the Stock Exchange.

Our two authors tell, as to all essentials, the same story; but no two things on earth can be more different than their styles of narration—the one all over vivacity and good-humour, with a buoyancy of spirits rarely to be met with, always taking affairs as he finds them without murmuring; the other, hampered with difficulties and a young wife, and full to overflowing of grievances and lamentations. The gay Captain scampers across the Pampas plains at the rate of a hundred to a hundred and twenty miles a-day—once riding one hundred and fifty-three miles in fourteen hours and a half; in short, he performs a journey of a thousand miles or more, between Buenos-Ayres and the mines of Uspallata, in eight days, sleeping upon his saddle as a pillow, on the bare ground and in the open air, and living upon beef and brack water; while poor Mr. Miers, encumbered with his 'womankind,' &c., suffers himself to be dragged slowly in an old coach, nine hundred miles to Mendoza, in twenty days. This sober gentleman's journey has produced one hundred and thirty-six close-printed pages; while the other despatches his 'Rough Notes' just as a rough rider might be expected to do, in less than a third of the number of pages, of scarcely half the dimensions. His are mere sketches, it is true, but the outline is generally so well and clearly defined as to produce all the effect of a finished picture: while Mr. Miers presents us with an immense surface of canvass elaborately worked, but so crowded with minute objects, and these so strangely huddled together, that the eye gets weary long ere the whole can be examined. On the other hand, the book will reward those who do go through it, with a much larger fund of valuable information than could in any fairness be looked for from its post-haste rival.

We

We shall now start our two authors fairly from Buenos Ayres, a place not much to the taste of either. To Mr. Miers the first specimen of South American handicraft was, as he says, 'ominous and depressing.' This was the cart which conveyed him and his party through the shoal water ashore, constructed of rough sticks and strips of hide, without any seat, and dragged by two horses, 'one mounted by an Indian-looking rider of strange appearance.' Then, on landing, he mistook 'the habitations of an industrious, civilized, and free people,' for prisons, as they had no glass sashes, and the open windows were all defended by iron gratings. He obtained good lodgings, however, in a respectable family, and thus describes the first day's entertainment, which may serve as a sample *comment ils donnent à manger* at Buenos Ayres:—

'At dinner, we were placed side by side, at the top of the family table, the usual seat of guests, according to the Spanish custom. Three black female slaves waited at table: we had about twenty dishes, of different sorts, one brought on as soon as another was removed; we had bread and vermicelli soup, different kinds of stews, and bouillis of beef, roast veal, salads of lettuce, and dishes of different vegetables, dressed in oil. Our hosts wished to press upon us plates served from every dish in succession—they were extremely solicitous to make us eat more than we wished. After dinner one of the slaves said a long, unintelligible grace; upon the conclusion of which all the family crossed themselves upon their foreheads, mouths, and breasts: the cloth was not removed, but was kept for the dessert, which consisted of a profusion of ripe figs, peaches, nectarines, apples, pears, and oranges; nothing but water was drunk at dinner, or afterwards; a bason and towel were brought, in which all the company washed their hands in the same water, it being first presented to us; they then rose from the table, and retired to their siesta, or afternoon's sleep.'—*Miers*, vol. i.

The Cornish miners were rather more fastidious in the eating way than Mr. Miers seems to have been; but, perhaps, things had got worse in the course of six or seven years. Captain Head says—

'Now, at Buenos Aires, artisans will find provisions very dear; and although they receive more money than in England, they will not be able to live there so well. The lodgings, which are always unfurnished, are shockingly dirty, filled with all sorts of vermin; and, after all, they are extremely dear. Beef is sold in such a mangled state, that when the Cornish miners first arrived, they often returned from the butchers' carts without buying the meat, being unable to make up their minds to eat it. The fowls at Buenos Aires are also very bad, for they feed upon raw meat; occasionally, I have seen them hopping out of the carcass of a dead horse; and we all fancied that the eggs tasted of beef. The pigs are also carnivorous. Raw

Raw beef is cheap; but fuel, pepper, salt, bread, water, &c., are all so exorbitantly dear, that the meat, when cooked, positively becomes expensive; and every article of clothing is eighty per cent. dearer than in England.'—*Head*, pp. 300, 301.

As soon as it was discovered, on the Stock Exchange, that the poor silly people of Buenos Ayres had neither milk nor butter, though in possession of numerous herds of cows, it was considered as a glorious occasion for creating a 'Milk and Butter Association;' one, at least, as promising as a former Birmingham speculation of sending skates and warming-pans to the same place, among an assorted cargo of *notions*, as brother Jonathan would call them; and the following is Captain Head's account of this dairy concern:

'We had all sorts of English speculations in South America, some of which were really amusing. Besides many brother companies which I met with at Buenos Aires, I found a sister association of milkmaids. It had suddenly occurred to some of the younger sons of John Bull, that as there were a number of beautiful cows in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, a quantity of good pasture, and as the people of Buenos Aires had no butter to their bread, a Churning Company would answer admirably; and before the idea was many months old, a cargo of Scotch milkmaids were lying becalmed under the line, on their passage to make butter at Buenos Aires. As they were panting and sighing, (being, from heavy rains, unable come on deck,) Neptune, as usual, boarded the ship, and the sailors who were present say that his first observation was, that he had never found so many passengers and so few beards to shave; however, when it was explained to him, that they were not Britannia's *sons*, but Jenny Bulls, who have no beards, the old god smiled and departed. The people at Buenos Aires were thunderstruck at the unexpected arrival of so many British milkmaids; however, *private arrangements had been made, and they, therefore, had milk before it was generally known that they had got cows.* But the difficulties which they experienced were very great: instead of leaning their heads against patient domestic animals, they were introduced to a set of lawless, wild creatures, who looked so fierce that no young woman who ever sat upon a three-legged stool could dare to approach, much less to milk them!—But the Gauchos attacked the cows, tied their legs with strips of hide, and as soon as they became quiet, the shops of Buenos Aires were literally full of butter. But now for the sad moral of the story:—after the difficulties had been all conquered, it was discovered, first, that the butter would not keep!—and, secondly, that, somehow or other, the Gauchos and natives of Buenos Aires liked oil better!!'—*Head*, pp. 303, 304.

Captain Head finds even the water bad, the houses damp and comfortless, and the streets dirty; the men and the women, he says, are equally indolent, rarely seen walking together; we have understood,

stood, indeed, that they never walk at all, but pay their visits and go a-shopping on horseback; that there is not a smith, carpenter, or bricklayer, of them all, who has not his every-day horse to carry him to his work, and another for Sundays and gala days—even the beggars are mounted at Buenos Ayres. At the theatre the two sexes, we are told, are wholly separate—'the ladies occupying the boxes, and the men the pit, where slaves, common sailors, merchants, and soldiers, all members of the same republic, are (and this is as it should be) mingled together in one cheerless mass.' The supply of the town with provisions, it would seem, is at the mercy of the Gaucho, (the peasant of the Pampas,) who is as indolent and indifferent as the town's-people. A total want of arrangement is perceptible in everything. 'If (says Captain Head) one has been taken out to dinner in a carriage, and in the evening ventures to inquire why it has not arrived, the answer is, that it is raining, and that those who let carriages will not allow them to go out if it rains.'—Long life to liberty and equality!

The church is said to have been the great sufferer all over South America by the revolution; at Buenos Ayres the convents have been suppressed, the altars have lost their plate, the candles are yellow, the pictures mere daubs, and the images are dressed in coarse English cotton. 'Occasionally,' says Captain Head, 'an old mendicant friar is seen dressed in grey sackcloth and covered with dirt; but, as he walks through the street looking on the ground, his emaciated cheek and sunken eye show that his power is crushed, and his influence gone.' 'The sad consequence,' he adds, 'is, that at Buenos Ayres there is very little religion at all.' The following, however, proves that *fanaticism*, at least, is not abolished:—

'Once a year the men and women are called upon to live for nine days in a sort of barrack, which, as a great favour, I was allowed to visit. It is filled with little cells, and the men and women, at different times, are literally shut up in these holes, to fast, and whip themselves. I asked several people seriously whether this punishment was *bonâ fide* performed, and they assured me that most of them whipped themselves till they brought blood.'—*Head*, p. 27.

Greatly, however, as the revolution may have diminished the power of the priests at Buenos Ayres itself, our traveller soon found that they still swarm in the other towns of the Viceroyalty, practising and encouraging laziness and immorality. At Mendoza, they are stated to lead a most dissolute life, most of them having families, and 'several living openly with their children.' Their chief amusement, it seems, is cock-fighting on Thursdays and Sundays. Captain Head visited their arena. 'It was crowded with priests, who had each a fighting-cock under his arm, and it

was

was surprising to see how earnest and yet how long they were in making their bets.' By Mr. Miers's account, the priesthood are guilty of the greatest baseness and immorality in every part of the country, and the first to encourage gaming and every species of licentiousness. He says:—

'It is the custom throughout South America, and more especially in these united provinces, for every haciendado to build upon some central part of his estate a pulperia and a chapel close together; the latter as the means of drawing custom to the former, which forms no trifling branch of profit. On a feast-day, the people within a certain distance, repair to the pulperia, which is generally provided with two rooms, one for the mere gauchos, the other for their betters. Drinking and gaming are carried on without intermission until the bell announces that the elevation of the host is at hand; in an instant they all rush out of the pulperia, leaving the stakes, which are sometimes considerable, on the table, and with demure faces kneel before the host, the elevation of which is about to save their souls from damnation: they groan and cry aloud to the Virgin to protect them, and, in their momentary devotion, might be taken by a by-stander for penitent and sincere Christians. But the moment the service is concluded, they rush out again; and those who have left their stakes undecided, flock back with precipitation to protect their property: in a moment all their religion is forgotten, all are occupied in betting and drunken revelry, in which the friar, who has been the organ in effecting the momentary penitence and sorrow, and has saved their souls from perdition, stands foremost in the general debauch, which is continued till late at night.'

In Chile, they have lost nothing whatever of their insolence and intolerance, and very little of that influence which they have always exercised, more especially over the female mind, in that most wicked and detestable practice of extorting confessions of their little wanderings and weaknesses, and worming out of them secrets, which lay whole families at the mercy of these unprincipled vagabonds. In vain may the congress of Panama preach up religious toleration, unless these priestly drones are sent away to the armies or the mines—otherwise, it will only be that sort of religious toleration which the Governor of San Juan granted by his 'Carta de Mayo,' that famous *Carta* which the priests, after confining its author in a dungeon, so soon caused to be burnt by the public executioner, amidst the acclamations of the people. 'The streets of Santiago,' says Captain Head, 'are crowded with a set of lazy, indolent, bloated monks and priests.' He is indignant that the men should all touch their hats to these drones—who, he says, may be seen talking openly with women of the most abandoned class of society—and that the common people, though they laugh at their immorality,

immorality, persist in going to them for images and pictures, and in sending their wives and daughters to confession.

'During the day one constantly meets a calesh drawn by two mules, driven by a dirty boy in a poncho, and followed by a line of inhabitants with their hats off, each carrying a lighted candle in a lantern: every individual in the streets kneels, and those who have windows towards the streets (who are generally the females I have described) are obliged to appear with a lighted candle. In the inside of the carriage sits a priest, with his hands uplifted and clasped. In this system of depravity the great sinner pardons the little one. Sins are put into one scale, and money into the other, and intent upon the balance, both parties forget the beauty and simplicity of the religion which they nominally profess.'—*Head*, pp. 192, 193.

But to return to Buenos Ayres. Captain Head gives the following account of the manner in which the Gauchos slaughter cattle in the *corral*, or large inclosed space, which is divided into a number of pens:—

'I several times had occasion to ride over this field, and it was curious to see its different appearances. In passing it in the day or evening, no human being was to be seen: the cattle, up to their knees in mud, and with nothing to eat, were standing in the sun, occasionally lowing, or rather roaring to each other. The ground in every direction was covered with groups of large white gulls, some of which were earnestly pecking at the slops of blood which they had surrounded, while others were standing upon their tip-toes, and flapping their wings, as if to recover their appetite. Each slop of blood was the spot where a bullock had died; it was all that was left of his history, and pigs and gulls were rapidly consuming it. Early in the morning no blood was to be seen; a number of horses, with the lassos hanging to their saddles, were standing in groups apparently asleep: the mataderos were either sitting or lying on the ground close to the stakes of the corral and smoking segars; while the cattle, without metaphor, were waiting until the last hour of their existence should strike; for as soon as the clock of the Recolata struck, the men all vaulted on their horses, the gates of all the cells were opened, and in a very few seconds, there was a scene of apparent confusion which it is quite impossible to describe. Every man had a wild bullock at the end of his lasso; some of these animals were running away from the horses, and some were running at them; many were roaring, some were hamstrung, and running about on their stumps; some were killed and skinned, while occasionally one would break the lasso. The horse would often fall upon his rider, and the bullock endeavour to regain his liberty, until the horsemen at full speed caught him with the lasso, tripping him off the ground in a manner that might apparently break every bone in his body. I was more than once in the middle of this odd scene, and

and was really sometimes obliged to gallop for my life, without exactly knowing where to go, for it was often Scylla and Charybdis.' —*Head*, pp. 33—35.

Captain Head discourages English artisans from flattering themselves that they can live better at Buenos Ayres than in their own country. The society, he says, among the lower class of English and Irish is very bad; their constitutions visibly impaired by drinking and the heat of the climate, while their characters and their morals are greatly degraded; they are sickly in their appearance, dirty in their dress, and disreputable in their behaviour. The large body of Cornish miners, who had been selected for their good behaviour, saw the degraded state of some English settlers, and kept clear of them; but they found it difficult to resist the temptation of spirits, and complained of 'a feebleness,' which they had never felt before: so incapable were they of exertion, that the strongest of them preferred abstaining from meat to the fatigue of going through the sun to fetch it. By their agreements, each man might have claimed sixty pounds instead of a passage back, and might instantly have been employed by other mining companies, but one and all were anxious to return home, saying, 'we would sooner work our fingers to the stumps in England, than be gentlemen at Buenos Ayres.'

Everybody knows that a plain of about a thousand miles in breadth, called the Pampas, stretches westerly from Buenos Ayres to the feet of the Andes, and that a line of posts are situated at the distance of twenty to thirty miles asunder, (in one place upwards of fifty,) at which the traveller may generally procure fresh horses, jerked beef, and brack water, to enable him to prosecute his journey across this desolate region. But though multitudes have crossed this desert, no tolerable description of its various products, animate and inanimate, has, to our knowledge, been published. The following 'Rough Note' is a bold and masterly sketch, and as accurate as might be expected from one who—like M. Denon when he sketched Thebes—viewed the scene on full gallop.

'The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Aires, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown;

brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink, and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.'—*Head*, p. 2—4.

The *thistles* here spoken of we should have thought to belong to the genus *serratula*, or saw-wort, which is found in a native state about Monte Video; but Mr. Miers calls them a species of *cnicus* (now considered by botanists as a division of the *carduus* or thistle,) which he supposes to have been originally introduced from Spain. Their great spread makes nothing against this supposition, the Andes scarcely being a barrier against the passage of the light plumose seeds of this family of plants. The second great division is thus described:—

'In the whole of this immense region there is not a weed to be seen. The coarse grass is its sole produce; and in the summer, when it is high, it is beautiful to see the effect which the wind has in passing over this wild expanse of waving grass: the shades between the brown and yellow are beautiful—the scene is placid beyond description—no habitation nor human being is to be seen, unless occasionally the wild and picturesque outline of the Gaucho on the horizon—his scarlet poncho streaming horizontally behind him, his balls flying round his head, and as he bends forward towards his prey, his horse straining every nerve: before him is the ostrich he is pursuing, the distance between them gradually diminishing—his neck stretched

stretched out, and striding over the ground in the most magnificent style—but the latter is soon lost in the distance, and the Gaucho's horse is often below the horizon, while his head shows that the chase is not yet decided.'—*Head*, pp. 247, 248.

We do not exactly understand what is here meant by *weed*. The common acceptation is that given in Dr. Johnson's definition—'an herb, noxious or useless;' a better one is that of the late Sir Joseph Banks—'a plant out of its place:' for example, a tuft of corn in a potato-bed would be a weed; and equally so would a potato-plant in a field of corn: but it would be hard to say, where scores of different species of plants are growing together in a state of nature, as is the case on the Pampas plains, which of them are the *weeds*. The grass, we know, only partially covers the surface in tufts, between which a great variety of bulbous-rooted and other herbaceous plants are abundant; and a great portion of the second division of Captain Head is composed of salt lakes and marshes, abounding with saline plants. The cactus and mimosa are the most numerous tribe of shrubby and arboreous plants in the third division.—We may here observe, that the ostriches our traveller speaks of are not of that fine species common to Africa and Asia (*camelus*), but a smaller one, of the specific name *rhea*. It is much to be regretted that no traveller well versed in the science of natural history has as yet crossed the Pampas. Mr. Miers, it is true, has a smattering, and he mentions, in the third division, a few of the more common trees and shrubs which are scattered over the rising surface on the approach to Mendoza.

In these regions, by Captain Head's account, the usual reply to 'What have you to eat?' is '*Nada*, Señor'—'Nothing, Sir.' 'Have you no fowls, no eggs, no bread?'—'*No hai, no hai.*' With all this negative catalogue of fare, however, he never desponds; his animal spirits and good-humour never for a moment leave him. The unbounded freedom of the Gaucho's life on the Pampas plains, the swiftness of the untamed horses, the jerked beef and brack water,—all these things charm the Captain exquisitely. After three or four months' riding, and living on this diet, he says, 'I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying, that I felt no exertion could kill me.'

'The temperate lives the people lead apparently give them an uninterrupted enjoyment of health, and the list of disorders with which the old world is afflicted is altogether unknown. The beef on which they almost entirely subsist is so lean and tough, that few are tempted to eat more than is necessary, and if a hungry Gaucho has swallowed too much of a wild cow, the cure which nature has to perform is very simple. She has only by fever to deprive him of his appetite for a day or two, and he is well again.'—*Head*, p. 107.

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The only sick person the rough rider met with in all his gallopings, was 'an old woman,' who, we presume, had given up the practice of equitation. Mr. Miers, by importunity and slow travelling, contrived to fare somewhat better in the eating way. He got sheep, fowls, eggs, now and then a little milk, and even bread: sometimes he enjoyed the luxury of 'pottage of maize boiled in grease,' which everybody present partook of out of the stewing-pan, with the same spoon handed round the company. Nay, on one great occasion, he purchased from a very civil lady, who boasted of her family-connexions at Cordova, two yards of *veal sausages;* and heartily did he eat of the savoury food. The banquet, however, disordered his interior sadly, and for many days: *nec mirum*—the veal sausages had been manufactured from the body of a mule who had died a day or two before of the only disease that is entirely incurable.

Mr. Miers, who stuck to his 'coach and four,' saw but little of the life which a Gaucho lives, except when idling at the post-houses. We shall borrow, therefore, a few sketches of these people from Captain Head's vigorous pencil; and first, for the dwelling:—

'The hut consists generally of one room, in which all the family live, boys, girls, men, women, and children, all huddled together. The kitchen is a detached shed a few yards off: there are always holes, both in the walls and in the roof of the hut, which one at first considers as singular marks of the indolence of the people. In the summer this abode is so filled with fleas and binchucas, (which are bugs as large as black beetles,) that the whole family sleep on the ground in front of their dwelling; and when the traveller arrives at night, and, after unsaddling his horse, walks among this sleeping community, he may place the saddle or recado on which he is to sleep close to the companion most suited to his fancy:—an admirer of innocence may lie down by the side of a sleeping infant; a melancholy man may slumber near an old black woman; and one who admires the fairer beauties of the creation, may very demurely lay his head on the saddle, within a few inches of the idol he adores. However, there is nothing to assist the judgment but the bare feet and ancles of all the slumbering group, for their heads and bodies are covered and disguised by the skin and poncho which cover them.

'In winter the people sleep in the hut, and the scene is a very singular one. As soon as the traveller's supper is ready, the great iron spit on which the beef has been roasted is brought into the hut, and the point is struck into the ground: the Gaucho then offers his guest the skeleton of a horse's head, and he and several of the family, on similar seats, sit round the spit, from which with their long knives they cut very large mouthfuls. The hut is lighted by a feeble lamp, made of bullock's tallow; and it is warmed by a fire of charcoal: on the walls of the hut are hung, upon bones, two or three bridles and spurs, and several lassos and balls; on the ground are several dark-looking

dark-looking heaps, which one can never clearly distinguish; on sitting down upon these when tired, I have often heard a child scream underneath me, and have occasionally been mildly asked by a young woman, what I wanted?—at other times, up has jumped an immense dog! While I was once warming my hands at the fire of charcoal, seated on a horse's head, looking at the black roof in a reverie, and fancying I was quite by myself, I felt something touch me, and saw two naked black children leaning over the charcoal in the attitude of two toads: they had crept out from under some of the ponchos, and I afterwards found that many other persons, as well as some hens sitting upon eggs, were also in the hut. In sleeping in these huts, the cock has often hopped upon my back to crow, in the morning; however, as soon as it is daylight, everybody gets up.'—*Head*, pp. 16—19.

The young Gaucho appears to be a most precocious animal; he is left from his birth to swing from the roof of a hut in a bullock's hide; he crawls about naked in the first year of his life, with a sharp knife in his hand, a foot long, as a plaything: no sooner is he able to find his legs, than his amusements are of that nature which may prepare him for the occupations of his future life —such as catching dogs, pigs, poultry, and smaller birds, with a *lasso* of twine. He now begins to ride on horseback, and his usual mode of mounting the animal is by climbing up the tail:—

'By the time he is four years old he is on horseback, and immediately becomes useful by assisting to drive the cattle into the corral. The manner in which these children ride is quite extraordinary: if a horse tries to escape from the flock which are driven towards the corral, I have frequently seen a child pursue him, overtake him, and then bring him back, flogging him the whole way; in vain the creature tries to dodge and escape from him, for the child turns with him, and always keeps close to him; and it is a curious fact, which I have often observed, that a mounted horse is always able to overtake a loose one.' —*Head*, p. 20.

These young Gauchos gallop at a furious rate, but—as the hare of old was beaten by the tortoise—their seniors, by a slower but more steady pace, generally arrive first at the journey's end. The horses are treated with great cruelty, and generally come in with the blood streaming down their sides, which are hacked by the enormous spurs of their fierce riders. 'What is the matter?' said Captain Head, to a young large-headed Gaucho of eighteen, who was sobbing, and the tears falling down his cheeks; 'what have you lost?' conceiving it to be nothing short of his wife or mistress. 'I have lost—I have lost—*mis espuelos*—my spurs!' A wife or mistress might easily be replaced, but not so, on the Pampas, a pair of spurs; 'the wings,' as Captain Head phrases it, 'upon which the Gaucho flies for food

or

or amusement.' At a very early age they begin to act as guides to travellers across the Pampas; they are perfect centaurs. 'It is interesting,' says Captain Head, 'to see the heedless, careless way in which these little chubby-faced creatures ride, and how thoughtlessly they drive their horses among *biscacheros* which would break in with the weight of a man.' These biscacheros are the holes and galleries made by little animals named the *bischachos*, which burrow in the ground like rabbits, and make it exceedingly dangerous to gallop over the Pampas. The animal is a species of *arctomys*, apparently the same as that which is known in North America by the name of the prairie-dog. In the day-time, Captain Head says, their holes are always guarded by two little owls, who are never an instant away from their post; the same thing is said of the prairie-dog; but we have never been told what their business is there, whether to guard the marmots, and apprize them of danger, or to feast upon them or their young. The marmots only come forth in the evening; and Captain Head says, 'as they sit outside their holes, they appear to be moralizing. They are the most serious-looking animals I ever saw; even the young ones are gray-headed, have mustachios, and look thoughtful and grave.'

The Gauchos are endued with a species of sagacity which, indeed, is common to all savages, and to men but little removed from a state of nature, especially those who pass their lives on wide open plains like the Pampas;—it is that of being able to track, for days and miles, the footsteps of men and other animals where the impression is so faint as not to be discovered by the civilized eye; and to judge, by a combination of slight circumstances, what has occurred, or what may be going on, at a distance. Captain Head had a striking instance of this kind of sagacity. Riding by the side of a Gaucho one day, the latter, suddenly pointing up to the sky, said 'See! there is a lion!'

'I started from my reverie, and strained my eyes, but to no purpose, until he showed me at last, very high in the air, a number of large vultures, which were hovering without moving; and he told me they were there because there was a lion devouring some carcass, and that he had driven them away from it. We shortly afterwards came to a place where there was a little blood on the road, and for a moment we stopped our horses to look at it; I observed, that perhaps some person had been murdered there; the Gaucho said, "No," and pointing to some footmarks which were near the blood, he told me that some man had fallen, that he had broken his bridle, and that, while he was standing to mend it, the blood had evidently come from the horse's mouth. I observed, that perhaps it was the *man* who was hurt, upon which the Gaucho said, "No," and pointing to some marks a few yards before him on the path, he said, "for see the horse set off at a gallop."'—*Head*, pp. 256, 257.

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It was precisely this species of sagacity that had nearly procured for Zadig the honour of being burnt for a witch,—when he volunteered a description of what he had never seen,—'la chienne respectable de la reine, et le cheval sacré du roi des rois.' As Captain Head frequently speaks of *lions*, and of the different character and disposition they are gifted with in the new and the old world, we may here observe, that there are no *lions*, strictly speaking, on the continent of America, and that the animal he alludes to under that name is, in all probability, the *cougouar* of Buffon,—the *felis concolor* of Linnæus, whose body is of a reddish brown colour, without spots or stripes. The story he tells of the large male lion standing on a man's poncho, looking at him and then turning away, (p. 105.) strengthens our conjecture, for Linnæus says of the cougouar, '*hominem vix adoritur.*'

Mr. Miers is too sober a personage to be enraptured, like Captain Head, either with the Gauchos or the Pampas. The bad food, the brackish water, the heavy dews which make the clothes wringing wet on those who sleep in the open air—as almost every one does to avoid the fleas, bugs, and mosquitoes which haunt the huts—the dread of Indians, Monteneros, &c.—these things kept him in a state of perpetual irritation and torment by day, and prevented him from sleeping at night. The sting of mosquitoes he describes as something terrible; they pursued him, he says, in numbers like a dense cloud; there was no escaping their venomous bite; covering the face, and wearing thick leathern gloves on the hands, were no defence. After describing the incidents and annoyances of one unusually long stage, he says,

'This journey had been very wretched; we had all suffered much from the mosquitoes: our hands and faces, much swelled, were exceedingly painful; but my wife, in this respect, suffered the most. Her face was quite disfigured, so that she was scarcely to be recognised as the same person. The whole country around this place, with the exception of the shallow hollows filled with water, and forming lakes, was one level, saline swamp, covered with coarse grass. In no part of this long, wearisome, and distressing journey, from Melinque to Lastunas, did we see a single hut or inclosure, neither an ox nor a horse; scarcely any birds, and no quadrupeds, except the deer before mentioned: it presented one boundless solitude, disturbed only by the horrible buzzing of clouds of mosquitoes. The soil, although saline, was a dark friable mould, without the smallest pebble in it. We had seen neither sand, clay, nor gravel, since our departure from Buenos Ayres.'—*Miers*, vol. i. p. 55.

But even these creatures, insufferably tormenting as they are, must, we should suppose, be less formidable than the large-winged bug, as big as a black-beetle, which he afterwards had to encounter.

This was at a place where he found all the people sleeping out of doors, though it was blowing a gale of wind.

'I was for some time at a loss to understand why these people should thus prefer sleeping exposed to the boisterous winds, in the open air, in preference to the shelter of a roof; but on a better acquaintance with the country, the cause became evident. It is owing to the dread of the benchuca, a winged variety of the cimex; it is in shape and form like the common house-bug, but of the size of our cockchafer. This insect conceals itself by day in the thatch and cane roofing of the houses, and sallies forth by night in quest of food; the people, therefore, place their beds at some distance from the hut, and always to windward, to avoid their attacks. They annoy mankind after the manner of our common house-bug, but, from their size, are terrific enemies. They are thin and flat, like the common bug; but, after satiating themselves with the blood of man, they become quite round: they take from him as much blood as the ordinary medicinal leech. Cleanliness and care is not of the same avail against the benchuca as against the common bug, since, being winged, it can transport itself from one place to another. It is common over the districts of Mendoza, San Juan, and the more northern provinces. In the town of Mendoza, this insect is very numerous; and one of the reasons why all the roofs are covered over with a plastering of mud is to prevent a harbour for this enemy to mankind: in Mendoza, the inhabitants, both men and women, generally prefer sleeping in the court-yards of their houses; but when they do sleep in-doors, it is an undeviating custom, before retiring to rest, to examine the walls carefully, as the benchucas generally crawl out of their hiding-place in the canes of the roof after dusk.'—*Miers*, vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

The dreadful stories with which the Gaucho postilions are apt to amuse travellers, with regard to the incursions of the Indians, must be taken with considerable allowance, on the score of the fear and hatred which these unfortunate people inspire. They stand precisely in the same relation to the inhabitants of the Pampas, in which the wild Bosjesman Hottentots do to the Dutch boors on the plains of Southern Africa. Those Dutchmen, like the Spanish Creoles, possess large herds of cattle; while the Indians and the Hottentots are in want of the necessaries of life. The latter, therefore, drive off the herds of the former whenever they can; and if opposed, and opportunity suits, they hesitate not at murder. Captain Head talks of 'the *ecstatic pleasure* they have in murdering the Christians.' If it be so, they have some plea of retaliation to set up. Who began the ecstatic pleasure of murder in these regions? But the poor Indians are not, even by Captain Head's account, alone in their taste for bloodshed *now*. On his inquiring of a Gaucho, who had returned from an expedition against the

the Indians, how many prisoners they had taken?—'The man,' says he, 'replied by a look which I shall never forget: he clenched his teeth, opened his lips, and then, sawing his fingers across his bare throat for a quarter of a minute, bending towards me, with his spurs striking into his horse's sides, he said in a sort of low, choking voice, "Se matan todos"—we kill them all!'

Mr. Miers gives an extract from the Journal of Dr. Leighton, who attended an expedition of the patriots of Chile against the *Araucaneans*, for harbouring some Spaniards that had fled among them, and were supposed to be exciting them to hostilities; which details instances of such inhuman and savage treatment of the poor creatures that fell into these patriots' hands, and of the wanton destruction of their houses and property, that the perusal of it makes one shudder with horror. Captain Head speaks of their bravery and the manner in which they gallop over the plains to meet the enemy, 'with light hearts and full stomachs;' but though the Araucaneans are the most warlike of all those tribes, and were never subdued by the old Spaniards, the extract in question shows, at least, that they are now cowed and dastardly. Mr. Miers, indeed, tells us, that 'the Indians are a most cowardly race, only equalled by the Creoles, who are afraid to encounter them; and in all instances (says he) where the soldiery have met an attack of the Indians with courage, sabre in hand, they have never failed to rout them completely.'—(p. 199.) We were rather surprised, therefore, to find Captain Head talking of the mounted Indians in such a vein as the following:—

'How different this style of warfare is to the march of an army of our brave but limping, foot-sore men, crawling in the rain through muddy lanes, bending under their packs, while in their rear the mules, and forage, and packsaddles, and baggage, and waggons, and women—bullocks lying on the ground unable to proceed, &c. &c., form a scene of despair and confusion which must always attend the army that walks instead of rides, and that eats cows instead of horses. How impossible would it be for an European army to contend with such an aërial force! As well might it attempt to drive the swallows from the country, as to harm these naked warriors.'—*Head*, pp. 115, 116.

We suspect the following anticipation, pitifully as we are disposed to think of the revolutionised Creoles, will not be accomplished in our generation:—

'however ill it may suit our politics to calculate upon such an event as the union of the Araucana and Pampas Indians, who can venture to say that the hour may not be decreed, when these men, mounted upon the descendants of the very horses which were brought over the Atlantic to oppress their forefathers, may rush from the cold region to which they have been driven, and with irresistible fury proclaim to the guilty conscience of our civilized world, that the hour of retribution has arrived; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the

children; that the descendants of Europeans are in their turn trampled underfoot, and, in agony and torture, in vain are asking mercy from the *naked Indians*?"—*Head*, p. 125.

On this great Pampas plain, or near its borders, there are, besides Buenos Ayres, four towns which are dignified with the name of cities: San Luis, near the centre; Mendoza, near the feet of the Cordilleras; Cordova, at the feet of a range of northern mountains of that name; and Santa Fé, on the borders of the river Parana. There is also San Juan, about two hundred miles to the northward of Mendoza. The first two are in the direct road from Buenos Ayres to Chile. The grave observation of one of the Cornish miners, on seeing some women and girls almost naked, on their approach to San Luis, speaks not much in favour of the population of *that* city—'They be so wild as the donkey, and there be one thing, Sir, that I do observe, which is, that the farther we do go the wilder things do get.' There was some truth in this, for, on entering the city, Captain Head soon discovered they were likely to fare no better than they had been accustomed to in the desert. We inquired, he says, of the wild group that were assembled, 'if there was an inn in the town? "No hai! Señor, no hai!" We then inquired for beds.—"No hai! Señor, no hai!". Is there a café?—"No hai! Señor!" in exactly the same tone of voice.' He next addressed himself to the Maestro de Posta, telling him that he had ridden all day without eating; that he 'was very hungry, and begged to know what he could have.' 'Lo que quiere, Señor, tenemos todo'—whatever you choose, Sir; we have everything;—which, on further inquiry, turned out to be 'carne de vacca,' and 'gallinas.' The fowl, however, which he ordered, never found its way into the pot, and for once he became impatient, and asked for some eggs. 'No hai, Señor,' said the girl of the house. 'Good heavens!' said the Captain, 'in the capital of San Luis, is there not one single egg!' 'Yes;' said the girl—mañana—'to-morrow morning there will be some.' With all his veneration for the virtues of beef, we wonder he did not take the precautionary measures of the Gaucho, who, on the slaughter of an animal, usually cuts off a large thin slice, which, being spread on the horse's back under the saddle, is found pretty well *stewed* at the end of the journey. We think, too, that, when he experienced 'the delightful feeling of *freedom and independence* in galloping, *without clothes* on a horse *without a saddle*,' it might have occurred to the Captain to make the experiment, what number of miles hard riding, at a particular state of the thermometer, it would take to dress a beef-steak precisely to a turn.

The houses of San Luis have each a garden inclosed by high mud-walls, planted with vines, peaches, figs, and other fruit-trees; but

but no fruit was to be had, though the Captain arrived in the middle of summer, and no milk. The place is said to contain from three to four thousand inhabitants. The square was filled with some three hundred recruits, about to be sent off to Buenos Ayres to fight against the Brazilians. Captain Head says they were the wildest-looking crew he ever beheld. It seems they had tried to overpower their guard in the night; and indeed the only blacksmith in the place refused some trifling service, under the plea of being employed in forging chains for these refractory recruits. If Buenos Ayres depends on her distant provinces for success against the Brazilians, we fear she will meet with disappointment. The difficulty of collecting the scanty and scattered population, their unwillingness to leave their homes, and the jealousy that all the five cities above-mentioned entertain of Buenos Ayres, must prevent any cordial co-operation or efficient assistance; indeed, nothing but the almost impenetrable barrier of the Cordilleras of the Andes, and the advantage of a sea-port (bad as that is), could induce them to consider themselves as dependencies of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres, or to send their produce to such a distance. This government, however—unjustly as it has been robbed of one legitimate possession, the Banda Oriental, by Brazil, and of the Entre Rios, or Paraguay, by that singular character, Dr. Francia—has hitherto maintained, and it is to be hoped will continue, a successful struggle against imperial usurpation.

Mr. Miers says that San Luis de la Punta is one of the meanest towns of equal rank in South America; scarcely a decent-looking house in the place, and everything bearing the marks of poverty: the people ignorant, intolerant, superstitious, and conceited; and yet persuading themselves they are superior to all mankind. But its neighbourhood is described as rich and beautiful. Of the people, he says:—

'The puntanos (as the people of this place are called) are great gamblers, and very immoral; the women, more especially those who are married, are very lascivious; they wait not for invitations, but themselves openly become the wooers: of this I saw several instances during my stay, and the accounts of numerous persons all agree in this particular. The postmaster's daughters were like the other ladies of San Luis.'—*Miers*, vol. i. p. 105.

Mendoza is described by Captain Head as a neat, small town, having a plaza or square, with streets at right angles, and several churches and convents; the houses low, flat-roofed, and built of mud, the walls white-washed, and several of them with glass windows. The inhabitants, apparently, are quiet, respectable people, who associate together, and show a great deal of good feeling and fellowship; and the girls, in the evening, go upon the Almeida,

Almeida, or public walk, dressed with a great deal of taste, and completely in the costume of London and Paris. There is, however, a sad drawback on this favourable side of the Mendoza character, which we entirely agree with Captain Head is almost incredible; but we shall give it in his own words:—

'It will hardly be credited that, while this Almeida is filled with people, women of all ages without clothes of any sort or kind, are bathing in great numbers in the stream which literally bounds the promenade. Shakespeare tells us, that "the chariest maid is prodigal enough if she unveil her beauties to the moon," but the ladies of Mendoza, not contented with this, appear even before the sun: and in the mornings and evenings they really bathe without any clothes in the Rio de Mendoza, the water of which is seldom up to their knees, the men and women all together; and certainly, of all the scenes which in my life I have witnessed, I never beheld one so indescribable.'—*Head*, pp. 69, 70.

The lively young savages of the Pacific Islands have better notions of what is due to female delicacy. When Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks came suddenly upon some Otaheite nymphs bathing, they instantly ran and hid themselves behind the rocks; and when the wantons of the Marquesas swam to the Duff, and the goats ate their fig-leaf aprons, the Missionary who tells the story, says, they left the deck in haste, and hid themselves below.

It appears, too, by the following scene which Mr. Miers witnessed, that the inhabitants are dreadfully addicted to gambling, which is, in fact, the sin that besets the whole of Spanish America.

'This was on a Sunday night; the game was one of hazard, called Monté, a favourite play in all Spanish societies: there were assembled round the four tables about fifty persons, and though at each table one person only seemed to play the cards, all around were betting what they pleased upon the cards as they were turned up by the dealer or banker, who at all times manages the numerous stakes, and bets against the whole company. Each table was covered with heaps of money, many piles of gold onzas, (each worth three guineas,) numerous others of dollars, and several of smaller money. I was astonished to observe the high bets and the great quantity of money upon the table—no less than the quick succession of the bank's, and the eagerness as well as quietness with which all pursued the game. While engaged in contemplating this novel scene, I was surprised to observe on a sudden a general and rapid movement of the whole company toward the door, and in an instant to see every individual upon his knees beating his breast and muttering a prayer; we alone remaining behind lost in amazement at the cause of this mysterious occurrence. After a short and silent pause, the whole company returned with great precipitancy, each scrambling

scrambling to resume his former place, and to engage himself once more in the amusement that seemed to interest him so deeply. On inquiry, I found this general movement was caused by a *temblor*, a slight shock of an earthquake, to which, as strangers, we were yet insensible, for neither of us experienced the least sensation.'—*Miers*, vol. ii. p. 149, 150.

Mr. Miers here paid a visit to the revolutionary general St. Martin, of whom, though not so much enamoured as Captain Basil Hall appears to have been, he talks a great deal more than his character and conduct merit. We find no fault with him for having 'reformed the church,' nor for 'driving the monks from their convents, converting them into military barracks, and enlisting many monks into his service;' we think there are still too many left; neither have we anything to object to his 'English furniture and Brussels carpet,' provided they were honestly come by, and we only laugh at his extreme modesty in 'hanging up his own portrait between those of the Duke of Wellington and Buonaparte;' that he should be 'a slave to gambling,' where all are gamblers, we are not surprised; nor do we see much harm in his 'smoking cigars, and being fond of punch;' but that Mr. Miers, and others of our countrymen, should for a moment be deceived by, and lavish their praises on, a man who, under any circumstances, could be guilty of such atrocities as Mr. Miers himself ascribes to this person, does, we confess, surprise us very much. We are told that, on his first entering Peru, he caused a proclamation to be issued, guaranteeing full protection of person and security of property to all the old Spaniards who should conform to the new order of things. Many, however, did not trust to this self-declared Protector, and five or six hundred families embarked for Europe. This expatriation was stopped for a time by reiterated assurances of the fullest protection; by-and-bye a proclamation was issued, ordering all the old Spaniards to quit Peru, confiscating one-half of their property, but allowing them to embark with the other half for Europe; and to crown all, no sooner were they and their remaining moiety of property on board, than both Christians and gold were seized; the unfortunates hurried on board a hulk, and in this destitute state sent as captives to Chile; 'half of them,' says Mr. Miers, 'dying of grief and privation before they reached Valparaiso.'—*Miers*, vol. ii. p. 76.

None but a monster could have suffered the following brutal and inhuman treatment to have been inflicted on [illegible]:—

'All the old Spaniards were dreadfully persecuted. An elderly lady, allied to one of the first families in Peru, who openly condemned the treacherous conduct of the patriots, was threatened in vain: she was at length apprehended, and punished in an extraordinary

nary manner: she was dressed in one of the vestments of the inquisition—a black robe ornamented with red devils and skulls; on her head was placed a pointed cap, representing flames, and in her mouth a human thigh-bone was placed, fastened behind her head, and in this condition she was exposed for two days in the public square.'—*Miers*, vol. ii. p. 76.

Captain Head does not inform us to what specific mines his instructions had particularly directed his attention; but on leaving San Luis, he proceeded to examine the gold mines of the Cerro de las Carolinas, a ridge of detached hills to the northward of that town. A small stream of water led him to the wretched hamlet of La Carolina, which is close to the mines. Here everything wore the appearance of poverty. In the little gardens of the miners, if they can be so called, he picked up a few particles of gold, and on visiting their huts, he offered to purchase small parcels of gold-dust, which some of these poor people had collected, but he found, to his astonishment, that these obstinate Malagrowthers invariably refused to take his four-dollar *gold* pieces, even to pay for what they themselves only valued at two or three dollars:—'all,' says he, 'shook their fingers in my face, exclaiming, "no vale nada"—gold is worth nothing.'

The next mine he visited, and one of those, we suspect, where it was intended that operations were to be carried on, was that of Uspallata, in the mountains to the northward of Mendoza. It was winter, but he found the days hotter than the summer in England; while at nights the water froze constantly by his side in the hut. He was told that it seldom rains in this part of the country, and indeed the surface had a most desolate and barren appearance; there was no herbage of any kind, and several dead animals were strewed about, all dried up in their skins. One of the Cornish miners, after gazing about him with astonishment, took up a handful of the green barren soil, and looking into it with great attention, said, 'why surely there must be poison in this ground.'

Not a word is said of the capacity of the mines of Uspallata, the Captain's official report of them having, no doubt, been transmitted to his employers; but he evidently was disappointed here also; and, being so near to Chile, determined on passing the Cordilleras of the Andes, to see what that country might afford. For this purpose the horse of the Pampas is nearly useless, and the mule supplies his place. On loading this animal, it seems, they find it necessary to blindfold him, in order that he may stand still, an operation which affords our author an opportunity of exercising his talent at characteristic description.

'It is truly amusing to watch the nose and mouth of a mule, when his

his eyes are blinded, and his ears pressed down upon his neck in the poncho. Every movement which is made about him, either to arrange his saddle or his load, is resented by a curl of his nose and upper lip, which in ten thousand wrinkles is expressive, beyond description, of every thing that is vicious and spiteful: he appears to be planning all sorts of petty tricks of revenge, and as soon as the poncho is taken off, generally begins to put some of them into execution, either by running with his load against some brother mule, or by kicking him; however, as soon as he finds that his burden is not to be got rid of, he dismisses, or perhaps conceals, his resentment, and instantly assumes a look of patience and resignation, which are really also the characteristics of his race, and which support them under all their sufferings and privations.'—*Head*, pp. 129, 130.

Immediately on the first ascent of the great chain of mountains, the number of dead mules, which strew the whole path from Mendoza to Santiago, began to increase; their bodies were all dry, their hind legs extended, and their heads stretched towards their journey's end—that is to say, at least we suppose so, towards the acclivity, for, Captain Head observes, it was evident that the poor animals had all died of the same complaint—'the hill had killed them all!'

We have no intention of stopping to detail the accounts which our travellers give of crossing the Cordilleras: the steep ascents, the perpendicular precipices, the narrow ridges, or *laderos*, cut out of the sides of the mountains; the hair-breadth escapes of the mules, and the numerous difficulties that occur, are pretty nearly the same in crossing all primitive mountain-chains; though, of course, the difficulty and the danger are much increased when, as in the Cordilleras of the Andes, the upper regions are buried in eternal snow. In those 'howling wildernesses,' at every two or three leagues, brick huts have been built, to protect the traveller from those dreadful snow-storms known by the name of 'temporales,' in which, notwithstanding, many unfortunates have been caught and doomed to perish. In one of these buildings, not long before Mr. Head passed it, six men often, who had fled into it for shelter in one of these storms, had died of hunger, and the remaining four were but just alive when discovered.—We transcribe a natural and unstudied reflection, briefly and beautifully expressed:—

'The state of the walls was also a melancholy testimony of the despair and horror they had witnessed. In all the places which I have ever seen, which have been visited by travellers, I have always been able to read the names and histories of some of those who have gone before me; for when a man has nothing to lament, but that his horses have not arrived, or in fact that he has nothing to do, the wall appears to be a friend to whom many intrust their names, their birth-places, the place they propose to visit, and sometimes even the fond secrets of their hearts; but I particularly observed that, in these huts

on

on the Andes, not a name was to be seen, or a word upon the walls. Those who had died in them were too intent upon their own sufferings; the horror of their situation was unspeakable, and thus these walls remain the silent monuments of past misery.—*Head*, pp. 164, 165.

Though all around was a surface of snow at the summit of the ridge, when Captain Head passed it,—cheerless, wild, and inhospitable as the view was, it was still sublime;—he could not help observing to one of his companions, whose honest heart and thoughts were faithful to those left behind in Old England, 'What a magnificent view! What thing can be more beautiful?' After smiling for some seconds, the Cornish lad replied, 'Them things, Sir, that do wear caps and aprons.'

Mr. Miers, in these mountains, as on the Pampas, enters into a most elaborate detail of every circumstance that occurred, and of the objects that presented themselves on each day's journey: he conjectures what the height may be of every ridge or peak, describes the nature of the rock formation, and notices many of the vegetable productions; all of which, we admit, will be found extremely useful to the naturalist and the traveller, but are far too long and minutely detailed for us to meddle with. Here, however, we cannot accuse Mr. Miers of exaggerating the difficulties and the dangers. These are unquestionably great; and, contrary to his usual state of mind, we think Captain Head is rather inclined to make them greater than they are. What says the Captain to the single fact, that when he was at Uspallata, an English lady, with a child about seven years old, and two or three younger ones, had just passed the Cordilleras, with no other assistance or protection than a few peons? This lady was no other than the wife of Mr. Miers; and never, to be sure, were fair lady's travels, or *travail*, more fully described than her's are, in her good husband's two octavos.

Few native quadrupeds, except the Guanacho, inhabit this part of the Andes, and birds are not numerous. The Vulture of the plains is the *Aura*, that of the Cordilleras the *Condor*: both have nearly the same habits; both may be seen, sometimes in large flocks, wheeling through the air in circling eddies, looking out for some dead carcass on which they may pounce and gorge themselves, which they frequently do to such an excess as to be unable to rise from the ground. One of the Cornish miners, observing one of these creatures standing in this condition by the side of a dead horse, went up to him, and seized him by the neck, which he tried with all his strength to twist; no condor could be expected to approve of having his neck thus twisted, and this made a valiant resistance. After a long wrestling match and many a stout

stout 'Cornish hug,' our miner was victorious, and brought away some of the large wing-feathers to exhibit as trophies: his companion, however, who followed at some distance behind, reported the vanquished and displumed condor to be still alive and merry.

A scene of comparative bustle and gaiety succeeded to the solitary journey across the Andes. When within a few leagues of Santiago, Captain Head says—

'I was now met by, and I overtook, men, women, boys, priests, &c., on horseback, either coming from or going into town, all at a canter, and in very singular dresses. Many of the horses were carrying double, sometimes two giggling girls, sometimes a boy with his grandmother behind him; sometimes three children were cantering along upon one horse, and sometimes two elderly ladies; then a solitary priest with a broad-brimmed white hat and white serge petticoats tucked up all about him, his rosary dangling on his mule's neck, and his pale fat cheeks shaking from the trot. Milk, and strawberries, and water-melons, were all at a canter, and several people were carrying fish into the town tied to their stirrups. Their pace, however, was altogether inferior to that of the Pampas, and the canter, instead of the gallop, gave the scene a great appearance of indolence.'—*Head*, p. 184.

Both our travellers agree in their accounts of the people of Santiago, and of Chile in general; and adieu to the sweet romances that have recently been published concerning the wealth and resources of that country, the amiable disposition of its inhabitants, the talents, the taste, and the beauty of its women, and the wonderful progress of education among the upper and middle ranks of life.—Santiago, Captain Head tells us, is full of priests, and, *therefore*, the people are indolent and immoral. 'I certainly,' he says, 'never saw more sad examples of the effects of bad education, or a state of society more deplorable.' This is strongly confirmed by Mr. Miers, who spent several years among them. He says, 'The moral debasement of the population is great beyond belief, produced chiefly by the intolerance, and increased by the tyranny, of the priests.' These ghostly persons, it seems, have a thorough detestation of all foreigners, but more especially of the English, against whom they excite the minds of their miserable fanatics, so that the life of an Englishman is frequently brought into danger. The Chilenos, he says, possess no single virtue, though they have fewer vices than most other creoles.

'There is a passiveness, an evenness about them, approaching to the Chinese, whom they strongly resemble in many respects. Even in their physiognomy they have the broad, low forehead, and contracted eyes; they have the same cunning, the same egotism, and the same disposition to petty theft. They are remarkable, too, for extreme patience and endurance under privations; they can seldom be moved to

to passion, and are most provokingly unfeeling. A foreigner may use towards a Chileno the most opprobrious epithets, may convict him of falsehood and deception, may fly into a passion about his conduct, but he cannot be moved from his sang-froid; he will bear all patiently, even blows, and look at a stranger with a sneer: his patience is not unlike that of the sheep, the camel, or the llama and alpaca.' —*Miers*, vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

Among the upper ranks, he tells us, there is an understood accommodation, which allows both man and wife to follow the course of life best suited to their tastes, and each has commonly a paramour. Of the slovenly appearance of the women when at home, their want of cleanliness, and their indecent dress and habits, he gives a most disgusting account; and this state of things is not, he says, confined to the lower, but pervades the middle and higher classes of society. Of the young ladies, about whose taste, elegance of dress, and engaging manners, we have heard so much, our author says, 'They are exceedingly inelegant in their gestures, vulgar in their deportment, laugh at every trifle, and have, in common with the lower classes, the habit of spitting before you in a disgusting manner:' and he is quite surprised that some of our countrymen should speak in such extravagant terms of women who, in his opinion, 'have nothing to render them even tolerable.' He gives the following as a family-picture from the first rank of life in Chile, sketched as he found the group, when taken by surprise on a morning's visit.

'I cannot describe all that I saw; suffice it to say, that the appearance of the beds, the confusion and filth of the room, exceeded all I could have conceived: the dishabille and dirtiness of the young ladies was far beyond the worst I had heard of them, and more than I was before willing to believe; but the old mother, generally so gay, presented a picture beyond all belief, dressed in a dirty old red calico gown, faded, and almost worn out, which never had been washed from the day it was made, was loosely hanging about her shoulders, and displaying in the opening behind the only other garment she had on: but such a sight! its texture was actually soaked and stiffened with grease from her skin, and discoloured with old age and long wearing nearly to the colour of mahogany.'—*Miers*, vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

We cannot understand how Mr. Miers can allow these gentry the merit of being generally honest, when he says their word is not to be trusted; and when he accuses the very highest of them of being addicted to petty thefts, whenever they can carry off anything without being discovered. What does he mean us to think of the case of the valuable diamond brooch stolen from the dress of Lady Cochrane, by three ladies of the first respectability, and returned to her, twelve months afterwards, by a priest, to whom the culprit

culprit had confessed the theft? This is a story of his own; and so is that of some ladies stealing lace, also from Lady Cochrane, which was detected on the spot. A third story is that of a rose-wood cabinet, containing medals, and coins, and jewels, being stolen out of Lord Cochrane's house; for the discovery of which the governor appeared to take great pains. This cabinet, several months after, Lady Cochrane, on paying a visit to the governor's daughter, espied in an adjoining room! The governor protested he had no idea that it was the one lost; that his daughter had bought it of a soldier, but that it was then empty, and they know nothing of what it might have contained. Such are Mr. Miers's own stories, and we have no doubt of their truth. We dare say the Chilenos, as they are called, thought the English heretics fair game.

We have observed that the South Americans are all notorious gamblers, from the highest to the lowest—from the padré to the peasant; the women equally so as the men. A mother Monté, as she was called by the British officers, whenever a run of ill-luck went against her in Santiago, used to repair to Valparaiso, where she kept an open gaming-table, to which she brought young girls from Santiago as decoys, by whom, Mr. Miers says, the officers of the British frigates stationed there were terribly fleeced of their money—a surgeon, for example, losing in one night upwards of £120 sterling. Mother Monté, it seems, like Mrs. Cole, was extremely religious, and had always a clergyman in her train, who performed the office of banker at the Monté table.

Mr. Miers is satisfied that, to the intolerant spirit of the Catholic religion, to the fanaticism and superstition which it engenders, and, above all, to the readiness with which absolution is granted on demand, the bad part of the Chilean character should mainly be ascribed; and he might have said the same thing of countries nearer home than South America. In Chile superstition and hatred of heretics were strongly manifested on the occasion of that fatal earthquake of 1822, of which we had occasion to speak in our last Number, when reviewing the 'Transactions of the Geological Society.' This terrible convulsion overturned whole towns, changed the course of rivers, shook the lofty peaks of the Andes, and raised a line of sea-coast, fifty miles in extent, three feet above its former level—a force almost beyond human conception, when it is considered how deeply seated it must have been to have produced such violent and terrible effects over a surface of more than four hundred thousand square miles! Captain Head had ocular proof of the havoc that was made in the mountains and the mines.

'I visited this mine, accompanied by a very intelligent Chilian miner,

miner, who, with several of his comrades, was in a mine on this lode a hundred fathoms deep when the great earthquake of the 19th of November, 1822, which almost destroyed Valparaiso, took place. He told me that several of his comrades were killed, and that nothing could equal the horror of their situation. He said that the mountain shook so that he could scarcely ascend; large pieces of the lode were falling down, and every instant they expected the walls of the lode would come together, and either crush them, or shut them up in a prison from which no power could liberate them. He added, that when he got to the mouth of the mine the scene was very little better: there was such a dust that he could not see his hand before him; large masses of rock were rolling down the side of the mountain on which he stood, and he heard them coming and rushing past him without being able to see how to avoid them, and he therefore stood his ground, afraid to move. In almost all the mines which we visited in Chili, we witnessed the awful effects of these earthquakes, and it was astonishing to observe how severely the mountains had been shaken.'—*Head*, pp. 207, 208.

The luminous meteors mentioned by Mr. Miers, and also by Humboldt, as appearing about the time that earthquakes occur, are rather, we should suppose, (if there be any connexion between them,) the effects than the causes of those dreadful visitations. Judging from analogy, we should say that nothing but pent-up steam could lift and tear asunder such incalculable loads; and when it is considered that no active or extinct volcano has been discovered at a greater distance than about fifty leagues from the sea, and that most of them are *in* the sea, it seems not unreasonable to conclude that a vast body of water is necessary to produce those tremendous vomitings of our mother Earth. The earthquake in question drove thousands of families into the open air, where they suffered dreadfully from torrents of rain. Rain had never before been known to fall in these regions in the month of November; it therefore terrified these men even more than the earthquake itself—it was looked on as a special manifestation of the divine wrath—at what? Why, at the people in power, for having permitted the English heretics to contaminate the country!

From Santiago Captain Head proceeded to visit the gold-mines of El Bronce de Petorca, and of Caren, but gives no account of them. His next visit was to the silver mine of San Pedro Nolasco, in the Andes, about seventy-five miles from Santiago, and situated on one of the loftiest pinnacles of this immense cluster of mountains. The view, he says, was sublime, but so terrific as to make him shudder; and, although it was midsummer, the snow was stated, by the agent of the mine, to be from twenty to a hundred and twenty feet deep—we take for granted, in the ravines only. A small solitary hut, and two or three wretched-looking

looking miners, with pale countenances and exhausted frames, gave the only indications of its being the abode of human beings. A dense cloud of smoke was observed issuing from one of the pinnacles, on which is the great volcano of San Francesco; and 'the silver-lode,' he observes, 'which was before us, seemed to run into the centre of the crater.' In winter, he was told, the mine is altogether inaccessible for seven months: the 'temporales' came on so suddenly, that the miners are frequently overtaken, and perish in them, before they can reach the hut. Groups of crosses in every direction marked the spots where these unhappy men had breathed their last.

'The view from San Pedro Nolasco, taking it altogether, is certainly the most dreadful scene which in my life I have ever witnessed; and it appeared so little adapted or intended for a human residence that when I commenced my inspection of the lode, and of the several mines, I could not help feeling that I was going against nature, and that no sentiment but that of avarice could approve of establishing a number of fellow-creatures in a spot, which was a subject of astonishment to me how it ever was discovered.'—*Head*, p. 224.

And it was to such places as this that our steam-engines, with all their heavy machinery, were to be dragged up, to pump the water from the mines! Our engineer descended the shaft of the only mine that had not long ago been deserted, at the bottom of which he found a few miserable miners at work, on the old system followed by the Spaniards.

'At first we descended by an inclined gallery or level, and then clambered down the notched sticks, which are used in all the mines in South America as ladders. After descending about two hundred and fifty feet, walking occasionally along levels where the snow and mud were above our ancles, we came to the place where the men were working. It was astonishing to see the strength with which they plied their weighty hammers, and the unremitted exertion with which they worked; and, strange as it may appear, we all agreed that we had never seen Englishmen possess such strength, and work so hard. While the barreteros, or miners, were working the lode, the apires were carrying the ore upon their backs; and after we had made the necessary observations, and had collected proper specimens, we ascended, with several of these apires above and below us.

'The fatigue of climbing up the notched sticks was so great, that we were almost exhausted, while the men behind us (with a long stick in one hand, in the cloven end of which there was a candle) were urging us not to stop them. The leading apire whistled whenever he came to certain spots, and then the whole party rested for a few seconds. It was really very interesting, in looking above and below, to see these poor creatures, each lighted by his candle, and climbing up the notched stick with such a load upon his back, though I occasionally

casionally was a little afraid lest one of those above me might tumble, in which case we should have all preceded him in his fall.'—*Head*, pp. 225, 226.

Our countrymen may form some idea of what these poor people undergo, when they are told that the load carried up these stick-ladders was of such a weight, 'that an English miner, who was one of the strongest men of the whole Cornish party, was scarcely able to walk with it,' and two others, who attempted to support it, were altogether unable, exclaiming that 'it would break their backs.' Yet the only food of these wretched native miners was a little dried beef and melted snow-water. The few who had been at work came into the hut, to partake of this miserable meal; they never spoke to each other, but, as they sat upon their sheep-skins (their only beds), some fixed their eyes on the embers of a scanty fire, while others seemed to be ruminating on their miserable lot. Yet these men were *free* labourers; what then must have been the condition of the enslaved Indians, who, under the old government, were thrust into these horrid dungeons, and compelled to labour at this worst of all drudgery! 'They were,' as Captain Head says, 'beasts of burden, who carried very nearly the load of a mule. Their unrecorded sufferings,' he adds, 'were beyond description, and I have been assured, from unquestionable authority, that, with the loads on their backs, many of them threw themselves down the mine, to end a life of misery and anguish!' Well may he say, that the mode in which the precious metals of America were first obtained, 'forms one of the most guilty pages in the moral history of man.'

The ore from this mine is carried to a distance, to undergo the process of amalgamation; and the works for this purpose are described by our author as laid out with a great deal of ingenuity, with a happy regard to economy, and on a plan suited to the resources of the country, which are now, in fact, of the very scantiest kind. In Mr. Miers's book, the reader will find a very long and detailed account of every process observed in the reduction of the ores from the Chilian mines;—and to it we must refer those who may take an interest in subjects of this nature. We may observe, however, that when the revolution liberated the Indians, both they and the Creole labourers abandoned the mines, to which very few have since returned—the working of them being considered as the most miserable labour on which a man can be employed; besides, the Chile mines are in general so poor, that none of them, were they by any accident removed to our own doors here in England, would have any chance of being considered as worth working.

Had our numerous companies or associations, that were formed for

for working the American mines by means of English capital, English machinery, and English men, taken the trouble to inquire, they might have known this to be the case; but they surrendered themselves willing victims to the fraudulent reports of American agents, and to the deceptions that were practised by our own countrymen. The first 'Chilian Mining Association,' with a capital of one million sterling, came out under the protecting auspices and presidency of 'His Excellency, Don Mariano de Egaña, minister plenipotentiary from the republic of Chile, and a late judge of the tribunal of mines in that country.' His 'Excellency,' the 'Judge of the Mines,' was too good a decoy-duck not to be made the most of, and accordingly there by-and-by came out the 'Anglo-Chilian Mining Association,' with a capital of one million five hundred thousand pounds sterling, also under the auspices of his said 'Excellency, Don Mariano de Egaña.' The prospectus of the first assured the subscribers that 'the Republic of Chile contained nine mining districts, producing gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, and iron;' and that all these were near the sea;—to say nothing of the healthiness of the climate,—the cheapness of labour,—the abundance of wood and water,—the fine coal on the coast, &c. &c. &c. The other enumerates the same metals, adding that 'rivers flow from the western declivities of the Andes, affording means of conveyance by water to the ports of the republic in the Pacific Ocean.' Now Mr. Miers asserts that these are gross exaggerations, and that his Excellency, Don Mariano de Egaña, must have known them to be so; that north of 25° 6′ lat. 'there is not a single river navigable in any way; that there is scarcely a stick of timber of any kind, and no coal:' that with regard to lead, the whole quantity raised in Chile throughout the year does not amount to a single ton weight; and as to the rich mines of tin, 'I do not believe,' says he, 'that the least indication of that metal has ever been discovered in the country;' and it now appears, when the company, of which 'his Excellency' condescended to be president, is on the eve of dissolution, that, so far from labour being plentiful and cheap, the said company could only procure two hundred miners in all Chile, although no less than five hundred were wanting to work *one* of their mines.' We certainly agree with Mr. Miers in thinking, that 'it is equally disreputable to foreign deputies and the governments which sent them, that their names should appear in any such speculations.'

Another species of deception practised by the American agents was to send pieces of ore, purporting to be from certain mines, to be assayed in England;—as if the value of a *lode* in America was thus to be ascertained. As well might the value of a mansion be determined by examining a single brick; or that of an estate

by a box of its soil: but we are assured by Captain Head that, *de facto*, many of the specimens thus exhibited in England never came out of the lodes from which they were said to have been extracted. Nay, we have heard, and can easily believe the story, that one of the richest specimens of silver ore exhibited 'on Change' as a sample of the Coquimbo mountain, was actually taken out of a collection of minerals in London, which never before pretended to have anything to do with Coquimbo. The Association which sent out Captain Head appears to have had especial reason to complain of being grossly deceived by these American agents. It had been formed, in virtue of a decree from the government of Buenos Ayres, authorizing the mines within its territory to be worked at the discretionary choice of the company. 'Yet, on my arrival at Buenos Ayres,' says the Captain, 'I found that almost the whole of the mines were already *sold* by the governments to the opposition companies.'

Nor is this all. Captain Head satisfactorily proves the utter impossibility of any English association working the poor mines of the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres to advantage, were these better than they are, on account of the difficulties its agents would have to contend with, physical, moral, and political. The distances which separate the mines from one another, and from all the necessary supplies; the badness of roads; impassable torrents and rivers, without bridges; land-carriage of a thousand miles, which would render silver not worth its weight in iron by the time it reached England—while the iron sent from England would cost more than its weight in silver by the time it reached the mine;—the extreme dryness of the climate, affording no water for machinery;—the impossibility, in short, of employing steam-engines to pump out water, where there is not water enough to work the engines, to wash the ore, or even for the people to drink; and the ruinous effects of heat in the mines on the constitutions of Englishmen—these are but a few of the physical difficulties. The moral obstructions are—the scantiness of population—the want of education and of principle—the indolence of the poorer class—the profligately loose habits of the women—and, above all, the character, constitution, habits and expensive wants of the English miner himself. The political obstructions would arise out of the instability of the revolutionary governments;—above all, the influence of the priests, who have more than once overturned the provincial governors, and all their acts and contracts with them, 'at one fell swoop.' Even in the event of successful operations, it is not likely, from the character and the wants of the present governments, that large quantities of treasure would be permitted to leave the country, without a very liberal contribution; first, to a multitude of hungry individuals, and secondly, to the state-necessities. But, leaving all these considerations

ations out of the question, both our authors have clearly shown, that neither the mines of Buenos Ayres nor those of Chile can ever be worked with success on a large scale; such being the poverty of the ores that, without the forced labour of the Indians, even the old Spanish governments must have abandoned them. It is, by the way, a great mistake to suppose that the Creoles are ignorant of the processes required for extracting the metal from the ore. Mr. Miers bears testimony to the contrary. The Chilenos, he says, 'are skilful and efficient miners, who will not only produce the ore at the earth's surface at a lower rate than others, but, in their rude and economical processes, extract the metals at a much less cost.'

Every day, indeed, produces fresh proofs how egregiously our countrymen have been made the dupes of designing agents, and how greatly we overrated the resources of the late Spanish possessions in America. But it is never too late to acquire knowledge; and our advice would be, that those who have suffered should put up with the loss already incurred, and abandon the mining concerns altogether as speedily as possible. We have, indeed, been wofully mistaken in all that relates to South America—her population, her resources, the activity, industry, and integrity of the revolutionists have been intentionally and most grossly exaggerated. The patriot-officers of her provincial governments have proved themselves as dishonest, the priests as intolerant, the people as superstitious, indolent, and immoral, as they possibly could have been under the old Spanish governments. It was well observed by a sufferer in one of the South American speculations, that 'those were either fools or fanatics who considered a change in manners or morals to be a necessary consequence of a change in governments.' What the 'manners and morals' were under the old Spanish governments has recently been brought to light by the publication of a *suppressed* report of Ulloa,* on which the mother-country did not venture to act,—for she, conscious of her own weakness, deeply feared that, if she set about the least attempt at reform in her colonies, the whole fabric would have slipped from under her dominion many years sooner than that event took place. This document lays open the most extraordinary scenes of corruption, fraud, falsehood, and oppression that can well be imagined; and of the gross deception which every department was in the habit of practising on the mother-country. The same trick was played off upon Humboldt, in the documents furnished to that celebrated traveller; and the republican Creoles have just been but too successfully practising the old arts of their royalist predecessors, at the expense of our unfortunate

* See *Noticias Secretas*, &c., London, 1826.

countrymen. Mr. Miers has some very bold language on this head. 'Corrupt,' says this writer, 'as the Spanish authorities in South America had always been, the present system far exceeds in atrocity anything which had ever been witnessed in Peru. Under the Spanish system, the royal revenue was the object of universal plunder, but private property was always respected.' He then proceeds to state distinctly that, under the protectorate of San Martin, the property of individuals was no longer safe, but was made subservient to the insatiate avarice of the minister, and the ambitious views of the protector.

Such are the people on whom we have bestowed our confidence and our treasure. A very small portion only of the large sums of money raised for the mining speculations has been sunk in the mines: by far the greater part has remained at home: it has changed hands, it is true, and immense profits as well as immense losses have been made in the gambling transactions arising out of those schemes: still, however, the capital remains in the country. But no such tale can be told of the millions that have actually been sent out in the shape of *loans*. So far from the hope that any part of *that* capital will ever be repaid, *he* must be of a most sanguine temperament who can buoy himself up with the expectation of receiving the interest, perceiving, as all that are not wilfully blind now must do, the unstable nature of the resources from which alone it can be derived. In one word, however honestly disposed these new governments may be, they have not, (with the exception of Mexico,) nor are they likely soon to have, the means of paying the dividends on their several loans.

ART. VI.—1. *The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds.* Written by Himself. 2 vols. London. 1826.

2. *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs of Joseph Cradock, Esq.,* M.A., F.S.A. London. 1826.

3. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray: in a Series of Letters, written by Himself. With a Preface and Continuation of the Memoirs.* By Elizabeth Frank. York. 1826.

4. *The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright.* Edited by his Niece. 2 vols. London. 1826.

5. *The Fruits of Experience; or Memoir of Joseph Brasbridge: written in his Eightieth and Eighty-first Years.* London. 1824.

6. *Adventures of a Ship-boy.* Edinburgh. 1825.

7. *Memoirs of John Nicol, Mariner.* Edinburgh. 1824.

8. *Scenes*

8. *Scenes of Life in Ireland.* By a Soldier. Edinburgh. 1825.
9. *Memoirs of James Moffat, alias M'Coul.* With a Portrait. Edin. 1824.
10. *The Life of David Haggart, alias John Wilson, alias John Morison, alias Barney M'Coul, alias John M'Colgan, alias Daniel O'Brien, alias the Switcher.* Written by Himself, while under Sentence of Death. Third Edition. Edinburgh.

THESE ten works are sufficient—although we might easily have graced our table with twice as many of the same kind, all produced within the last two or three years—to show that one sad reproach of our literature, to wit, its poverty, as compared with the French, in the article of *memoirs*, bids fair to be wiped away in our 'Life and Times.' The classics of the *papier maché* age of our drama have taken up the salutary belief that England expects every driveller to do his Memorabilia. Modern primer-makers must needs leave *confessions* behind them, as if they were so many Rousseaus. Our weakest mob-orators think it is a hard case if they cannot spout to posterity. Cabin-boys and drummers are busy with their commentaries *de bello Gallico;* the John Gilpins of 'the nineteenth century' are the historians of their own *anabaseis;* and, thanks to 'the march of intellect,' we are already rich in the autobiography of pickpockets.

It is to be hoped that Genius will not be altogether silent, merely because Dulness lifts up her voice so loudly in Grub-street; and that the virtue and patriotism of this age may be commemorated as effectually, though not quite so voluminously, as its imbecility, quackery, and vice.

Of the autobiographers now before us, Mr. Frederick Reynolds is he who introduces his lucubrations to the world under the most imposing title: we believe his octavos are also the thickest of the set; but that is a matter of inferior moment. The 'Times of Frederick Reynolds!'—such is the style by which the child that is unborn will distinguish the last quarter of the eighteenth century of the Christian era, and the first of that now in progress. Hide your diminished heads, ye Pitts, Burkes, Cannings! For what purpose, ye Scotts, Byrons, Crabbes, &c., have you

'——— trimmed what poets call the midnight taper'?—

But men must be contented with their fit places in the procession of fame; and conscience will whisper, as ye fall into yours, that not one of you wrote 'Werter, a tragedy,' or 'Eloisa, a tragedy,' or 'The Crusade, an opera,' or 'Notoriety, a comedy,' or 'The Rage, a comedy,' or 'Speculation, a comedy,' or 'How to grow Rich, a comedy,' or 'Fortune's Fool, a comedy,'

comedy,' or 'Cheap Living, a comedy,' or 'Laugh when you can, a comedy.' One fact is as good in this case as fifty: 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' were dramatized for the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden—not by you, but by Mr. Frederick Reynolds. One Buonaparte was defeated at Waterloo in the time of Frederick the Great—

'This story shall the good man teach his son.'

We have been hinting at but a small part of his achievements. Passing over many minor matters, there remain to be remembered, to his glory, and the confusion of his rivals—'Management, a comedy'—'Folly as it Flies,' ditto—'Life,' ditto—'Three per cents.,' ditto—'The Caravan,' ditto—'The Blind Bargain,' ditto—'The Delinquent,' ditto—'The Will,' ditto—'Begone dull Care; or how will it end?' ditto—'Delays and Blunders,' ditto—'The Virgin of the Sun, a musical drama'—'The Renegade,' ditto—'The Free Knights,' ditto—'The Duke of Savoy,' ditto—'Out of Place, or the Lake of Lausanne; a musical afterpiece'—'Arbitration,' ditto—'The Deserts of Arabia,' ditto—'What's a Man of Fashion? a farce'—'The Father and his Children, a melo-drama'—'The Illustrious Traveller,' ditto—'The Burgomaster of Saardam,' ditto—'Don John: being an Alteration and Improvement of "The Chances."' To which add, five master-pieces, entitled respectively—'The Midsummer Night's Dream'—'The Comedy of Errors'—'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'—'The Tempest'—and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'—all founded on certain rude sketches of an old poet of the times of Queen Elizabeth; and lastly—we have reserved *the* chef-d'œuvre to the last purposely—'The Dramatist, a comedy.'

This is the apex of the 'monumentum ære perennius' erected by the genius of Reynolds for the admiration of the centuries which may yet be in reserve for our planet. 'The Dramatist' is his *Clouds*, his *Volpone*, his *Tartuffe*. With what interest will our children's children peruse the narrative bequeathed to them, by Reynolds himself, of the circumstances under which this divine work first demanded and received the applauses of those who lived in his times.

How modestly the tale begins!—

'I had but little hope,' says our modern Menander; 'for even my hero, Lewis, disliked his part. But on the night the comedy was produced, (May the 15th, A.D. 1789,) he played with such skill, spirit, and enthusiasm, that, when he rushed out of the china-closet in the fourth act, the roars of laughter were immense, and his triumph was complete.

plete. Delighted, but astounded, at his own success, and having fractured the trifling quantity of china-ware that was prepared, (*trifling*, from his distrust of *the situation*,) he knew not what to do, either with himself or his hands. The roars still continuing, in the exhilaration of the moment, seizing Quick, who played *Lord Scratch*, with one hand, and his wig with the other, he threw it up to the ceiling, leaving his bald lordship no alternative but to quit the stage, which he did in grand dudgeon, amidst shouts of raillery and approbation.'—*Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds*, vol. ii. p. 33.

The breakage of the crockery was the grand *coup-de-théâtre* excogitated by the mighty master himself: the throwing up of Mr. Quick's periwig was the extemporaneous inspiration of the player. The two incidents together made the fortune of 'The Dramatist'—and 'The Dramatist' ranks as by far the most splendidly and the most deservedly successful of all the forty or fifty tragedies, comedies, musical dramas, musical afterpieces, farces, and melodramas with which this versatile and indefatigable genius has enriched the literature of these realms.

The 'autobiographia literaria' of this eminent person is comprised within somewhat less than eight hundred pages octavo; so that the average space allotted to the history of each of his forty dramas is not quite twenty pages octavo. Mr. Reynolds, however, is too modest to allude to nothing but his own works; and, in fact, the reader will find that from every score of his pages, ten of table-talk and green-room tittle-tattle might be deducted, without materially affecting the completeness of this record.

In concluding his 'Life,' Mr. Reynolds characterizes it as one 'of incessant labour, struggle, and uncertainty, during more than forty years,' and thus sums up the pecuniary result of his exertions.

'Having adopted this precarious profession before I was nineteen, and pursued it, with industry and perseverance, till sixty; and having annually produced one or two pieces, almost all of which were successful, it is true that I have received from theatres a sum hitherto unequalled in the history of dramatic writing—namely, above nineteen thousand pounds.'—*Life and Times, &c.* vol. ii. p. 421.

Mr. Frederick Reynolds was paid, therefore, at about the rate of 500*l.* per joke—a fair enough sum apparently. We wish him joy of his 19,000*l.*, no bad addition to the delights even of his fame, and pass on to another literary autobiographer.

This is Joseph Cradock, Esq., M.A. and F.S.A., author of 'Zobeide, a tragedy;' 'The Czar, a tragedy;' 'Four Essays, moral and religious, addressed to the Rising Generation;' and, we presume, many other dramatic and didactic works, equally, and not less deservedly, familiar to the recollection of the public. Moreover, in the course of his *Memoirs*, he quotes from time to time fragments

fragments of 'occasional poetry,' of which, owing to the narrowness of our limits, the following very brief specimens must suffice.

'ELEGY,

'*To a Lady on her Marriage.*

'Dark was the grove, and sullen all the *scene*,
The sun scarce chased the billowy clouds of night;
No Swains, nor Maids, nor Wood-nymphs, now were *seen*,
The Frolics and the Loves had ta'en their flight.

'Again the howling desert threaten'd storms;
Again bleak horrors widow'd *all* the plain;
Sad Contemplation pictur'd hideous forms;
And Winter gloom'd a solitary reign.
But lo! she came, &c. &c. &c.'—*Cradock*, p. 70.

To the Memory of Mrs. Cibber.

'Ah! who shall heave the *tender* sigh?
Who shed the *pitying* tear?
The *flowery* tribute who supply,
To deck this *mournful* bier?

.

'Roses, and violets, and lilies bright,
Might well have been supplied;
But they, alas! all sunk in night,
Woe-struck, when Cibber died,' &c.—*Cradock*, p. 200.

The author of these charming verses seems to have been much patronised by the late Lord Sandwich, and fills a large portion of his 'Memoirs, Literary and Miscellaneous,' with anecdotes about Miss Ray and Mr. Hackman, which have been printed fifty times before; but the enthusiasm with which Mr. Cradock describes a dinner at the Admiralty is undoubtedly all his own:—

'The table (says the delighted reminiscent) was spread in the great room at the Admiralty, which is hung round with pictures of the South Sea Islands, and decorated with many naval emblems and curiosities. The first course, which was chiefly of turtle, was served up in paste models of ships, or boats, with their flags flying; so that all was *classical and appropriate!*'—*Cradock's Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs*, p. 135.

Nor will any rival wit dispute the originality of the remark at page 153, that Lord Sandwich's skill in deciphering oriental inscriptions was the more remarkable,

'since those languages had never been vernacular amongst us.'

Our Tragic Poet informs us, that 'a second volume of his Memoirs is in a state of forwardness;' and we therefore have good hope that the public patience is not to be much longer trifled with.

The

The third on our list is the 'Life of Mr. Lindley Murray,'—two hundred and eighty pages octavo—price, in boards, nine shillings sterling;—and a most extraordinary specimen of the autobiographical art it is; for the whole essence of it might have been comprised in one page octavo, and that page would have been a dull one. We had always imagined that Mr. Lindley Murray was a schoolmaster by profession; but the fact turns out otherwise. He was born A.D. 1745, in Pennsylvania, and became, in due course of time, a practising attorney at New York. The state of his health brought him to England in 1794: he took up his abode at a village in Yorkshire; and being shortly afterwards affected with an indescribable sort of muscular weakness, confined himself to his room and his sofa during the remaining thirty years of his life, amusing this long leisure with the composition of the useful manuals which have made his name familiar to the spelling public. He lived in a room the atmosphere of which was kept at a certain equable temperature, day and night, throughout spring, summer, autumn, winter: he was closely shaved and neatly dressed in drab by seven every morning; breakfasted on coffee and buttered toast at eight, and read the daily papers; dined on boiled mutton and turnips—which he moistened with one wine-glass of porter—at two; took tea at six; and went to bed upon a posset at nine. The female friend who completes the biography adds that, faring so well, and taking no exercise whatever, he was occasionally obliged to have recourse to 'aperient medicine.' The good Quaker's composure and resignation during thirty years thus spent are worthy of the sincerest praise; but two hundred and eighty pages on such a theme are indeed too much. We do not believe that there ever was a more leaden book. Will it be credited that this historical writer lived at New York all through the American war, and that in his account of his 'Life and Times' he never drops a hint as to the existence of such a contest? —except in one sentence, which informs the world that he, Lindley Murray, greatly exercised himself in his 'pleasure-boat' during the 'political storm.' We are very sure that Mr. Murray would never have ventured into any boat in a natural breeze; and are of opinion that, under no circumstances, should any vessel but a punt be navigated by people of his persuasion—but that is no concern of ours; and since there are such things in the world as Quaker pleasure-boats, we should have a particular satisfaction in seeing one of them at work. We are, however, travelling away from the record. At page 117, he talks about 'the devout Addison:' at page 125, he quotes something from 'the excellent writer, Locke:' and such is the water-gruel vein throughout. The lady who concludes and edits the work talks much about his 'genius'—the 'homage' it received—the 'meekness' with which the author of so many spelling-

spelling-books bore his honours; particularly the honour of a tea-visit from the Earl of Buchan, in the month of August, anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and two.—The volume is adorned with a comical-enough portrait, and a facsimile of an autograph letter, wherein, we need scarcely say, the lines are exactly parallel, the hair-strokes turned to a nicety, and the dots distributed under an anxious sense of the justice of the precept which assigns *suum cuique*.

Major John Cartwright is entitled to a place among these illustrious autobiographers; for although his Memoirs profess to be drawn up by his niece, the volumes are in fact composed almost entirely of passages from his own MSS., diaries, and letters, of all which the deceased patriot appears to have carefully preserved duplicates, with an eye to the benefit of succeeding generations. Miss Frances Cartwright's narrative is merely the thread upon which the Major's own pearls are strung—and precious pearls they are, and great should be our gratitude to the kind hand that gives us the whole of them for a guinea.

Mr. Cartwright was born in 1740; entered the navy in 1758; in 1759 was present and behaved well at the battle between Hawke and Conflans; commanded a cutter on the Newfoundland station in 1766; went on halfpay, and began to write pamphlets in 1770; was made major of the Nottingham militia in 1775; in 1776, declined serving at sea under Lord Howe, because he disapproved of the American war; was dismissed from his majority in 1792, on account of his repeated attendance at seditious meetings; and from that time, down to the day of his death in 1824, was continually before the eye of the public as the most indefatigable and, we may add, the most honest and the most imbecile of all the preachers of radical reform, annual parliaments, and universal suffrage.

His Memoirs, in two volumes octavo, pages eight hundred and forty-six, will be read by few: in fact, we are much at a loss to conceive for what class of persons so large and so dear a book upon such a subject was published; and are pretty sure that no bookseller encountered the risk of the adventure. The Major was by birth a gentleman: so long as his sense of duty allowed him to remain in his Majesty's naval service, he maintained the character of a gallant and faithful officer; and in all the relations of domestic life his conduct appears to have been, throughout, equally upright and amiable. But in the prime of his existence, at the age of thirty-six, he abandoned his honourable profession on grounds which it is impossible not to smile at; and turning his whole activity of mind, the only talent—or semblance of talent—which nature had bestowed on him, into the absurd pursuit of an impracticable object,

object, lived long enough to exhaust, utterly, the patience of all his own friends, private and political, who had preserved any pretensions to sanity, and to be voted by them, almost as decidedly as by the friends of his country, the most mischievous of English simpletons. The affronts which he met with from the few 'radicals' of his own rank appear to have tried the old gentleman's virtue sorely: they proposed his health in grand speeches;—they styled him 'the Father of Reform'—'the venerable Apostle of Liberty,' &c. &c. &c.; but whenever anything was to be done, they took most especial care to exclude the patriarch from their meetings; and the obstinate indifference with which they treated all his wishes to come into parliament,—putting boys, and not very marvellous boys neither, over his head upon every occasion when they had the power to gratify him—this conduct seems to have had the effect, we shall not ask whether it was the desired effect, of mingling something very like positive mania with the dotage of his declining years. They are now talking of a statue to the Major's memory, and they will act quite in character if they fulfil this worthy purpose.

It is only their unmanliness in eternally lauding, extolling, and flattering at their dinners, the coadjutor whom they systematically insulted in their deeds, that raises our disgust; that the Major's absurdities should have worn out the most long-suffering of tempers could have excited no wonder;—and all would have been fair, had his friends told him now the case stood—nay, even had they not told him the reverse. He was an old man and a gentleman, and entitled at their hands either to consistent coolness or to honest courtesy.

His power of *boring* seems to have been enormous. He got up at peep of day, and wrote and dictated letters and pamphlets, received deputations from provincial radicals, made speeches, drew up resolutions—raved and drivelled in one shape or other—till the clock struck ten at night. This was his regular mode of existence through nine months of the year: he had settled in London—to the neglect of his fortune and of all the proper duties of his station—for the express purpose of being able to lead such a life. In summer he regularly made a progress through some half-a-dozen counties, nay, he occasionally penetrated even to the Land's End and John o'Groat's house, preaching as he trotted. In short, there was no end to the Major. His printed works, exclusive of innumerable contributions to newspapers and magazines, and of these posthumous Memoirs, amount to the portentous aggregate of *fifty-two volumes octavo*—and such volumes!—the verbosity and tautology of Cobbett without one atom of his humour, his vigour, even if it were but his ferocity; the very mud and slime of Chaos; one long, lazy, dreary puddle and wash of sedition.

We

We have him writing long letters to Mr. President Jefferson, showing that everything would be right if this country could be restored to the beautiful purity of constitution it enjoyed under the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy: then we have him engaged in a controversy about the horror of saying the 'monarchical,' whereas it ought to be the 'regal part of the constitution.' Next we find him, the moment the Spaniards roused themselves in 1808, sending out some dozen pamphlets of his own inditing, such as 'The Ægis,' 'Take your Choice,' &c., &c., to teach Señor Arguelles and his friends the proper method of defending the Peninsula, and the sort of political system best adapted, in the Major's opinion, for a country which the Major had never seen. Then comes the grand question, whether the cap of liberty did not, *melioribus annis*, form part of the insignia of Britannia on the copper coin of these realms, and the indignant demonstration, that unless the trident be banished and the cap restored, England is ruined. From halfpence the transition is easy to doubloons—the Major takes the field in Peru even before the Abbé de Pradt: the South Americans—the Neapolitans—the Piedmontese—the Greeks—all partake in the paternal care of the Major: he draws up *constitutions* for each and all of them; the cause of universal suffrage and universal insurrection, all the world over, is his motto. He was a complete Quixote; but his sombre and unrelieved absurdities have already sunk into laughterless night—*caruit quia Sancho Panza.*

Our bane and antidote are both before us; and it is our own fault if we linger over the poison, however diluted, of Major Cartwright, when we have before us a table richly spread with the most wholesome viands by the careful and conscientious hands of his contemporary, Mr. Joseph Brasbridge, silversmith in London.

Many distinguished authors have, in former times, arisen among the citizens of Augusta Trinobantum; but only two of them, that we know of, have embellished the field of autobiography; and these, being booksellers by trade, occupied so much of their memoirs with the books and authors of their respective eras, that little room was left for the display of the peculiar manners and customs of their own natural compeers in the city. The keen eye of Mr. Brasbridge detected the blank thus left in our literature: he was resolved that we should no longer be constrained to take all our notions of the domestic life and economy of the regions east of Temple-bar from the fallacious authority of novelists and playwrights; and hence the goodly volume entitled 'Fruits of Experience.' The author writes in his eightieth year, so that his experience has been ample; and those who have not hitherto met with this performance will thank us for affording them a few specimens of its fruits.

Mr.

Mr. Brasbridge is to be commended for the modesty of his title-page: he does not, like the inferior autobiographer we began with, profess to write his 'Life and Times.' Our author is above such silly vanity—he knows well that the world would have stood very much where it does although he had never sold silver forks in Fleet-street, and therefore that he is by no means entitled to give name to his age. He calls his book 'Fruits of Experience;' and we must say that we have doubts whether anybody under the rank of a field-marshal or a minister of state can have any right to promise more, when he sets about publishing his reminiscences. The only legitimate object of the private autobiographer is to give the public the cream of his personal experience; and a fair enough test by which to try the merits of any work of this class is afforded, if we extract from it, in the form of simple propositions, the moral and intellectual lessons it contains, and compare their importance, when thus distinctly presented to the mind's eye, with the quantity of matter from which they have been sifted. The tree is known by its fruit.

To apply this test: what are the fruits of Mr. Frederick Reynolds's experience?—We have taken the trouble to shake his branches well, and have gathered only two 'apples of wisdom;' to wit, first, that in the present state of the English drama it requires nothing but a beggarly account of empty jokes, and a disgusting familiarity with the green-room and the individuals who adorn its society, to be a highly-successful dramatist; secondly, that, even on these terms, dramatic success is worthy of the ambition of no man who can attain it. Mr. Reynolds, 'the Congreve of his time,' as we have somewhere had the pleasure to see him styled, spent his whole existence on the business of the drama. Besides writing from two to three scores of dramatic masterpieces, he was for years what is called technically 'maid-of-all-work,' or 'thinker,' (we borrow these terms from his own book,) *i. e.* universal furbisher, botcher, and grinder, to the great theatre of Covent Garden; and yet, it seems that, in forty years, he made exactly 19,000*l.*, not quite 500*l.* per annum. A very pretty fellow—such as numerous well-executed line-engravings and mezzotintos, now in the shop-windows of St. James's parish, show Mr. Reynolds to have been—with a light heart, a good temper, and a considerable stock of Joe-Millers, could scarcely, we think, have failed to clear more money in this space of time in any other line of life.

As for Mr. Cradock, his fruits, if they ever had any juice or flavour at all in them, have not fallen until they had had leisure to become quite shrivelled and exsuccous, and we do not think they will answer for preserves. Major Cartwright's crop is much in the same state generally: but there are exceptions to the rule

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in his case; and let the English gentleman, who after this devotes his life to the flattery of the mob, and the English *oftener-if-need-be-or*, who after this expects serious friendship or substantial aid from the Whigs, blame not the hoary Major, but their green selves, for disappointments which they might have avoided had they condescended to derive benefit from any experience but their own.

But these are poor and scanty gleanings, and we return with satisfaction to the rich harvest of our fifth autobiography; one so luxuriously redundant that we must here altogether reverse our process, and instead of painfully eliciting two or three vapid enough edibles from amidst a whole valley of dry leaves, do our endeavour to select, from an overflowing cornucopia, such a handful of specimens as may inspire something like a proper notion of the wealth of the moral Pomona of Fleet-market.

Of the great and leading maxims, then, of Mr. Joseph Brasbridge, the following appear to be among the most valuable in themselves, and to have therefore received the author's most anxious enforcement and illustration: namely,

I. '*Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you*;' he also gives this golden saying, and we give it after him, in the edition of 'the late Mr. Goodwin of St. Paul's Church-yard, woollen draper, whose constant salutation when he first came down stairs in the morning was, "Good morrow, Mr. Shop; you'll take care of me, Mr. Shop, and I'll take care of you, Mr. Shop."' (p. 47.) And he illustrates his *dictum* in two several ways: first, by enumerating a vast number of instances of successful adherence to the counter; and then by a fair, a manly, and, we may indeed say, a magnanimous history of the seductions which led himself to neglect his shop in the early part of his life—and the consequences of the said neglect; viz., first, bankruptcy, or the shutting of his shop; and, secondly, after obtaining a discharge, the affliction of witnessing, from a smaller tenement over the way, the prosperity of a man of no genius, and of the name of Smith, who had got possession of the old premises, and 'most jesuitically,' as this sound Protestant silversmith observes, painted '*Smith, late Brasbridge*,' over the door, in such a manner, that while the *Smith* and the *late* were scarcely discernible amidst the wilful obscurities of German text and writing-master flourishes, the eye of the spoon-buying passenger was at once caught and detained by the large and stately Roman capitals of the BRASBRIDGE.

II. *Advertise frequently*, particularly in the St. James's Chronicle, 'which is read by all the clergy, from the humblest curate up to the Archbishop of Canterbury' (p. 50); but do not, if you be a young silversmith, trust to your own skill in drawing up the advertisements;

vertisements; take care, on the contrary, to "*secure the regular assistance,*" *in this department, of some* "*elegant writer*" *or* "*admired preacher;*" ' (p. 51.) and above all, *avoid gross exaggeration.*

'As to pretending to supply goods of equal quality ten per cent. cheaper than any other house will do, or to plate with a solidity equal to silver itself, when all the world knows that there never was any plating used of the thickness of gold-beater's skin, it carries such falsehood on the face of it, as would effectually set me on my guard against any person who might promulgate it; for I have made one observation throughout life, which has never deceived me, and that is, that he who will tell one lie will tell a thousand, whenever interest or inclination may tempt him so to do.'—*Fruits of Experience*, p. 52.

It is too true, adds our candid author, that I once 'knew a man who made his fortune by advertising a strop that was capable alike of taking a notch out of a scythe, and giving an edge to the finest razor;' but, for the general rule, here, as elsewhere, honesty, or something like honesty, is the best policy.

III. *If you discover that your apprentice has a fine voice, turn him off instantly.* This is a sweeping law; but we must say the case of Mr. William Ashforth and his 'most sweet breast' is a strong one.—'I took care,' says Mr. Brasbridge, 'to give him good advice respecting that dangerous *though* social gift, exhorting him, above all, to confine his display of it to domestic circles—

'"There," said I to him, "you may make it the instrument not only of gratification to your friends, but also of advancement to yourself. *A young man who can sing as you do may marry any woman he wishes for.*'—

(This is even stronger than Swift's—

'A blockhead of melodious voice
In boarding-schools may take his choice.')

'You may court her in the presence of all her family, for none of them will interrupt your song, and you may always make choice of one applicable to your own feelings. You can sing to her in the evening, whisper to her in the morning, and in a month you may take her to church, and your fortune is made. But if you mingle with gay associates, they will only get into your debt, when you go into business for yourself, and bring you into poverty and disgrace." He often thanked me for my admonitions, but they proved of little avail in influencing his conduct. His expenses gradually increased; he slept at his father's; I had, therefore, no control over him after the business of the day was ended; and I found afterwards that his Sunday dinners at the Crown and Anchor tavern cost him a guinea a time. *He spent twenty shillings in one evening, for old hock.* He subscribed to many different assemblies; kept an expensive lady, and a fine horse; had his letters

letters addressed, as well became so fashionable a gentleman, "William Ashforth, Esq." and gave his copper-plate card, "98, Fleet-street"! All this time he had the complete run of my house; my confidence was unlimited, and he had *the entire care of the cash*'.—pp. 75, 76.

The result may be guessed.

IV. *If you are burdened with a large family, send out two or three sons to India as cadets, or, better still, civil servants* (p. 7). True, replies the admonished silversmith; but how shall I get them their appointments? I have no interest either with Mr. Wynn, or Mr. Astell. Be of good cheer, rejoins Mr. Brasbridge, and listen to the story of Mr. Jones, a Leicestershire gentleman, long resident in the immediate neighbourhood of 'High-flyer Hall, the seat of my old friend Mr. Tattersall, grandfather of the present well-known and highly-respectable gentleman of that name.' (p. 4.) This story will give a fair notion of Mr. B.'s narrative style:—

'This same Mr. Jones came up to London with a son for whom he wished to provide, and who was himself bent on going out to India. They put up at the Black Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate-street. The next morning, Mr. Jones walked into Leadenhall-street, and seeing a throng of carriages, was tempted to inquire by what power of attraction they were all drawn together in that point. He was informed that a meeting of directors was held that day at the India House; on hearing which, he returned to his inn, and wrote the following letter to the honourable Board:— : "Gentlemen,—I have a parcel of fine boys, but not much cash to provide for them. I had intended my eldest son for the church, but I find he is more likely to kick a church down than support it. I sent him to the university, but he could not submit himself to the college rules; and, on being reproved by his tutors, he took it up in the light of an affair of honour, and threatened to call them to account for it. All my plans for his welfare being thus disconcerted, I asked him if he had formed any for himself; he replied, he meant to go to India. I then inquired if he had any interest; at which question he looked somewhat foolish, and replied in the negative. Now, gentlemen, I know no more of you than you do of me. I therefore may appear to you not much wiser than my son. I can only say that he is of Welsh extraction for many generations, and, as my first-born, I flatter myself, has not degenerated. He is six feet high, of an athletic make, and bold and intrepid as a lion. If you like to see him, I will equip him as a gentleman, and, I am, Gentlemen," &c. This letter did more for the young man than any studied epistle would have done: it created a sudden and simultaneous feeling among the Directors, under the influence of which he was sent out by them as a cadet. . . . I called, since the second edition of these Memoirs went to press, *on General Sir Saukville Brown, in Gloucester-place.* He received me with his usual kindness, and thanked me for the pleasure I had given both him and *his daughter, Mrs. Dyer, a most beautiful*

beautiful and engaging woman, by my book. "I have reason," said she, "to remember Mr. Jones's letter to the East India Directors which you mention; for if, &c., &c.—*Fruits of Experience*, p. 7—10.

V. '*Never omit an opportunity of doing a good turn; it will always pay in the long run.*'—This Mr. Brasbridge illustrates by many cogent instances. He once found a gentleman at the door of the pit at Covent-Garden in a sad quandary, just rifled by a pickpocket in the crowd, and destitute of the three shillings necessary for his admission. The silversmith, perceiving that the person really was a gentleman, forced a loan of three shillings on him: the result—a visit in Fleet-street next day, repayment of the three shillings, and an order for a very handsome tea-pot. Another time, a gentleman, whom he had never seen before, comes into Mr. Brasbridge's shop for a pair of pinchbeck sleeve-buttons; our author had given up selling pinchbeck sleeve-buttons, but had one pair by accident remaining, and of this he insisted the gentleman should accept, as a present: result—an order for a fish-knife. The excellent policy of universal benevolence is further enforced by the example of a surgical friend of the autobiographer, who restored a hanged man to life. The resuscitated individual afterwards realized a handsome fortune in the United States of America; and when he died in good earnest, bequeathed the whole of it to the doctor. This is a striking picture; but Mr. Brasbridge is in all cases candid, and he fairly acknowledges that his own experience furnishes a *pendant* of darker colouring. Another doctor of his acquaintance, after having revived another gentleman from Tyburn, gave him a dinner, a shilling, and an old suit of clothes, and thought he had got rid of him; but he was mistaken. The hanged man haunted him for many years after, knocked periodically at his door, was unwearied in the composition of twopenny-post letters, &c. &c., until the poor doctor was obliged to have him summoned to Bow-street; where the fellow (who seems to have been in more senses than one a dangler of the law) had the coolness to say, that the surgeon had got his body for the purpose, not of revivification, but of dissection; and that, having chosen to force life upon a person who had fairly and legitimately got rid of that burden, it was obvious he stood *quasi in loco parentis*, and ought, on every principle of equity, to be compelled to *aliment* him. This is a nice case for the casuists; but Mr. Brasbridge, not being himself a casuist, nor, what is perhaps more to the point, a surgeon, gives his voice potential in favour, upon the whole, of resurrection.

VI. '*Honour the King.*'—This is a precept to which Mr. Brasbridge is never weary of recurring. He has a rooted hatred for the names of Wilkes, Buonaparte, and Waithman, and has filled many serious, perhaps rather too serious, pages with his vituperation of

them all. He may be forgiven, living all his days in Fleet-street, for having considerably exaggerated the importance of one of the three; and now that the other two are dead and buried, he might perhaps have done well to let them slumber in peace. But these are minor matters.

We quote the following from his chapter on the king's going to St. Paul's to give thanks for his recovery—'One,' justly says Mr. Brasbridge, 'of the proudest days of MY LIFE.'

'Great credit was due to the late Alderman Hammerton on this occasion: he caused the streets to be strewn with gravel at his own expense; and a very *appropriate compliment it was from a paviour, who had literally paved a great part of them with his own hands;* another example to my young readers of the opulence and consequence which even the humblest occupations may arrive at by industry and frugality. He likewise acquitted himself with much propriety on meeting the king; as did also his brother aldermen, who, with the precaution of a marshalman on each side of them, sat their horses with surprising security, and dismounted, or, as some better skilled in equestrian exercises termed it, rolled off, with proper respect, in the right nick of time; though they most likely felt somewhat more at home when they were safely seated in Guildhall, with their napkins under their chins, and the grace just beginning. *On this glorious day my house was filled from the shop to the attics, and even the tiling was covered. I had a pipe of wine for the occasion, and six gallons of cherry-bounce for the outside visiters; with store of hams, fillets of veal, and rounds of beef, and eighteen quartern loaves for sandwiches; whilst of tea, coffee, chocolate, and Leman's biscuits, I do not suppose any coffee-house in London on that day dispatched a greater proportion.* The whole front of my house was fitted up like a theatre, tier above tier, each graced with no inconsiderable share of beauty and elegance; but my *chiefest ornament was Mrs. Aylmer, the wife of a captain in the royal navy;* whose perfect beauty of features and graceful symmetry of form attracted the notice of our present beloved monarch, at that time Prince of Wales; as he looked up to the windows, and gazed on her with all the admiration which not his bitterest enemies could ever accuse him of withholding from the fair sex. Among my invited guests were Mrs. Evans and her daughter. I did not invite Mr. Evans, because I did not wish any one to be of the party but such as I knew would really rejoice. Mr. Evans, however, took it in dudgeon that he was left out, and would not suffer his wife or daughter to come; by which means I saved two places. Evans was a good-natured little fellow; but his head was turned with the reforming mania.'—*Fruits of Experience*, p. 221—225.

The seventh and last maxim of Brasbridge is as follows:—

'The parish church, according to my old-fashioned notions, is the fittest place for every person to be found in on a Sunday; for as to running about from one place of worship to another, without a right

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to a seat in any, I have ever regarded it as a species of spiritual poaching; and the haunts of methodism I should never trouble with my presence at all, thinking with my old friend Cosens, that whatever it may be to the multitude, it is not, to say the least of it, the religion of a *gentleman*.'—*Fruits of Experience*, pp. 294, 295.

This gentleman was, as we have already hinted, a very different sort of person in his early years, and not a few of his readers will linger with the highest pleasure, we dare say, over the pages in which he transmits to posterity the picture of the long-repented vagaries of his youth. In these days, the venerable historian makes no scruple to confess he was a free-thinker both in religion and politics, and what he himself considers as the necessary consequence, in a man of his temperament, a very free liver. He seems, in truth, to have belonged to so many clubs, that if he attended each of them once a month, he could not possibly spend a single evening at his own fire-side. There was, for example, the Highflyer Club, of which old Mr. Tattersall, 'a kind-hearted and cheerful man,' 'originally an hostler,' was president, while the principal wits, (next to Brasbridge himself, we suppose,) were 'Whitfield, the comedian, commonly called T. B. (that is—T'other Bottle) Whitfield;' Mr. Colburn, of the Treasury, whose very looks inspired cheerfulness and good humour;' 'Bob Tetherington, as merry a fellow as ever sat in a chair;' and 'Owen, the confectioner, a gentlemanly man, of considerable accomplishment and talent.' (p. 16.) This was a gambling club, all the members being fond of the turf, and frequent visiters at Squire Tattersall's sporting box in Leicestershire. There was a second—a card-club, at the Crown and Rolls, Chancery-lane, where the great attraction seems to have been 'Equity Hawkins,' a 'spatterdash-maker,' so designated from having his shop at the door of Lincoln's Inn. A third assembly congregated at 'the Globe, in Fleet-street!'—and here shone pre-eminent over his pipe and pot, 'Archibald Hamilton, the printer, *with a mind fit for a Lord Chancellor*' (p. 39). Mr. Deputy Thorpe, the keeper of this classical tavern, seems to have been himself a wit of no small standing (p. 41); but the Momus of the Globe was 'the gay and fascinating Mr. John Morgan.' (p. 44.)

'He,' says our historian, 'was, without exception, the best companion I ever knew. One night in particular, he was so irresistibly droll, that Mr. Woodmarston, the stock-broker, presented the ludicrous spectacle of a man of six feet high rolling about on the floor with his arms a-kimbo, to keep himself together, as he said, for that he was certain otherwise he should break a blood-vessel, that fellow Morgan made him laugh so much.'—*Fruits of Experience*, p. 46.

There was, moreover, 'the Sixpenny,' held at 'the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard,' (p. 46.) As also 'the Political,

litical,' at the Cider-cellar, in 'Maiden-lane;' but above all, 'The Free and Easy under the Rose,' which assembled at the Horn.

It was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing behind a chair with a napkin under his arm; but arriving at the dignity of alderman, tucking in the calipash and calipee himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business.'—*Fruits of Experience*, p. 59.

The members of the last-named association were called 'buds of the rose,' and had a button which might have pleased Anacreon. But for the full and particular history of all these festive haunts, as also of those who frequented them, and of their sons, wives, daughters, cousins, and, above all, *customers*, we must refer the curious reader to Mr. Brasbridge's own chronicle. We have never had the pleasure of seeing the author personally, but if we may judge from the portrait engraved at the beginning of his book, he is one of the most comely and healthy, as well as loyal and contented of octogenarian literati.

So much for five of these ten autobiographical worthies. One word more, and we conclude.

Few great men—none of the very highest order—have chosen to paint otherwise than indirectly, and through the shadows of imaginary forms, the secret workings of their own minds; nor is it likely that genius will ever be found altogether divested of this proud modesty, unless in the melancholy case of its being tinged, as in Rousseau, with insanity. There was, therefore, little danger of our having too much autobiography, as long as no book had much chance of popularity which was not written with some considerable portion of talent, or at least by a person of some considerable celebrity in one way or another. But the circle of readers has widened strangely in these times; and while an overwhelming preponderance of vulgarity among them tempts one class of writers to the use of materials which, in elder times, they would have held themselves far above; a still more disgusting effect is, that it emboldens beings who, at any period, would have been mean and base in all their objects and desires, to demand with hardihood the attention and the sympathy of mankind, for thoughts and deeds that, in any period but the present, must have been as obscure as dirty. The mania for this garbage of Confessions, and Recollections, and Reminiscences, and Aniliana, 'is indeed a vile symptom.' It seems as if the ear of that grand impersonation, 'the Reading Public,' had become as filthily prurient as that of an eaves-dropping lackey.

If this voluntary degradation be persisted in, the effects of it will, ere long, be visible elsewhere than in literature. An universal spirit

spirit of suspicion will overspread the intercourse of society, and no class of persons will suffer more, than those who found easy access in former days to circles much above their station, in virtue of the general belief, that their garrulity was not at least the veil of a calculating curiosity, and that, however poor their wit might be, they were capable of receiving kindness and condescension, without any notions of turning a penny by the systematic record of privacies too generously exposed.

If any ridicule could terminate this abomination, the autobiographical silversmith would supply it: he has put parody out of the question. But the nuisance has gone far beyond a jest. None can hope to guard against the treachery deep-working and slow—the *odia in longum cocta*, of a Horace Walpole; but people have themselves to blame, if their feelings, or those of their children after them, are outraged in consequence of the levity with which they admitted the companionship, on any terms, of farce-wrights and professional buffoons.

ART. VII.—*Dartmoor; a Descriptive Poem.* By N. I. Carrington, author of the Banks of the Tamar. With a *Preface and Notes*, by W. Burt, Esq., Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth; and Eight Vignettes and Four Views, illustrative of Scenery, drawn and etched by P. H. Rogers, Esq., Plymouth. Hatchard. 1826.

THE subject of this poem is a district of singular interest, not only to the picturesque tourist, but to the naturalist and antiquary—we will not add, to the farmer or the political economist; for, notwithstanding all that is said as to its capability of being turned to the purposes of cultivation, and after all the attempts that have been made, and partially succeeded, towards redeeming Dartmoor from the sterility with which the hand of nature has stamped it, we hold it among the remotest of speculations, that the thin and scanty covering of peat earth with which its basis of primitive granite is far from completely invested, can ever be made, we will not say to reward the projector, but even to supply fuel for the rage of improvement.

We will not deny that our wish, if not the parent of our persuasion, is at least in some degree akin to it. The very vicinity of this desolate tract to some of the richest and most highly-cultivated land in the kingdom—the insularity of its position, surrounded on all sides by a region of smiling loveliness, on which it looks down frowning in stern and lonely retirement, ought, we cannot help thinking, to protect it against the thought of invasion or disturbance.

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The mention of 'railroads' can scarcely be pleasant to him who contemplates from the summit of one of its loftiest tors the distant prospect of civilisation beneath him, so strangely contrasted with the absolute seclusion of the spot from whence he surveys it. We feel as if separated by some impassable, though viewless barrier, from the habitable earth that lies spread out like a map before our eyes, and forget that it is possible, in the space of an hour or little more, to rejoin the world of which we seem to have taken our last farewell.

Dartmoor, in its general form and features, will not, by those whose impressions are formed from mountain-scenery, be allowed the praise of picturesque. When viewed from the north and north-west, from the borders of Exmoor to the promontory of Hartland, it forms a boundary to the distant horizon, which, from its continuity and gradual rise, approaches, if it does not quite reach, the character of magnificence; but, viewed from all other directions, it presents the aspect merely of 'an elevated table-land, broken into

'a number of hemispherical swellings, or undulations, gradually overtopping each other, and here and there interrupted by deep depressions, yet without forming what may be properly called distinct mountains. It is covered with black and brown peat, and crowned at intervals with tors; some rising like pillars or turrets, others composed of blocks piled together, others divided into horizontal or perpendicular strata, and others so symmetrically arranged as to resemble the ruins of ancient castles. Innumerable masses of stone, more or less rounded and smoothed, lie scattered over the general surface. To a person standing on some lofty point of the moor, it wears the appearance of an irregular broken waste, which may be best assimilated to the long, rolling waves of a tempestuous ocean, fixed into solidity by some instantaneous and powerful impulse. Even at a distance it has this billowy aspect, which, in every zone, according to Humboldt, is the characteristic of primitive chains.'

But what it wants in outline is amply compensated by the advantages it derives from various accidental features and appendages.

'The changeful hues of the moor, at different periods, are picturesque objects for many miles round. At one time the clouds creep up the acclivities, and envelope them in a white vapour, through which the sun breaks with difficulty. At another, their nakedness is exposed to the full glare of its beams. At another, light and shade either chequer the surface, or follow each other in rapid alternation. Mornings and evenings, they are of a deep blue colour; but when the snow mantles them with its fleecy skirt, they remind the spectator of the Apennines.'

To the poetical worshippers of nature, it possesses characteristics

istics far more valuable, and which raise far nobler emotions than the mere picturesque is capable of exciting.

'The roaring of torrents, after heavy rains, and when the wind favours its transmission, is sublime to a degree inconceivable by those who have never heard this impressive music in a wild and solitary district. It is occasionally louder by night than by day, which the peasants consider as a prognostic of rain, and often strikes the ear even at three miles' distance. This majestic sound applies to the rivers generally, when swollen and agitated, but the falls of Beckey and Lydford afford particular examples of it. De Luc, in his Geological Tour through England, gives a very picturesque account of the former. "A beautiful stream," he says, "was first seen to precipitate itself from above, and for some way to bound, divided, from block to block, often disappearing between them, and again issuing forth in several rills, which glided along their mossy surface, falling upon some of them in a sheet of water, with the alternate glittering and transparency of silver gauze; but this sheet was soon lost amongst the blocks, whence the stream repeatedly burst forth, and afterwards, flowing calmly for some distance, rushed precipitately down another slope."'

The numerous rivers and smaller streams which take their rise from the moor, and, in their respective courses to the English and Bristol Channels, intersect the whole county westward of the Exe, and assign to it its most lovely and most distinguishing character, are equally beautiful and diversified, in the wilder features which mark their source and progress through the parent district, and in the softer scenes of valley and woodland which accompany them downwards to the sea. The principal are the Dart and Teign, whose direction is to the east and south-east; the Tavy and Plym, to the south-west; and the Taw, to the northward. They have all their source out of or near a lake called Cranmere Pool, which itself constitutes one of the principal curiosities of the district. It is situated

'on the top of a high hill, never known to be dry, and consisting of morass, or red bog and rushes, which, in process of time, have so accumulated as to rise forty or fifty feet above the natural level. It is of an oblong form, about one hundred and fifty feet in length, by eighty broad, the water appearing to issue from a bed of gravel beneath the peat, which is here peculiarly excellent and abundant, although, from its remoteness, but little used. The precise site is difficult to be found, even by those who have before visited it, and it cannot be approached, without precaution, by man or horse, except in summer, when the ground, for a narrow space, is more solid than the rest. In the vicinity of the pool are quaking bogs. Some of the moor rivers are thought to have their immediate sources in the pool, but this is not precisely the fact. One only is so circumstanced. The others flow, in opposite directions, from the surrounding morass; but as the water with which it

it is saturated is the produce of the pool itself, these particular rivers may be indirectly said to originate there, thus achieving what by many has been considered a physical impossibility. De Luc observes, that Cranmere, means the place (sea, or lake) of cranes, and it is possible that at one time these birds resorted to it. Wild ducks now make it their haunt in the winter-season. In Provence there is a place of the same name, and nearly of the same description.'*

Of the rivers above-mentioned, that which is the most considerable gives its name to the moor; and there is, perhaps, no other stream in the island which, within the same distance, exhibits so extraordinary a variety of river-beauties, from the wild rocky torrent to the sweet woodland brook, the clear, broad, pastoral water, and lastly the deep-indented, rock-bound harbour, in which form it closes its career. The exquisite scenery of Holne Chase, and that romantic neighbourhood, belong to its earlier character; the deep woods and old baronial hall of Dartington to its second or middle course; while the downward sail from Totnes to Dartmouth Castle is, perhaps, unrivalled for the charms of its later and more familiar description.

The Teign, the Taw, the Tavy, and the Tamar, are next in importance, and the banks of them all are rich in scenes of loveliness and grandeur, and in haughty recollections. The streams of inferior rank it is not for us to enumerate; yet we cannot pass unnoticed the Ock, or Ockment, which glides by one of the most interesting of our monuments of old baronial power, the proud stronghold of the Redverses, the De Fortibuses, and the Courtenays.—Okehampton Castle; nor the Lid which, rolling amidst rocks, and bursting through caverns of the most gloomy and terrible grandeur, visits in its course the old Norman keep of another castle, the once dreaded resort of oppression and cruelty, measured out under the name of justice, by the Lords of the Stannaries—a jurisdiction which still continues to be administered, though stripped of its odious and tyrannical attributes, and transferred from the damp and cheerless dungeon of Lidford to the far less formidable precincts of a comfortable inn-room at Tavistock.

The rivers and smaller streams of Dartmoor which are honoured with distinct appellations, amount to fifty-three in number: the nameless brooks and rivulets cannot be counted; and of bridges kept

* The passages above-marked as quotation, with some others which follow, have been selected from the very valuable notes appended to the poem, which might have furnished us with many more of equal or superior merit. They comprise, in the whole, a more faithful and graphical delineation of the moor, its principal features, and remarkable productions, than any account we have before met with; and it is only to be regretted that, owing to the nature of the service which they were designed to perform, they are presented to the reader in so disjointed a shape. It is with sincere grief we add that, while this sheet is passing through the press, a report has reached us that their ingenious author (Mr. Burt) is no more.

in

in repair at the county expense, at least one hundred and twenty, all within a district only twenty miles long, by ten wide, the computed extent of the forest and its purlieus.

Next to the rivers, or rather first in rank, as the peculiar characteristic of the district, the Tors, or insulated rocks of granite with which the surface of the Moor is thickly studded, claim attention; but to specify these would be no more than drily to enumerate, unless we had space for the delineation of their individual features. Amidst these, however, Crockern Tor demands pre-eminence, on account of its being the ancient seat of the Stannary parliament, which was held by our rude forefathers on its summit, without any canopy but that of the heavens, and with the bare rock for the bench, the seats, and the tables; Brent Tor, on account of its remarkable church dedicated to St. Michael, and by tradition asserted to have been built as a votive offering for preservation from shipwreck; and Hey, or High Tor, for its picturesque grandeur, 'consisting of a double peak, or two large but separate obelisks, with steps cut for ascending each, rearing themselves aloft to some height above the summit of a lofty ridge, and embracing a most sublime, yet diversified, view of heaths, woods, rocks, meadows, rivers, towns, villages, the sea off Teignmouth, and the coast as far as the cliffs of Dorset.'

We have confined ourselves to a brief and hasty survey of the Moor in its external features only, and must leave to other persons and seasons the disquisition, however interesting, respecting its claim to the appellation of 'forest,' of which, in its ordinary acceptation, scarcely a trace now remains, unless in 'the solitary relic' which our descriptive poet has characterised as

'The lonely wood of Wistman;'

an assemblage of twisted roots and branches,

'consisting of scrubbed decrepit trees, chiefly oaks, which by various causes have been reduced to uncouth misshapen dwarfs, none exceeding seven feet in height, but whose circumference is great in proportion. The granitic nature of the soil, if it can be so called, will not permit the stunted roots either to spread or to entwine; and, of those which administer to the nourishment of the trees, some are scarcely below the soil, and others, totally exposed on the dry surface of the rocks, depend alone on the rain and air. Their boughs and branches are tangled with moss, thorns, brambles, and other parasites, the seeds of which, being conveyed thither by birds, have found a strange but convenient nidus. A solitude, so cheerless and forbidding, is seldom visited, except by the hare and fox. In spring and summer a little green may betray itself in foliage; but whoever has the melancholy satisfaction, at any time, of viewing it, must subscribe to the truth of Wordsworth's lines—

'I look'd upon the scene both far and near;
More doleful place did never eye survey,
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
Or nature here was willing to decay.'

Still

Still less can we afford to dwell on the various and intricate speculations which have been grafted on the remains, whether of dubious or of undeniable British antiquity, with which the region is covered; on its Roman stations and roads; its Norman perambulations and boundaries; its peculiar laws, customs, privileges, and tenures; or the catalogue of its feudal lords and vassals since the conquest: nor shall we allow space for a catalogue of its heaths, mosses, and lichens, of its numerous plants, or of its fossils and minerals. Our object has been to avail ourselves of the occasion afforded by a very pleasing and patriotically-spirited publication, to remind our touring readers, that it is not necessary to cross the Channel, or even the Tweed, for the gratification of the most laudable, the most enduring, or the most insatiable curiosity; and that there is food enough, in the circumference of ten miles by twenty, in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the most populous and frequented ports of this kingdom, for a long life of inquiry and investigation. We trust that, in this point of view, we may even have done some service, by the imperfect sketch which we have drawn from our recollection, aided by the very clever and sensible notes already so often referred to; but we must not forget the poet himself in the ardour of a pursuit into which his commentator has led us.

The poem opens with the following apostrophe:—

'Lovely Devonia! land of flowers and songs!
To thee the duteous lay. Thou hast a cloud
For ever in thy sky—a breeze, a shower,
For ever on thy meads;—yet where shall man,
Pursuing Spring around the globe, refresh
His eye with scenes more beauteous than adorn
Thy fields of matchless verdûre? Not the south,
The glowing south—with all its azure skies,
And aromatic groves, and fruits that melt
At the rapt touch, and deep-hued flowers that light
Their tints at zenith suns—has charms like thine,
Though fresh the gale that ruffles thy wild seas,
And wafts the frequent cloud. I own the power
Of local sympathy, that o'er the fair
Throws more divine allurement, and o'er all
The great more grandeur; and my kindling muse,
Fired by the universal passion, pours
Haply a partial lay. Forgive the strain
Enamour'd; for to man, in every clime,
The sweetest, dearest, noblest spot below,
Is that which gives him birth; and long it wears
A charm unbroken, and its honour'd name,
Hallow'd by memory, is fondly breathed
With his last lingering sigh.'—pp. 3, 4.

It

It then proceeds, in lines no less harmonious,—and to write such blank verse is, in these days, of itself no mean praise—to render homage to some of the more peculiar features of that beautiful county, and afterwards, by an easy and natural transition, recurs to the poet's own condition—(that of a humble *schoolmaster*)—and his favourite topic—the rare and dear-bought enjoyment of '*a summer holiday.*' But the short space we can afford for extracts shall be devoted to a few passages descriptive of the most striking scenes we have already noticed:—

'Dartmoor! thou wast to me, in childhood's hour,
A wild and wondrous region. Day by day,
Arose upon my youthful eye thy belt
Of hills, mysterious, shadowy, clasping all
The green and cheerful landscape sweetly spread
Around my home, and with a stern delight
I gazed on thee. How often on the speech
Of the half-savage peasant have I hung,
To hear of rock-crown'd heights on which the cloud
For ever rests; and wilds stupendous, swept
By mightiest storms;—of glen, and gorge, and cliff
Terrific, beetling o'er the stone-strew'd vale;
And giant masses, by the midnight flash
Struck from the mountain's giant brow, and hurl'd
Into the foaming torrent;—and of forms
That rose amid the desert, rudely shaped
By superstition's hands when time was young;
And of the dead—the warrior dead—who sleep
Beneath the hallow'd cairn.'.

'I thought on thy wild world—to me a world,—
Mysterious Dartmoor, dimly seen, and prized
For being distant.'.

'. In midnight and in shade,
Repose and storm—wide waste! I since have trod
Thy hill and dale magnificent. Again
I seek thy solitudes profound, in this
Thy hour of deep tranquillity, when rests
The sun-beam on thee, and thy desert seems
To sleep in the unwonted brightness—calm
But stern:—for, though the spirit of the spring
Breathes on thee, to the charmer's whisper kind
Thou listenest not, nor ever puttest on
A robe of beauty, as the fields that bud
And blossom near thee. Yet I love to tread
Thy central wastes, when not a sound intrudes
Upon the ear, but rush of wing, or leap
Of the hoarse water-fall. And O, 'tis sweet

To

To list the music of thy torrent-streams;
For thou too hast thy minstrelsies for him
Who from their liberal mountain-urn delights
To trace thy waters, as from source to sea
They rush tumultuous. Yet for other fields
Thy bounty flows eternal. From thy sides
Devonia's rivers flow; a thousand brooks
Roll o'er thy rugged slopes. 'Tis but to cheer
Yon Austral meads unrivall'd, fair as aught
That bards have sung, or Fancy has conceived
'Mid all her rich imaginings. Whilst thou,
The source of half their beauty, wearest still
Through centuries, upon thy blasted brow,
The *curse* of barrenness.'

We shall not follow the minstrel (whose sentiments on this part of his subject are little in unison with the feelings which inspired him to sing) in either deprecating this *curse*, or anticipating the *blessings* which we would fain believe him too sanguine in expecting to flow from the spirit of equalising improvement. But we gladly turn from these thoughts to such scenes as follow:—

'Nor waving crops, nor leaf, nor flowers adorn
Thy sides, deserted Crockern! Over thee
The winds have ever held dominion. Thou
Art still their heritage, and fierce they sweep
Thy solitary hill, what time the storm
Howls o'er the shrinking moor. The scowling gales
This moment slumber, and a dreary calm
Prevails—the calm of Death. The listless eye
Turns from thy utter loneliness. Yet Man,
In days long flown, upon the mount's high crest
Has braved the highland gale, and made the rocks
Re-echo with his voice. Not always thus
Has hover'd, Crockern, o'er thy leafless scalp
The silence and the solitude that now
Oppresses the crush'd spirit; for I stand
Where once the fathers of the forest held
(An iron race!) the Parliament that gave
The forest law. Ye legislators, nursed
In lap of modern luxury, revere
The venerable spot, where, simply clad,
And breathing mountain-breezes, sternly sat
The hardy mountain-council. O'er them bent
No other dome but that in which the cloud
Sails—the blue dome of Heav'n. The ivy hung
Its festoons round the Tor, and at the foot
Of that rude fabric—piled by nature—bloom'd
The heath-flower. Still the naked hill uprears,
Sublime, its granite pyramid, and while

The

The statue, and the column, and the fane
Superb, in fairer climes, have strew'd the earth
With beauteous ruin,—the enduring Tor,
Baffling the elements and fate, remains—
Claiming our reverence—that proudly tower'd
Of old, above the senate of the moor.'

The following lines are highly vigorous and picturesque—

'Fierce, frequent, sudden, is the Moorland storm;
And oft, deep shelter'd in the stream-fed vales,
The swain beholds upon the lessening tor
The heavens descend in gloom; till, mass on mass
Accumulated, all the mighty womb
Of vapour bursts tremendous. Loud resounds
The torrent rain, and down the gutter'd slopes
Rush the resistless waters. Then the leap
Of headlong cataract is heard, and roar
Of rivers struggling o'er their granite beds.
—Nor these alone—the giant tempest pass'd,
A thousand brooks their liquid voices lift
Melodiously, and through the smiling land
Rejoicing roll.'

We shall close with a night-piece—

'. Night her ancient reign
Holds o'er the silent earth. Ye forms sublime,
Adieu! that people the great moor;—the tor,
The hallow'd cairn, the everlasting rocks,
Moulded by time into a million shapes
Of beauty and of grandeur:—and adieu!
Ye voices that upon the wanderer's ear
Ever refreshing come;—the flow of rill,
And music of the cataract, and leap
Of mountain-stream, and sigh of mountain-breeze,
And, scared by the intruder man, the rush
Of the wild bird. The raptur'd day is o'er;
—The morn of high anticipation, ndon
Of rich fruition, and the tender eve—
All vanish'd! Sweetly falls the lunar ray
Upon my homeward path—enchanting home!—
Though seated in that noisy world, whose voice
Again I hear; for harshly on the breeze
The thunder of the cannon comes*, No more,
—O that no more upon my ear might roll
Its far-resounding peal. Be mine of groves
The soothing minstrelsies,—of hill and dale,
That silence which the brook—the bird—alone
Melodious break.—That calm, that sacred joy,

* 'The evening gun fired in Hamoaze.'

Those

Those harmonies divine, at morn, noon, eve,
Have blessed my moorland pilgrimage. But soon
Shall dawn the dreary morrow;—soon the toils,
The cares, the ills of life, with scarcely Hope
To brighten the involving gloom, shall scare
My spirit, and awake the frequent sigh
For scenes so fair, so grand, and moments bright
As cheer'd to-day my varied course. Ah when
The happy hour shall Fate relenting bring,
Of sunshine, peace, and liberty again?'

We sincerely wish that the notice here taken of a poem which deserves not to be neglected, may be attended with the consequence of adding to the frequency of those opportunities of pure and sublime enjoyment, of which the author knows so well to avail himself.

This respectable man is a poor schoolmaster, with a large family, which he has to support by incessant toil in a painful vocation; and it is no small merit to have done what he has already done under such circumstances. But we hope he will do more,—and better still. He has by no means exhausted his beloved *Moor*. It will amply reward the task of interweaving with many a superstitious legend, and many an historical record. Let him ascend to the Druidical æra, and people with the creations of his fancy the old metropolis of Grimspound; or, if contented to soar to a less dizzy height, and one beneath the clouds, let him choose the period when the river Exe formed the boundary between the Saxon and British nations, and Dartmoor constituted an impassable frontier for the protection of the latter. Even the wanderings of the abandoned Gaveston, whom tradition relates to have secreted himself for a time among the impenetrable fastnesses of this, his ancient feudal dominion, might furnish a groundwork of romance, which the author of 'Marmion' would not have disdained to appropriate. Then, for supernatural machinery—not only has every cavern its troop of indigenous pixies, whose gambols are still occasionally witnessed by the benighted peasant, but the white-breasted bird, the harbinger of death to the family of Oxenham, is a true proprietor of the soil, and worthy to be classed among its guardian divinities.

But we have done, and now leave the poet to follow or not our suggestions as he may best be inclined—only, for gentle pity's sake, no more of forges and hammers, of steam-engines and railways; and leave the corporation of Plymouth to twine the 'civic wreath,' upon the present occasion, for Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt.

ART. VIII.—*Collective Works of the late* Dr. Sayers; *to which have been prefixed some Biographic Particulars.* By William Taylor, of Norwich. 2 vols. Norwich. 1823.

TO many of our younger readers, in an age when every season brings with it its shoal of poets, the name of Sayers may, perhaps, be unknown, as being out of date; but it is known to their elders—it is known on the continent—and will be known by posterity. In the course of Fame, the race is not to the swift, but to the strong.

Few poets have been so fortunate as Dr. Sayers in their biographer; seldom, indeed, if ever, have we seen the life of an author written with such intimate knowledge, such affectionate attachment; and, at the same time, with so much discrimination, and such perfect candour. But it is no advantage to the reviewer when every thing in the narrative which he has to follow is said so well, that he can neither compress it to advantage, nor translate it into his own words without injury. We may, however, in the present instance, allow ourselves a wider range, and by connecting the life of Dr. Sayers with the literature of his time, contribute something towards the history of English poetry.

'Frank, the son of Francis Sayers, and Ann, his wife, was born in London, on the 3d of March, 1763.' His father was a native of Great Yarmouth, who had settled in London as an insurance-broker, and superintended shipping concerns for his Yarmouth connexions. His mother's name was Morris; she also was born at Great Yarmouth, but of Welsh extraction; and the son, who had the feelings of an antiquary, as well as of a poet, pleased himself with thinking that his pedigree might be traced to Rhys-ap-Tewdwr Mawr, prince of South Wales, and so up, through the heroes of Welsh history, into the age of fable and romance. Mr. Sayers was a man of fine person, wit, gaiety, and talent, 'fond of singing a good song, and of prolonging to a late hour the pleasures of the evening table.' His patrimony was slender, and he was supposed to have been a more welcome suitor to Miss Morris than to her parents. He died a few months after the birth of his only child; and the widow, not being left in easy circumstances, returned with her infant to Yarmouth, and there resided with her father, at his house, in Friar's-lane. 'It was a stately, old-fashioned mansion, surrounding three sides of a gloomy court; the hall was floored with chequered marble; the large parlour was wainscoted with cedar, and a spacious staircase of shallow steps led up to the drawing-room, which was a long narrow gallery, including seven windows. A Flemish folding-screen, covered with gilt leather, inclosed a private nook round the chimney, in which the family sat

sat when by themselves, and here were given the first lessons in spelling and reading. Dr. Sayers always recollected affectionately the snug niche within this screen; and thirty years afterwards provided a similar apparatus in his Norwich sitting-room.'

His first schoolmaster was a dissenting minister at Yarmouth, by name Whitesides, 'a man of adequate learning and sense,' but sadly given to hypochondriasis.'*

At the age of ten he was removed to a boardingschool at North Walsham, where Nelson was his school-fellow, but a disparity of five years between them prevented all intimacy. In the ensuing year he was removed to Palgrave, where the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, having settled as the minister of one of those dissenting congregations which were at that time lapsing into Socinianism, had just opened a boarding-school, in the house previously occupied by the well-known antiquary, Thomas Martin. Sayers and his biographer were among the first eight scholars. 'The same single-bedded room,' says the latter, 'was allotted to us both; we were disciplined in the same classes—we stayed together at Palgrave three years; and then began that early and uninterrupted friendship which has thrown into my way so many valuable and delightful moments. And the record of which (see the dedication to the poems†) constitutes the dearest and proudest trophy of my life. Sayers was two years and a half older than myself; this is much at that age: he was my protector, my helper, my model —a feeling of gratitude, of deference, of admiration, accompanied

* He was, indeed, a most unhappy person; and the cause of his unhappiness is indicated in the following verses, which were found in his pocket after he had committed suicide:—

'With toilsome steps I pass thro' life's dull road,
No pack-horse half so weary of his load;
And when this dirty journey shall conclude,
To what new realms is then my way pursued?
Say, does the pure embodied spirit fly
To happier climes and to a better sky?
Or, sinking, does it mix with kindred clay
And sleep a whole eternity away?
Or shall this form be once again renewed,
With all its frailties and its hopes endued,
Acting once more, on this detested stage,
Passions of youth, infirmities of age?
I've read in Tully what the ancients thought,
And judged unprejudiced what moderns taught;
But no conviction
.
In chains of darkness wherefore should I stay,
And mourn in prison while I keep the key?'

These verses were read by Sayers in his early youth, and we are told that, in his last illness, he remembered them with perturbation.

† 'To William Taylor, Jun., Esq., of Norwich, these Poems, the offspring of an attachment early-formed and uninterrupted, are dedicated, by his friend.'

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my attachment from its commencement, and still, I hope, marks the attitude in which I bend over his urn.' Mrs. Barbauld, who was then a bride, and who had already, as Lætitia Aikin, acquired her high reputation, took her part in the instruction of the pupils. Sayers used to say, in after-life, that he considered the lessons which he received from her in English composition as the most useful part of the instructions bestowed at Palgrave. Twice a week the boys were called, in classes, to her apartment; she read aloud to them a fable, a short story, or a moral essay of convenient length, then sent them back into the school-room, to write it, each in his own words, on a slate; these exercises she overlooked, pointing out the faults, and giving a distinct reason for every correction, so that the arts of inditing and of criticising were in some degree learnt together. Mr. Taylor remarks upon this, that 'many a lad from the great schools, who excels in Greek and Latin, cannot write properly a vernacular letter, for want of some such discipline.' But it may well be doubted, whether such a habit of early criticism would have the effect of producing a natural and easy style; whether it would not tend to banish colloquial and idiomatic English from composition; and whether pupils so trained would not, as they grew up, be likely to think less of what they had to say, than of how they should say it. The moral faculties cannot be accustomed to discipline too early, that they may receive their bent in time; but there is a danger of weakening or distorting the intellectual powers, if you interfere too soon with their free growth. To make boys critical, is to make little men of them, which is the surest way to prevent them from ever becoming great ones.

The pupils at Palgrave used to perform a play before the holidays; and Sayers figured in the parts of Prospero, Caled, Henry IV., and Mark Anthony, with great applause: his memory indeed never faultered, and his recitation had the charm which a fine flexible voice produces, when it is regulated by a poet's feeling and a poet's ear. 'Throughout life,' says his biographer, 'Dr. Sayers was one of the finest readers I ever heard; expression of every kind was at his command; his own emotion was always transitive, yet given with that subdued grace which is the expedient distinction between lecture and declamation.' He excelled his schoolfellows (which rarely happens) in athletic sports, as well as in intellectual endowments. This little community was divided into rival factions of Norwichians and Yarmouthians—so natural is combination, and consequently faction; but Sayers, though of the latter party by denizenship, piqued himself on having been born in the metropolis—so much so, that, in his favourite books, he generally wrote his name, '*F. Sayers, Londinensis.*' Formerly this

was esteemed an honour, as we learn from Erasmus*; but Sayers is probably the only person who has regarded it as such in latter times. To be born in London usually implies the consequence of being bred there; and the privation of all rural objects and rural enjoyments, in childhood and in youth, is justly considered a misfortune.

After Sayers had remained three years under the tuition of Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld, he was taken from school, and placed in a merchant's counting-house at Yarmouth. A few months afterwards his grandfather died, leaving him an estate, at Pakefield, of about one hundred and thirty acres—too little for independence, and yet enough to unsettle him. It is a pleasing and characteristic trait, that his first act of independence was to erect a monument to the grandfather and grandmother under whose roof his infancy had been past; and hardly less so, that, having at the time affixed his name at the foot of the epitaph, he gave direction in the latter part of his life for having it effaced. One habit, which is rare among literary men, he acquired in the counting-house, that of keeping his minutest accounts with mercantile punctuality; and this he adhered to so rigidly afterwards, as to make it a grievance to him at last, when paralysis had shaken his hand, that he could no longer put down his marketings and post his household expenses.' But the occupations of the counting-house were irksome to him; he indulged his growing love of literature, amused himself with electricity and chemistry, in which a new world had just been discovered for speculative experimentalists; and undervaluing the more liberal pursuits of commerce, failed to perceive the comparative leisure and freedom which they afford, and the opportunities of acquiring knowledge which they offer.

Sayers's future biographer was at this time on the continent, whither he had been sent on leaving school. When he returned to England, in 1782, after three years' absence, he found that his friend had relinquished all thoughts of commerce, and had placed himself with a skilful agriculturist at Oulton, in Suffolk, to learn farming—with the intention of occupying his own

* Speaking, in one of his epistles, of Sir Thomas More, he says, '*Natus est Londini, in quâ civitate, multò omnium celeberrimâ, natum et educatum esse, apud Anglos nonnulla nobilitatis pars habetur.*'—Epist. Lib. 27, Ep. 8, p. 1504.

The same opinion is expressed in an old manuscript poem, which is in the Lansdown Collection:—

Strong be the walls about thee stonds,
Wise be the people that within thee duells,
Fresh is thy river with his lusty stronds;
Blith be thy churches, well sowning are thy bells.
Rich be thy merchants in substance that excells,
Fair be thy wives, right lovesome, white, and small;
Clean be thy virgins, lusty under kelles,—
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

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estate at Pakefield. 'Whether,' says Mr. Taylor, 'the scheme of farming had been adopted as the shortest cut to that practical independence which might facilitate the realization of some matrimonial project, is now of little moment. Such rumours circulated, and such things happen at nineteen.' This plan was soon abandoned. The British farmer is not a man who may pass his life—*ut prisca gens mortalium.* It is not in Norfolk that the vine may be married to the poplar or the elm. Sayers could not hope to grace his Sabine board with olives of his own growing, nor to gladden his heart with wine from his own vintage. The part of Horace's picture which he was more likely to realize would have been, to lie at ease under some ancient oak, and listen to the fall of waters, or, for the want of them, to the rustling of the leaves. Were the practical farmer to do this, it would not be long

'Till Davie Debit in his parlour stand.'

If he would thrive, it must be by following the homely precepts of old Tusser—

'Good husband he trudgeth, to bring in the gains;
Good huswife she drudgeth, refusing no pains.'

But the youth who had, at this time, the world before him, where, or rather *how*, to choose, neither contemplated trudging for himself, nor drudging for his wife in his scheme of happiness; and giving up this intention more speedily and more prudently than he had forsaken his commercial plans, he left the pursuits of practical agriculture to those who would not be degraded by having their thoughts engrossed with market-prices, and their conversation employed upon sheep and oxen.

Leaving Oulton, therefore, Sayers went to reside awhile with his mother, who, upon his giving up all thoughts of commerce, had sold the house at Yarmouth, with its extensive mercantile appurtenances, and fixed herself in the pleasant village of Thorpe near Norwich, in which city her two sisters were settled.

'It was now,' says Mr. Taylor, 'that our friendship became truly intense. In his society was always found both instruction and delight; at this time I first fancied my society was become of value to him. I could describe Paris, and, what he more delighted to hear about, Rome and Naples. The literature of Germany, then almost unknown in England, I had pervasively studied, and was eager to display; and frequently I translated for his amusement such passages as appeared to me remarkable for singularity or beauty. We read the same English books, in order to comment them when we met. My morning walk was commonly directed to Thorpe: we prolonged the stroll together on the then unenclosed heath, and he frequently returned with me to Norwich, dined at my father's table, and took me back to tea with his

mother. During the winter season, he occupied at pleasure a bedroom in our attic story, when he wished to attend the Norwich theatre, or some evening-party. Our family consisted of my father, my mother, myself, and of Mr. Casenave, my father's partner, a native of Bayonne, and a catholic. To him Sayers would sometimes read French, with a view to correct his pronunciation. In short, he was as deaf to us all, as if he had been my brother, and was more familiarly at home with us, than in the statelier establishment of his uncle Alric.'—vol. i. pp. xix. xx.

Mr. Alric, who had married an aunt of Sayers, was a Genevan; he came to Norwich as a foreign clerk, was taken into partnership by the merchant-manufacturers who had originally engaged him, had realized what was in those days a considerable fortune, and, having no children, had wisely retired from business, to live on the income of this capital. A brother of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow was one of his early friends, and being at this time raised to the bishopric of Lincoln, he wrote to Mr. Alric, and offered him a living of 300*l.* a year for any relative or friend whom he might wish to serve. The result must be told in the characteristic words of Dr. Sayers's biographer.

'My friend would have liked the clerical profession, and was adapted for it; but he had been brought up among dissidents, was in the habit of accompanying his mother to the Octagon, an unitarian chapel in Norwich, and had at that time serious objections to the articles of faith, and liturgic services, of the Anglican church. He was not formed to hesitate between principle and prudence. He declined the proffered patronage. Bred among unitarians, factiously attached to the writings of Dr. Priestley, and not unread in those of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Lessing, I had still stronger prejudices than himself against the church; and my conversation, no doubt, uniformly tended to corroborate his disinterested decision. I have since lamented it. As his opinions were eventually to hitch into the rut of orthodoxy, it would have been fortunate if they had done so while in the road to preferment. The addition of three hundred a year to his then narrow income would have enabled him to marry conveniently, and would thus have surrounded his latter years with higher tendernesses of domestic comfort. The praise of principle must always remain to him; but when those opinions give way to which sacrifices have been made, virtue itself entails a something of remorse.'—vol. i. pp. xxi. xxii.

In his twentieth year Sayers went to Edinburgh as a general student, and while there, determined upon following the profession of physic. He returned to Thorpe, and finding the income of his estate barely adequate to the expense of carrying on his studies, he sold it, and vested its proceeds, at a prudent season, in the funds.

'This,' says his friend, 'was a season of civic ferment. In our walks, indeed, Sayers and I seldom talked politics; but often at my father's

father's table, who was active in elections, hospitable to partisans, and an adherent of the Coalition. We two, on the contrary, were agreed to contend for Pitt and parliamentary reform: yet in this our sympathy there was not entire concord; we had entered a common path from different quarters: a zealot of the rights of the people, I was content with any administration which would undertake to carry them into effect; Sayers was more attached to the crown, and though willing, under its shelter, to welcome every improvement which seemed a natural evolvement of the constitution, he was not friendly to any attempt at inserting the graft from without.

'Mr. Windham at this time came frequently to Norwich, and, when his visits had electioneering purposes, slept occasionally at our house, where he saw and argued with Sayers, inquired his destination, and observed to my father that, with so fine a person, and so fine an intellect, that young man would, in any professional line, become speedily an ornament to his country.'—vol. i. p. xxiii. xxiv.

He now entered regularly upon his professional studies, and pursued them, first in London, under Cruikshank, Baillie, and John Hunter, afterwards at Edinburgh under Monro, Black, and Cullen. There he was visited by his friend.

'Sayers soon imparted to me his own warm admiration of the place: he compared its site with the ground-plan of Athens; called its castle the Acropolis; its great church the Parthenon; and its port the Piræus. He pointed out to me in turn the sublime, the beautiful, and the romantic features of this magnificent city—the High-street, the long and the broad, which, with the width of a market-place, is darkened into the likeness of a lane, by the colossal elevation of the bordering buildings, piled seemingly by a people of giants—the New Town, with its white and trim elegant modern edifices—the bridges, which, like aqueducts of antiquity, carry from hill to hill an endless stream of people—and that vast magical prospect of mingled edifice, wood and water, which bursts at so many stations on the wanderer. We together examined, in Holyrood House, the apartments which had witnessed the adventures of Mary, Queen of Scots; we attended the lecture-room of science; and walked in a pilgrimage, then sympathetic, to the sepulchre of Hume. Our evenings were divided between the play-house, where we saw Mrs. Siddons in Lady Randolph, and supper-parties of the students, who sometimes received us at their lodgings, and sometimes met us at Scrimgeour's oyster-cellar.

'Among the companions of Mr. Sayers, I especially recollect our Palgrave schoolfellow, William Lord Daer; Mr. Joseph Cappe, afterwards Dr. Cappe, of York; Mr. Davy, now Dr. Davy, and Master of Caius College, Cambridge; and Mr. Mackintosh, now, with the title of Sir James Mackintosh, the brightest ornament of the British House of Commons.' —vol. i. pp. xxvi—xxviii.

The two friends performed what is now called the short tour of the Highlands together. To have undertaken this was some proof of

of enterprise at that time, for the age of tourists had not yet commenced. They took with them a copy of Ossian, both believing then the poems to be genuine, that they might have the pleasure of comparing his descriptions with the lake and highland scenery, and so of feeling and enjoying the truth of the poetry. But though they tried it in mist and in moonshine, and gave it especially the advantage of a drizzly morning at Loch Lomond, even their willing faith was foiled. They did not as yet distrust the imposture; but Sayers observed, that though it was difficult to become persuaded that Homer could have been blind when he wrote, it was not difficult to believe so of Ossian. His friend went home deeply struck with what he calls the *palmary* state of mind which Sayers was attaining. Sayers was, indeed, a most extensive and assiduous student during his residence at Edinburgh: he not only pursued his professional studies, in all their collateral branches, but he applied himself also to the arduous task of attaining a critical knowledge of Greek, and devoted to this object hours which should have been appropriated to exercise and relaxation or sleep. His health was seriously injured by this intemperance in study. Of the English psychological writers, we are told that Hume was at this time his guide and philosopher, Berkeley and Hartley were lastingly his favourites; that he was not familiar with Hobbes, and valued Locke lower than is usual; and that Lord Monboddo's book assisted in preparing him for that change of opinions which was to settle in a fixed and conscientious conformity with the doctrines of the Church of England.

He thought favourably of Dr. Brown's theory of medicine, which was then in season—not of its practice; and he observed to his biographer, that there was great merit in thus banishing jargon and mystical language from the schools, and in accustoming young men to understand what they talked about. There is some truth in the remark, and some error in the application; and no person could have been more sensible than Sayers, in his maturer age, how much evil arises from the error common among young men, of supposing that they understand difficult subjects, because they have learnt to talk about them in that sort of fluent language which, as Hobbes says, 'with many words makes nothing understood.' Sayers could pursue the theory of medicine with the interest of an active and inquisitive mind; but he seems to have been physically incapable of the practice. He had overcome, not without difficulty and exertion, the disgust which may well be excited by a London dissecting-room; but the sight of an operation on the living subject was more than he could bear; and when he attempted to go through a course of clinical lectures at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, more than once he fainted by the bedside of the patient to whom he should have administered relief. God had given him

him a tender heart; and the strength of body and mind which should have subdued its sensibilities, when an exertion of painful duty was required, had been shaken by intemperate application to his studies. He now began to think himself unfit for the profession which he had chosen; he became uneasy respecting his future circumstances in life; the hopes which he had formed seemed blighted; the state of his mind approached almost to that of hypochondriac disease, and his letters were of so melancholy a character, that they alarmed his mother, and she determined to go to him: Mr. Taylor accompanied her. For a mind so diseased, there is no medicine like the society of a true friend: Sayers was persuaded to leave Edinburgh, and return with them to Norwich, taking the English lakes in the way. Change of air and circumstances, and the presence of those whom he loved, soon produced a beneficial effect; the cloud which had threatened to settle upon his mind passed off, and the enjoyment that he manifested during a day which they spent on Keswick Lake indicated unequivocally a return of healthful feeling.

Having recovered his health in the course of the summer, Sayers went to Leyden in the latter end of the year, intending there to graduate; but the rules of that once flourishing and still respectable university required a longer residence, previous to graduation, than he was disposed to allot, and therefore he obtained a diploma from Harderwyk, a town in Gelderland, situated on the Zuyder-Zee, where a provincial academy had been established in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was hardly possible that it should flourish between Francker and Leyden, and with Utrecht also at hand. William III., as hereditary stadtholder of Gelderland, rescued it from dissolution; and the professors were privileged with an exemption from the excise duties for two hogsheads of wine and fifteen barrels of beer—the students for one hogshead of the generous, and six barrels of the vulgar, beverage. But notwithstanding this singular means for the promotion of sound and orthodox learning, the academy merely lingered on. Sayers would, probably, never have known that diplomas were to be had there upon the easiest terms, unless he had travelled to Holland; and he is, perhaps, the only distinguished person whose name was ever enrolled in its books.

Having travelled through the Low Countries, and passed a few months at Paris, he returned to Norwich, where his mother had then settled, and where he had determined upon settling, but rather in a literary than a professional capacity. For the profession which he had studied he seems to have been actually unfitted by a constitutional sensibility; commerce he had forsaken; agriculture he had tried, and liked it not; his opinions were at that time too vague

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for the clerical profession; and legal studies he considered as to be classed among the *literæ inferiores*. Fortune had exempted him from the necessity of providing for himself, and he thought, or rather felt, that

'. . . . sure it is of vanities most vain
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

The truth is, that Dr. Sayers was, by nature and education, eminently qualified to be an inhabitant of that pleasant castle, where

'. . . . there was but one great rule for all,—
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall—
. or wake the lyre,
And carol what unbid the Muses might inspire.'

Thomson has, indeed, admirably described both the gayer and graver parts of his character:—

'Certes he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane, though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night;
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in that nook of quiet bells had ever been.'

And as certainly he was a man

'. of sense refined,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had,
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touched as any man's with bad.'

Having set his heart at rest as to the pursuit of fortune, there remained the pursuit of fame; and this, his biographer tells us, was now his darling care: he used to repeat Cowley's aspiration after an earthly immortality, and ask, with him, what he should do to make himself for ever known? His deliberations ended in a resolution to compose some lyrical dramas; 'a perusal of the Greek tragedians—which he went through with agitated feeling—determined the form of his outline; Percy's Northern Antiquities supplied the costume and the colouring.' It may be added, that he had been impressed by the Runic Mythology as exhibited in Gray's spirited versions of some of the Scandinavian remains; and that the perusal of Klopstock's choral dramas, which he read with his friend Mr. Taylor, strengthened the predilection for that form of drama which the ancients had taught him to admire.

When Lord Bacon wrote upon the Advancement of Learning, and noticed 'the proficience that was made, and the defects that were felt in each and all of its branches,' he said, that he could report no deficiency in poetry, 'for being as a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth, without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any other seed.' But there are seasons in which

which even mushrooms fail. The first half of George the Third's reign was remarkable for a dearth of poetry. Painting had never before in this country been so successfully cultivated; music never more highly patronized; the histrionic art never carried to greater perfection. But the poets who appeared were few in comparison with their predecessors in the days of Bacon; and of that few those who might to most advantage have distinguished themselves, were idle, or misdirected the powers which they possessed.

La Bruyère has offered an observation in behalf of the mediocrists both in painting and poetry. He says, '*Il y a parmi les écrivains et les peintres des gens médiocres qui tiennent le milieu entre la haute perfection et l'ignorance; il ne leur est point dû de louange, et ils ne méritent pas aussi de reproches; ils entretiennent les hommes dans le goût des choses, jusqu'à ce que quelque génie supérieur vienne leur en faire voir d'excellentes.*' But this is regarding them in an indulgent mood. The mediocrists may more truly be said to withdraw their contemporaries from the contemplation of what is excellent in their respective arts, so far as they succeed in obtaining attention for themselves. And successful they frequently are; in spite of Horace's sentence, men and booksellers favour them, whatever the Gods may do. It is a melancholy and humiliating truth, to which the whole history of literature bears evidence, that mediocre writers often are, in their generation, more successful than excellent ones; and that the vicious not seldom bear away the meed of popularity from both. Nor is it difficult to account for this. The great majority of men, whatever pains may be bestowed in educating them, will ever be incapable of any high degree of intellectual elevation. Give all we can, this never can be given to those who have not received from nature higher faculties than are required for the ordinary business of the world. The οἱ πολλοὶ must always be incapable of understanding and appreciating the higher productions of the arts; but they constitute the public: and it is to the sovereign majesty of the public, and its will and pleasure, that they who would prosper must address themselves. Lord Byron sneered at those who looked to the third and fourth generations for their reward. Milton thought differently, and so his audience were fit, was contented that it should consist of few. He looked to after-ages for fame, and, therefore, was regardless of popularity: he left that to Cleveland, and Waller, and Cowley, for their verse, and to Sir Roger L'Estrange for his prose.

In the best age of English poetry, the complaint was made by one of the wisest and ablest men of that age, that the most meretricious writers were the most popular; a consequence growing out of that 'prerogative the vulgar have, to lose their judgment, and like

like that which is naught.' Ben Jonson, who is not less to be admired for the moral dignity of his writings, than for the genius and skill which are displayed in them, saw in this corruption of taste the proof and the consequence of a corruption of manners: 'We may conclude,' he says, 'wheresoever manners and fashions are corrupted, language is: it imitates the public wish.' To this also history bears witness: everywhere, as nations have declined, literature, arts, and morals have declined with them; and for nations, as for individuals, there is no second spring. Our own country affords the only exception to this rule: the moral and intellectual degradation into which it had at one time fallen, was not attended with a correspondent decline of national power; and we have seen, not merely an extraordinary recovery, but a great advancement. We are indebted for this, not so much to any peculiar virtue of national character,—not so much to a *vis medicatrix* in which other states have been deficient, as to our insular situation, and the blessing of Providence upon those free institutions, and that pure form of Christianity, which by the advantages of that situation we have been enabled in trying circumstances to maintain. This might be a subject for profitable investigation, were it pursued through all its branches; but here we have to regard the degradation and revival as relating exclusively to one branch of literature.

Degradation was never more strongly marked in English poetry than at the time when Milton produced his 'Paradise Lost:' one of the many facts which exemplify, that minds of the highest order belong to other ages, and not to their own. The rebellion had done much toward bringing on this perversion; and the restoration more, by the French taste, French manners, and French morals, which were introduced with it: altogether a complete debasement of the national character had been effected in all things, the one alone excepted which is of most importance. In these days, whoever should attempt to depreciate Shakspeare or Milton would be accused not so much of incapacity, folly, and presumptuousness, as of seeking to attract notice by an affectation of singularity: of this he would be suspected, however sincere the miserable criticaster might be in his assumption of fancied superiority. We are so far improved in this respect, that even those who have no other means of making themselves conspicuous than by taking up the trade of detraction, bow to these canonized reputations, and affect to admire what they are utterly incapable either of feeling or understanding. In the days of Charles II. no such homage was paid to intellectual supremacy. When Shadwell and Nahum Tate presumed to alter Timon of Athens and King Lear, and accommodated those marvellous dramas, by debasing them, to the taste of the great and little vulgar, they

they did so, because their own minds were upon a level with those of the vulgar for whom they wrote. But a like offence was committed by Otway, for whom a like excuse cannot be advanced: in him it must be imputed rather to moral perversion than to intellectual blindness; and what can be said in extenuation for Dryden and Davenant? That two men so highly gifted as both were—so eminently qualified to appreciate the productions of a higher genius than their own—should have altered the Tempest, and so altered it, would be as unaccountable as it ought to appear incredible,—if the adulterated play had not recently been brought forward on the stage instead of Shakspeare's drama! This insult to the memory of Shakspeare shows that, in our own days, as well as theirs, they whose only object it is to please the multitude address themselves to coarse minds and low capacities, as the surest way to please it.

If the better spirits, such as these, (who are not to be named without respect,) could show themselves thus forgetful of what was due to their great predecessors and masters in the art, it may be inferred what must be the degradation of those inferior minds which always follow the bent of the times, and accommodate themselves to the taste of their contemporaries. 'It is but convenient (says Ben Jonson) to the times and manners we live with, to have then the worst writings and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despised. Ill arts begin when good end.' They are not the most worshipful critics who are ready to extol any verses of the Elizabethan age, good, bad, and indifferent, indiscriminately: but the difference between the poetical miscellanies of that age, and the volumes which were set forth a century later, filled with contributions from 'Gentlemen of the Universities,' and 'Persons of Quality,' might afford some excuse for this folly, were it anything better than mere affectation. In the moral and intellectual debasement of Charles the Second's court, the language itself was debased. Low manners induced a correspondent vulgarity of speech; for example, in a serious imitation of one of Virgil's eclogues, the poet talks of Moll and Black Bess! A re-action, analogous to that in which the conspicuous part of the nation had past from a fashion of villainous hypocrisy to habits of open and loathsome licentiousness, may be traced both in the prose and verse of that disgraceful age. They who had been trained in the old ways of sound and orthodox learning—like Clarendon, and South, and Barrow, preserved for us a style of English undefiled, not less excellent in manner than in argument; but the younger generation wrote as loosely as they lived.

Three different fashions in writing had prevailed, which were alike faulty. There was the dry, dull, dismal manner of the sober Puritans; there was a style of overstrained and elaborate wit, dealing

dealing in affectations of every kind; and there was an ornate style, studded with sesquipedalian Latinisms, Grecisms, and Hebraisms, and Arabicisms, which might frequently send the best scholar to his Lexicons. Indeed, a dictionary was published * for enabling some persons to read, and others to write in this refined language. The most remarkable examples of it are found in the poems of Henry More, and in the works of Sir Thomas Brown; to whose peculiar genius, however, this sort of language was so well suited, that it would not have been possible for him to have expressed his thoughts so felicitously, or so naturally, in any other manner. But it required the knowledge, and the power, and the feeling of such a man to render it tolerable. Its effect upon inferior writers was to mar good matter, or to render what was worthless intolerable. Hamond L'Estrange was infected with this style; and whoever peruses his history of Charles I., (which is otherwise a book of considerable merit,) will see good reason for supposing that his son, Sir Roger, by a strong perception of this fault as there exhibited, was induced to adopt a manner of writing which was carried to the opposite extreme. Sir Roger aimed at introducing a style of racy, idiomatic English —and he succeeded. But more frequently he fell below the mark, owing alike to a want of dignity in himself and in his subjects: aiming at present effect, and at nothing beyond, he brought into our written language the contractions and the debased coin of colloquial and common speech, the phrases of the day, and whatever obtained currency for a while from the mintage of high or low vulgarity.

A re-action of the same kind was taking place in poetry. The strained and conceited style which Johnson has, not very happily, called metaphysical, fell into disuse, in despite even of Cowley's example. Norris of Bemerton was the last of that school who obtained a temporary reputation. Vicious as the metaphysical poetry was, it required more learning than was possessed by 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,' and more thought than they were accustomed to exert. It was a species of poetry in which great parts might be wasted, but in which mean ones could do nothing.

* 'To the understanding of the more difficult authors already printed in our language, and the more speedy attaining of an elegant perfection of the English tongue, both in reading, speaking, and writing.' The second part 'contains the vulgar words, which, whensoever any desirous of a more curious explanation, by a more refined and elegant speech, shall look into, he shall receive the exact and ample word to express the same.' The following may serve as a specimen of these 'exact and ample words by which our language was to be improved:—to babble, *deblaterate;* a babbler, *inaniloquous;* much babbling, *dicacity, vaniloquy;* baked, *pistated;* a bier, *orcamon, sandapile.*' This folly obtained so much vogue, that 'the English dictionary, or interpreter of hard English words, by H. C.' (Henry Cockeram), which is before us, is of the seventh edition; and it is not the only book of its kind.

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In Cowley it spoiled one who, had he fallen on better times, was eminently qualified to be a true poet. Butler (and Cleveland before him) gave it its proper direction; then it disappeared, leaving nothing better to succeed it: for Dryden stood alone, and there was no one to emulate the sensible and manly style of his better works, though in the vile tragedies and viler comedies by which the English drama and the English nation were degraded, he found imitators and rivals in abundance. Concerning the other poets of this and the succeeding generation, it has been said, that 'they understood their own character better than it was understood by their successors: they called themselves wits, instead of poets; and wits they were: the difference is not in degree, but in kind. They succeeded in what they aimed at:—in satire, and in panegyric; in ridiculing an enemy, and in flattering a friend; in turning a song, and in complimenting a lady; in pointing an epigram, and in telling a lewd tale: in these branches of literary art—the Birmingham trade of verse—they have rarely been surpassed.' But this applies only to a few of them. Some easy verses, and some vigorous ones, were thrown off by those unhappy men, who, being capable of better things, abandoned themselves to the debauchery of the times; but in general the manner of the current poetry became as worthless as its matter. Even the art of versification was debased. To say 'that if it rhymed and rattled all was well,' implies a merit in the verses thus satirized which they did not possess; for if they rattled, it was as a cart rattles in its slow progress along a rugged road. The lines limped and halted; sometimes they were crammed and choked with elisions; more frequently they were eked out with attenuated syllables and drawling expletives, as feeble in sound as they were empty of meaning. So degraded was the public taste, that Shadwell and Settle rivalled Dryden, and provoked him by their success to perpetuate their names in those satires, for which alone they are now remembered. Shadwell succeeded Dryden in the laureateship when Dryden was deposed; and upon the decease of Shadwell, Nahum Tate reigned in his stead,—a succession worthy of the age in which Sir Richard Blackmore wrote epic poems, and Mr. Locke praised them. The decline and fall of poetry, from the age of Virgil to that of Prudentius, was not so great as this.

This was the golden age of the mediocrists: they had the field to themselves; and one of them had the odd fortune to obtain an hundred years of unrivalled popularity. Pomfret's poems are not now to be found, as they were five-and-twenty years ago, always on sale at the stalls of itinerant venders and at country booksellers, printed upon coarse paper and in sheepskin binding, in company with Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrim's Progress, Religious Courtship,

ship, Young's Night Thoughts, and Harvey's Meditations; but during the whole of the eighteenth century no other volume of poems was so often reprinted, or held in such popular estimation. It was even printed in America in the middle of that century, when so few books had been printed there, that two pages might comprise the catalogue. Johnson said of him, 'he pleases many'; and he who pleases many must have some species of merit.' What that merit is it would not be easy to discover: Johnson himself can only say, that in his poems 'there is an easy volubility; the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with ponderous or entangled with intricate sentiments.' This is, indeed, a rare, perhaps, a singular case, of long-lived reputation, founded neither upon desert, nor mis-desert, but preserved by prescription among low printers and provincial booksellers, who kept the book continually in the market. Other reputations, which had something more to support them, passed away as easily as they were made. 'The matchless Orinda' was more generally known, and, consequently, more applauded in her day, than Mrs. Hemans is now, with all her superiority of natural talents and acquired power, or than the authoress of the Widow's Tale, and those sweet poems in the little volume of 'Solitary Hours,' which for truth and depth of feeling, and for tenderness and holiness of thought, are among the most beautiful that have been produced in this generation. Orrery and Roscommon eulogized her in her life; and Cowley, who with a host of meaner poets had, in like manner, praised her while living, pronounced after her death, that if ever Apollo should appoint a woman-laureate, Orinda would be the person. Yet if her name had not been seen in the superscription to Cowley's Odes, it would soon have been forgotten that such a person as Katherine Philips (accomplished and truly excellent as she appears to have been) had ever existed,—or written a line.

The readiness with which any indication of literary talents was then acknowledged, when men were not rendered illiberal and unjust by personal dislike, or political enmity, is one of the best features of that bad age. A few tolerable verses were a passport into good society, and to the notice of those who had the will as well as the power to assist a deserving adventurer in his course of life. 'Here is a young fellow,' says Swift, in his journal to Stella, 'has writ some sea-eclogues,—poems of mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds; and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids,—Tritons, natives of the sea. His name is Harper. I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise; yet when they do rise, I would encourage them. But they tread on our heels, and

and thrust us off the stage.' Afterwards he says, 'the author of the sea-eclogues sent books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece, and may do further for him.' And again, 'Mr. Diaper presented to Lord Bolingbroke a new philosophical poem, the Dryades or the Nymphs' prophecy, which is a very good one, and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord. And I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country, but has a sword at his tail here in town. It is a poor little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a living.' Unfortunately for the poet, lord keeper and his friends lost the power which they had administered so villainously for their country, before this good intention could be carried into effect; Diaper died without promotion, in early life; and his sea-eclogues might have lain for ever fathoms deep, where they had sunk, if they had not been fished up by good John Nichols, the most diligent and indefatigable of men, who, during his long and useful life, has been the true friend and patron *obscurorum virorum*. Without his interference, this poor relation of Oome and King Pepin would have been known only for the incidental and characteristic mention thus made of him by Swift, in some of his kindly moods.

The state of things in which any poet could make a little reputation, while there were none to deserve a great one, was put an end to by the ascendancy of Pope. Could his Homer be forgotten, he might deservedly be called the reformer of English poetry; and though he introduced, with that too-celebrated translation, a corruption of his own, which will long continue to taint the public taste, the reformation which he actually wrought has counterbalanced the evil, and will outlast it. The expletive *does-s* and *do-s* and *did-s* were banished for ever from our versification by a single stroke of his pen. It is for some philological antiquary to investigate how this not more useful than abused verb obtained its auxiliary sense in our language, underived as it is from any parent or adjunct dialect. There are but two or three examples of it in Gower, and not more (if there be any) in Chaucer. The abuse which converted it into a mere expletive cannot be traced to Spenser, because it was used systematically by him, not to eke out his lines; he had constructed a scheme of language for himself, in which he deserved to find no followers, and found none: but to Pope, undoubtedly, it is that we are indebted for ridding us of a barbarous and slovenly form of speech, and restricting the verb as an auxiliary to that emphatic use which is one of the felicities of our tongue. After Pope's time, it was in vain for the Walshes and Stepneys, the Eusdons and Welsteds, the Dukes and Kings,

Kings, the Sprats and Minnows of poetry, to come forward as candidates for reputation. It was still possible, as it ever will be, to obtain a temporary success by glittering faults; but nothing could rise into notice without at least the appearance of desert, without some pretensions to originality, some native vigour, or some attempt at high finish and careful execution.

The English are the only people who have any general collection* of their poets. In forming these there was no principle of selection used with the Minorites and Minims of Parnassus; the adventurous bookseller, who had the merit (and it is no slight one) of making the first, inserted in his list the names which were familiar to him in his trade, and (with few exceptions) they have continued to take their place by prescription in subsequent publications of the same kind. By virtue of this prescription, they passed muster with John Bell, with Dr. Johnson and his booksellers, who formed† the list according to their copyrights, with Dr. Anderson, the most good-natured of all critical editors, thought not the most judicious, and with Mr. Alexander Chalmers, whose good-nature certainly was not such as to atone for his want of judgement. But the prescription which placed them there obtains no longer; and their very collections exemplify the effect which Pope produced; for, from his time, they became to a certain degree select. Till then, every one who could rhyme claimed and acquired the privilege of a poet, just as the culprit who could spell out a verse in the Testament was allowed to plead his clergy: it was granted now to none but those who could produce a fair qualification. Meantime, a change was going on, equal in degree to that which the vigour of Pope had brought about. We were brought back by Thomson and Dyer to the love of natural objects‡. Young taught us with what success a true poet might appeal to the religious feelings of the human heart. Akenside elevated his readers by a high, moral, and philosophical strain. Glover set before them a plain and equal style,—which, rejecting all meretricious ornaments, with a severity like that of Alfieri, relied upon the strength and

* The Parnaso Italiano consists only of selections, though it includes long works; and the Parnaso Moderno comprised only the poems of living writers. The Portuguese have a 'Corpus Illustrium Poetarum Lusitanorum qui Latiné scripserunt;' and the Italians and the Jesuits have similar collections; but there is no general collection of the poets in any living language except our own, and whoever has attended to the poetical literature of any other country, must have felt the want of one. Our own are so imperfect, that it would require a large supplement to make the best of them what it pretends, and ought to be.

† Boswell tells us, that these works were selected by the several booksellers who had the honorary copyright, which is still preserved among them by mutual compact, notwithstanding the decision of the House of the Lords against the perpetuity of literary property. Boswell does not appear to have perceived the extreme injustice of the law which has given that perpetuity to authors and their families.

‡ Pope himself, it should not be forgotten, edited an edition of Shakspeare. The edition is nothing now; but the service at the time was great.

dignity

dignity of its subject for its sole support. Mason, on the contrary, who was more able to have sustained such a style, adopted a rich and gorgeous manner, acting upon the opinion, that, in a language wherein Shakspeare by native genius had attained the highest place, an aspirant might with most reason hope to succeed through an elaborate imitation of Attic art.* Lyric poems, of the most opposite kind, but which have become equally popular, were produced by Gray and Collins: those of the former were the highly-finished compositions of a patient and fastidious artist; those of the latter the effusions of an ardent, poetical spirit. And while Percy and Warton recalled the rising generation to the school of Spenser and of the Elizabethan age, Mr. Hayley led the way to a renewed intercourse with the literature of those countries from which the writers in that illustrious age had drawn so largely, and with such success.

The early part of George the Third's reign was distinguished by the great but fleeting popularity of Churchill, who, squandering happiness and character in his reckless course, poured forth verses upon the most worthless subjects, with a facility and vigour of which, since Oldham and Dryden, there had been no example. A singular dearth of celebrated names ensues, for of those who should have been the flower of their generation, the most promising were nipt in the bud. To speak of Chatterton—

> '——————— the marvellous boy,'
> The sleepless soul that perished in its pride,'

is to touch upon a name, from which time neither has taken, nor will take any of its interest. Michael Bruce is known, thanks to good Dr. Anderson, for giving the remains of this affectionate and hopeful youth a place in his edition of the 'British Poets.' But when Emily is mentioned, and Russell, and Bampfylde, how many are there who will ask, what have they written? and where are their works to be found? They have written little, for

> 'In the morning of hope, in the blossom of virtue and genius,
> They were cut down by death:'

but little as they have left, that little will be found after many days. The single poem of Emily which remains is upon Death; it was written for a Cambridge prize, and failed to obtain it, that of Porteus (afterwards the Bishop) being successful. We should say they were the two most promising and vigorous productions which were ever elicited by a prize-subject, if we did not recollect the 'Aboriginal Britons' of Dr. Richards. The successful piece was the better planned and fairly deserved the prize, but there was more

* This he tells us in an elegy addressed to Hurd, which was prefixed to 'Caractacus,' as dedicatory of that poem.

originality and greater power in Emily's. Vicesimus Knox preserved it in the first edition of his 'Elegant Extracts;' but it was cast out we believe from the later ones—certainly not to make room for anything better. The poems of Russell and Bampfylde were included in the collection edited by Mr. Park some twenty years ago; a collection which unfortunately was not completed according to the design of its editor, (the most competent to whom such a task has ever yet been assigned,) but which has the great merit of being the only one in which proper, or indeed any, attention was paid to the correctness of the text. There are many writers of that age from whose poems a sweet anthology might be culled, but from the remains of Russell and Bampfylde not a line can be spared.

Emily, who seems, in some degree, like Kirke White, to have had a forefeeling of his own early decease, has beautifully described the εὐθανασία of a good man falling asleep when the number of his days is full—

> 'Thrice happy who the blameless road along
> Of honest praise, hath reached the vale of death!
> Around him like ministrant cherubs throng
> His better actions, to the parting breath
> Singing their blessed requiems; he the while,
> Gently reposing on some friendly breast
> Breathes out his benisons, then with a smile
> Of soft complacence lays him down to rest,
> Calm as a slumbering infant: from the goal
> Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.'

He might have found a topic not less suited to the best purposes of poetry, (that of soothing the heart and elevating and purifying its desires,) in the early death of such gifted persons as himself. Premature such deaths are called in common and natural language, and premature, according to the ordinary course of nature, they must needs appear, and are: but mournful as it is thus to behold the dearest, and fairest, and noblest of our earthly hopes cut off, the religious mind acquiesces in the dispensations of Providence, even while suffering under them to the height of grief, and feels in that grief itself sufficient reason for acknowledging that happy are they who die in their youth. It was the prayer of a wise and good man, that God would be pleased to make him better, and take him when he was at the best. There are cases in which the lessons of a long life might not be so impressive as the example of a brief one. Early death invests with a peculiar sanctity the objects of our affection,—and of our admiration also, which partakes of affection whenever it is worthily fixed. The strong and influential interest which has been excited by Chatterton and Kirke White arises as much from the thought of what they might have produced, had their lives been prolonged,

prolonged, as from the remains which they have left; in the former instance, perhaps, more so. Herbert Knowles, if he had published volume after volume, would never have established a surer claim to remembrance than he has made good by his churchyard stanzas.*

It was the affecting complaint of the poet Daniel in his old age†, that he had written too much and lived too long. Too much he has not written for his after-reputation, whatever he had done for present acceptance; for any general collection of the English poets, which should not contain the whole of his poems, would be incomplete. The fault of writing too little is one which has not so often been laid to a poet's charge. Dr. Sayers is to be charged with it, as will presently be seen. So might Crabbe have been, during a silence of more than twenty years,—but the crab-tree hath borne well since, and its verjuice is of a strong body, and will keep. Beattie would be liable to the same accusation, if his other verses did not seem to prove that he had exhausted himself in the 'Minstrel.' No such excuse can be offered for the author of 'Lewesdon Hill,' and he, it is to be feared, must stand condemned by posterity for not having written enough. Beattie, and Crabbe and Crowe were in the vigour of their faculties, when Hayley was suffered to be the popular or fashionable poet of the day. Mason, also, was living, and, in one sense, flourishing; for he was in the enjoyment of a high and well-won reputation, and of preferment fully equal to the wants and wishes of a wise and moderate man. What Mason's wishes may have been we know not, for there is no man of equal eminence in that age, of whom his friends have thought proper to let the world know so little. The only collective edition of his works‡ has neither life, nor biographical notice of the author, nor preface, nor prefatory advertisement of any kind; an omission which, if there be no intention of supplying it, must be ascribed to a want of respect in his representatives.

Mason would have done greater things if he had been less successful at the commencement of his career. His Elfrida and his Caractacus met with the applause which they well deserved. They succeeded even in representation, (little as this might have been expected,) and so well, that they were represented at the provincial§ theatres. A story is remembered in the navy, of some unlucky Captain (not of Nelson's school), who at the close of a successful action, dissuaded the admiral from pursuing his victory, by saying that the day had been sufficiently glorious.

* They are printed in our twenty-first volume, p. 397.

† 'But age hath done to me this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.'

‡ In four volumes 1811.

§ One of the writer's earliest recollections is that of seeing Elfrida performed by Mrs. Siddons, upon the Bath stage.

By some such feeling Mason appears to have been seduced into habits of literary indolence. His desire of celebrity, and his fear that it had injured, by inflating him, are confessed with great truth and beauty in one of his elegies:—

'Too long, alas, my inexperienced youth,
Misled by flattering Fortune's specious tale,
Has left the rural reign of peace and truth,
The huddling brook, cool cave, and whispering vale.
Won to the world, a candidate for praise,
Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,
Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
Too much its vain applause has touch'd my heart.'

He lived nearly forty years after these lines were written, and if it appeared that this long portion of life had been devoted to the studies and duties of his profession, we might commend the motive, although we might doubt the necessity for such a sacrifice. But his duties left him ample leisure, and his professional writings are few and unimportant. It was because he thought his reputation 'sufficiently glorious,' that he made no endeavour to advance it. There was no decay of power. The English Garden, indeed, though far from worthless, is a bad poem; but his Curan and Argentile evinces that he might have succeeded as brilliantly in the romantic as in the classical drama, if he had applied to it the same determination of mind; and had he followed on in this course, he might have acquired the honour of reviving English tragedy, which was reserved for Joanna Baillie. The well-known satires which are ascribed to him are not here adduced, as exhibiting a spirit and vigour equal to the promise of his youth, because he never acknowledged them himself, nor have they been incorporated into the posthumous edition of his works. Without reference to these, we may discern in all his later pieces, few as they are, proofs of improved taste rather than of declining genius; they have the strength, without the effort, of his earlier compositions—the dignity, without the pomp—the beauty, without the fictitious ornaments. A more pleasing picture of placid and green old age has seldom been transmitted to us than he has left in his Anniversary Sonnets on his own Birth-day, the last of which was written a few weeks only before his death:—We quote that for the year 1795.

'A plaintive sonnet flowed from Milton's pen
When Time had stolen his three-and-twentieth year:
Say, shall not I, then, shed one tuneful tear,
Robb'd by the thief of threescore years and ten?
No! for the foes of all life-lengthen'd men,
Trouble and toil, approach not yet too near;
Reason, meanwhile, and health, and memory dear,
Hold unimpaired their weak, yet wonted reign; Still

Still round my sheltered lawn I pleased can stray,
Still trace my sylvan blessings to their spring.
Being of Beings! yes, that silent lay
Which musing gratitude delights to sing,
Still to thy sapphire throne shall Faith convey;
And Hope, the cherub of unwearied wing.'

When Sayers was preparing to come forward upon the theatre of public life, Mason was considered as belonging to a former generation: his name was usually coupled with that of his friend Gray; and Gray having long been dead, Mason himself, out of the circle of his own friends, was hardly known to be among the living: they seemed to have taken leave of the world together. A discriminating reader may trace in the productions of every poet the influence of his predecessors in the art, and more especially of the immediate ones, who have set their form and pressure upon the taste or humour of the age. Mason, perhaps, produced less effect upon his contemporaries and successors than any other poet of equal reputation: the influence of his writings may, however, be perceived in Sayers, but as acting upon a generous, not a servile, mind. Had he been one of the mocking-birds of Parnassus, this was not the note which he would have caught, for it was no longer in season; and there were at that time three living writers, each of whom was more likely to have seduced an aspirant of common parts into the sheep-track of imitation. Such of our readers as recollect what the state of our literature was five-and-thirty years ago, will not be surprised at seeing the names of Cowper, Darwin, and Merry, classed together, as having been then each in full sail upon the stream of celebrity, which very soon floated two of them, by a short cut, into the dead sea.

It would not be possible to name three poets who are more curiously dissimilar to each other. Merry was the most remarkable for the success and brevity of his career. Other reputations have been as sudden, and as short-lived; but we can call to mind none which was so unaccountable, and which has so completely passed away. Certain it is, that by far the greater part of our readers will have no other knowledge of him or his name than what they may have learnt from the Baviad and Mæviad. One might suspect, at first, that his poems had been written as an experiment upon what Wilkes called the *non*sense of the English public, for they are 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;' he wrote to the ear, and to the ear only; and if their real origin could now be known, it would most probably be found that he was led into this rhapsodical and senseless vein, by emulating the effusions of the Italian *improvvisatori* in a language which requires for its poetry something more than rhythm and rhymes. He imposed,

posed, for awhile, both upon himself and others, to a most extraordinary degree. Lady-poets and gentlemen-poets out of number became his imitators; for when the thing had once been done, it was so easy, that they all could do it. They raved, and ranted, and languished with him, in the newspapers; the journal in which their effusions appeared puffed them in a style as novel as their own, and helped the readers to admire them, by bringing the different shades of beauty into notice in italics and capitals of various degrees. Everybody read them, because in London they were laid on the breakfast-table in the morning papers; and the provincial editors copied them, because of their celebrity. They were 'town-made,' and their reputation, therefore, was held in the country to be as authentic as the news. There was something, too, of mystery which aided this. Della Crusca and Rosa Matilda were the Great Unknown male and female, made more conspicuous by the number of little unknowns who imitated them; and the verses which were thus produced were collected into volumes of more beautiful typography than the public had then been accustomed to see: for Bell succeeded in establishing a fashion for fine printing, in which Baskerville had failed. One satire crushed the whole brood.

Darwin's popularity has past away as irrecoverably as poor Merry's; but the poet who studies his art will read the Botanic Garden, and profit by it; for Darwin was an artist, and if he failed to construct a monument for himself sublimer than the pyramids, and more durable than brass, it was not for want of patient labour in 'building the lofty rhyme.' Neither was it for any deficiency of skill, learning, or ability: he was a man of eminent talents and great attainments, and no poet ever succeeded more fully in executing a work according to his own standard of excellence. But the theory was false, and therefore it failed in practice. He thought that he could improve upon the versification of Pope, as much as Pope had improved upon the versification of a former age, and that this was to be done by giving the utmost finish to every line, superadding the highest varnish to the brighest colouring; making every word picturesque as well as significant, and the whole poem sonorous and splendid in all its parts. His own philosophy should have taught him, that such an intention would of necessity defeat itself, and that poetry, like painting, must have its relief—its shade, as well as its light. The dead level of Burnet's antediluvian world, (beautifully as he has imagined it,) though embellished with the most successful cultures, and blest with perpetual spring, would be woefully inferior, in poetical and picturesque effect, to a land of hills and dales; still more so to one of lakes and mountains. The subject of his poem

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was not more judiciously chosen than the style; but it contributed greatly to the short-lived popularity which he obtained. The 'Botanic Garden' was an attractive name for all those who amused themselves with botany, or who found, in the cultivation of flowers, what has not unfitly been called the most innocent and most healthful of enjoyments; and this includes, in our days, a large portion of those whom poets, in all ages, have been ambitious to please—the more refined and intellectual part of the female world. Pleased with a work which was designed at the same time to embellish and elevate their favourite pursuit, and delighted with the scientific information which the text, and still more the commentary, conveyed to them, in a popular and elegant form, the botanists of the conservatory and the *boudoir* were delighted with the episodical parts of the poem, which relate to human feelings and to real life, and they persuaded themselves that they admired the whole. The materialists of fine literature also, who always applaud most that which is most mechanical, because it is most upon a level with their own comprehension, and can be measured by rule, extolled it as the perfection of the art; and the perfection of such art certainly it was. But no poetry can maintain its ground, unless it be addressed to the understanding or the affections. An attempt was made, in the 'Loves of the Plants,' to combine the grace of fiction with the gravity of science; and the result presents a heterogeneous mixture which neither satisfies the judgement nor pleases the fancy. The design, indeed, is neither imaginative nor fanciful; what it exhibits as poetical machinery being but laboured allegory at best, and more frequently an allegorical riddle, preposterous in itself, and wearying from its perpetual repetition. Even the better parts of the poem—the long similies without similitude—ceased to please when they had ceased to dazzle. Darwin had the eye and the ear of a poet, and the creative mind; but his writings have served to show that these are of little avail without the heart; and the heart was wanting in him.

The germ of his versification may be traced in Prior; and it was shown some years ago in the Edinburgh Review, that the same manner* was applied to the same kind of subject, long before Darwin was heard of, by Henry Brook, a man of original genius and great powers, though now better known as the author of 'The Fool of Quality,' than for his poems.

The style which Darwin has adopted and perfected was too elaborate to find followers, even when it was most applauded.

* The manner by which Dr. Wolcot made himself a popular writer, under the well-known appellation of Peter Pindar, may be traced to a forgotten author, by name Charles Dennis.

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'The only work in professed imitation of his manner was written by his friend Dr. Beddoes. It originated in a stratagem, 'which,' says Beddoes, 'if not entirely innocent, can be charged only with the guilt of presumption. In order to impose upon a few of their common acquaintance, the writer, in a few passages at least, attempted to assume the style of the most elegant of modern poets, and was encouraged by some degree of success to extend his design.' The poem thus produced, though originally intended for publication, was never published. The subject is Alexander's Expedition to the Indian Ocean. The book is remarkable for having been printed in a remote village, by a young woman; and, like every production of its author, it exhibits, both in the text and accompanying observations, proofs of an active, and vigorous, and original mind. Mr. Fosbrooke, whose mind was more poetical, and his pursuits more favourable to poetry, has told us, that in composing his 'Economy of Monastic Life,' he proceeded 'upon Darwin's doctrine, of using only precise images of picturesque effect, chiefly founded upon the sense of vision.' Without such an intimation, it would never have been discovered that Mr. Fosbrooke had written upon so false a theory. The very remembrance of 'blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides' might have made him hesitate before he adopted it, and the slightest consideration will suffice for showing its futility. Except in these instances, and in some University prize-poems, Darwin appears to have produced no effect upon the style of his contemporaries, nor upon any of the rising generation.

The old fashion of introducing a poem with recommendatory verses was followed by Darwin, after it had been for nearly a century in disuse. They who are likely to have been assailed with applications for contributions of this kind may congratulate themselves that the custom has become obsolete, and think it 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance.' But it had its use: facts and notices, and intimations for our literary history, have been gleaned from such verses; they lead us into the literary society of former times, and possess, therefore, for those who converse with books, an interest above that of ordinary fugitive pieces. Among those which Darwin has published are some by Hayley and Cowper, signifying their equal and great admiration of one whose surpassing merit they willingly acknowledged. Hayley's popularity was at that time on the wane, and he could not but have perceived, that, in proportion as the highly-adorned style of Darwin was admired and applauded, his own writings would sink in the estimation of the public; but his mind in this respect was truly generous, and it seems never to have been darkened by a shade of envy. That Cowper should have expressed the same

sincere

sincere admiration is more extraordinary, because he must have felt, more than Hayley was capable of feeling, the defects of a poem in which art was everywhere obtrusive, and the life and feeling of poetry nowhere to be found.

It was fortunate for Cowper that he met with no such meretricious model to captivate him earlier in life; for had he imitated it, it would have proved fatal to his genius; and that he was conscious of some tendency to imitation appears by his letters. 'I reckon it (he says) among my principal advantages, as a composer of verses, that I have not read an English poet these thirteen years, and but one these twenty years. Imitation, even of the best models, is my aversion; it is servile and mechanical; a trick that has enabled many to usurp the name of author, who could not have written at all, if they had not written upon the pattern of somebody indeed original. But when the ear and the taste have been much accustomed to the manner of others, it is almost impossible to avoid it; and we imitate, in spite of ourselves, just in proportion as we admire.' And in another place he says, 'English poetry I never touch, being pretty much addicted to the writing of it, and knowing that much intercourse with those gentlemen betrays us unavoidably into a habit of imitation, which I hate and despise most cordially.' That so true a poet as Cowper should have felt this distrust of himself is surprising. His remarks, as they apply to the herd of poets, are continually verified; and there are not a few reputations in full feather at this day, which, if they were stript of their borrowed plumes, would appear like the jackdaw in the fable.

But however heartily and deservedly Cowper despised and hated the habit of imitation, his own delightful poem produced one imitator whom it was not possible for him to hate or to despise, and whom in reality he cordially esteemed and loved. Hurdis is a name now little remembered, but which does not deserve to be forgotten: for his poems, though ill conceived and carelessly composed, abound with images from nature, which show the eye of a poet, and with strains of natural feeling, which could only have proceeded from the heart of one. He was, indeed, a most amiable man, of the best and kindliest feelings,—avowedly an imitator of Cowper, but with a mind so much of the same kind and class, that, if Cowper had never written, the character of his poems would have been what it is, excepting, perhaps, that his style would have been less negligent if he had not been seduced by a dangerous, yet tempting example. He was conscious that he had fallen into this fault, and confessed that his first poem ought to have been written with more care. *Dum relego scripsisse pudet* was the motto which he prefixed; and disclaiming, at its conclusion, all desire of popular

popular applause, which, he said, would be ill-deserved if it could be so easily obtained, he expressed a modest hope that he might one day hit some happy strain on his 'time-mellowed harp,' which should deserve to be remembered. A happier strain in its kind, than the following passage from that poem, would not easily be found:—

'Then let the village bells, as often wont,
Come swelling on the breeze, and to the sun
Half set, sing merrily their evening song.
I ask not for the cause,—it matters not:
It is enough for me to hear the sound
Of the remote, exhilarating peal,
Now dying all away, now faintly heard,
And now, with loud and musical relapse,
In mellow changes huddling on the ear.
So have I stood at eve on Isis' banks,
To hear the merry Christchurch bells rejoice.
So have I sat, too, in thy honoured shades,
Distinguished Magdalen, on Cherwell's banks,
To hear thy silver Wolsey tones so sweet.
And so, too, have I paused, and held my oar,
And suffered the slow stream to bear me home,
While Wykeham's peal along the meadow ran.'

All Hurdis's poems are defective in plan; they are desultory as 'the Task;' but the pervading liveliness and vigour which give 'the Task' its peculiar charm, and have made it deservedly one of the most popular productions in the English language, are wanting; and there is neither grace in the transitions, nor proportion in the parts. When he attempted a story, as in Adriano, not only genius, but good sense, seems to have deserted him; the silliness of the fable could only be equalled by the poverty and emptiness of the style, and the reader lays down the book in astonishment that it should have been possible for a scholar and a poet to have written anything so altogether worthless. For though there is a general character of feebleness which pervades his other poems, they contain passages of singular beauty, in which some natural image is vividly delineated, or some true feeling finely expressed. His description of a smith at his forge is as elaborate as Darwin could have made it, and yet there is nothing cumbrous or bloated in the diction. This, indeed, is a mere display of language and versification—a trial of skill, in which he seems to have had Mason's rules before him:—

'. Ingrateful sure,
When such the theme, becomes the poet's task:
Yet must he try by modulation meet
Of varied cadence, and selected phrase,
Exact,

Exact, yet free, without inflation bold,
To dignify that theme; must try to form
Such magic sympathy of sense with sound
As pictures all it sings; while Grace awakes
At each blest touch, and on the lowliest things
Scatters her rainbow hues.'

But this is a merit to which the mere artist may attain. It is the poet only who could have observed how the owl, in quest of prey,

'. with sleepy wing
Swims o'er the corn-field studious;'

it is only the poet who would have noted,

'. the grazing ox
His dewy supper from the savoury herb
Audibly gathering:'

and the redbreast, when in winter 'the household bird, with the red stomacher,' as an elder poet calls him,

'Sits budge, a feathery bunch:'

it is the poet only who would have described the sea as

'Raking with harsh recoil the pebbly steep;'

it is the poet only who would say of himself, when he has ascended the downs,

'It shall not grieve me if the gust be free,
And to withstand its overbearing gale
I lean upon the tide of air unseen:'

who, looking at a churchyard, would speak of

'. youth and age
And sexes mingled in the populous soil,
Till it o'erlooks with swoln and ridgy brow
The smoother crop below:'

and who, in thinking of a church, could bring forward with a charm of novelty, the oldest and most familiar of all its moral illustrations:—

'Say, ancient edifice, thyself with years
Grown gray, how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf inconstant bud and fall;
The generations of deciduous man,
How often hast thou seen them pass away?'

Hurdis describes himself as having been

'A silent, shame-faced, hesitating boy.'

He was a meek, gentle, affectionate spirit, in which no worldly ambition could have place; he seems not even to have felt it in the art which he loved, but to have practised poetry for its own sake, indulging in it as the natural expression of warm, and innocent, and virtuous feelings, without an aspiration or a wish for fame,

fame, contented in a humble station, and thankful for the blessings which he enjoyed in it:—

'Leisure and freedom, and a mind at ease,
Books, and the shady vale, and evening's walk,
Cheerful companions, and the sweet return
Of music ever various. Who needs more?' &c.

This was the temper which Hurdis expressed in his verses, and it was not contradicted by the tenour of his life. The Queen was pleased with the poems of this very amiable man; and some years after his death, when such of them as were deemed worthy of being collected were re-published by his surviving sisters, (to whom he had been most affectionately attached,) it was notified to them, without any solicitation on their part, that they might be dedicated to her Majesty. With the exception of Adriano, they ought to be inserted in any future collection of the British Poets.

Merry's verses were like the froth and bubbles of a rapid and shallow stream. Poetry proceeded in him from an empty mind, as in Darwin it did from a full one. Darwin's bore the stamp of his own character, but that of the age also not less decidedly: it embodied the material philosophy of the day, and, like it, was gross, earthly, and anti-spiritual; but it was the work of deliberation, thought, knowledge, and patient labour. Cowper's was a natural strain, proceeding from a playful temper and a serious heart: neither he, nor his disciple, Hurdis, seems to have felt the slightest impulse of vanity or ambition; it was as natural for them to give utterance to their feelings in verse, as for the birds to sing. Sayers had nothing in common with either of these, his contemporaries, except that, like Darwin, he was ambitious of fame as a poet, and, like him, was willing to bestow upon his compositions all the careful correction necessary for bringing them to the standard of perfection. He was the poet of art rather than of nature, of determination rather than of impulse; and this appears, both in the subjects which he selected, the form in which he cast his materials, and in his manner of composing. In the choice of subjects he was in some degree influenced by the age. Gray's versions of the Runic poems had strongly impressed the rising generation of poets, and that impression had been aided by Percy's Northern Antiquities, and by the translations, which the same very useful and influential writer published, of the more celebrated remains of the Skalds. Although these books obtained so little general notice, that the sale probably never defrayed the costs of publication, their effect upon English literature was visible. Cupid and the Muses will keep their place in verse as long as there are rhymers in the world; but the other heathen gods and goddesses were grown stale: angels and demons had been found poor substitutes by those who tried

tried to introduce them; and the existing race of poets seemed very well disposed to transfer their devotion to the gods and heroes of Valhalla, who every day hunted and killed the eternal boar, Serimner, and every night supped upon his eternal pork. Minor pieces, drawn from the stores of Scandinavian antiquity, had been composed by Miss Seward, by Mr. Polwhele, and by others of the contributors to a collection of poems, chiefly by gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall, which appeared just at this time; and Mr. Hole, a little before, had founded, upon the Runic mythology, a poem of more pretensions in its extent and structure, than anything which had appeared since the Leonidas and the Epigoniad—poems which Smollett has oddly coupled, and more oddly enumerated among the glories of George the Second's reign.

Dr. Sayers derived the form of his dramas from Mason and Klopstock, as much as from the ancients. His avowed reason for adopting the Greek form was, that it afforded in its chorus the most favourable opportunity for the display of mythological imagery; but where this is the poet's main object, it may surely be better effected in narrative than in dramatic poetry. Mr. Taylor has described his mode of composition: 'I was admitted,' he says, 'behind the curtain, saw his works, as it were, on the easel, first in the outline, then garishly shaded, and, lastly, with the blended and finished colouring. His first care was to round the fable, and everywhere to foresee his drift; the dialogue was then rapidly composed, and always the shortest cut taken to the purpose in view; the critical situations were afterwards raised into effect, and brightened into brilliance, by consulting analogous effects of celebrated writers, with the intention of transplanting beauties of detail; and finally, the lyrical ornaments, in which he mainly excelled, were inserted at every opportunity.' A process so methodical would of itself show, that Sayers was not of the school of Shakspeare. Indeed, upon his own classification, he would be enumerated among the followers of that Greek school, of which he has named Collins and Gray as the founders; but of which Mason, rather than Collins, may be considered as joint-founder with Gray, and to which Gilbert West may be referred, and, with strong shades of individual difference, Akenside and Glover.

The simplest of the Greek dramas are not so simple in their construction as these dramatic sketches: Moina, Carrol, and a chorus of bards, constitute all the persons of the first drama. In an after-edition, the author hesitated at retaining the word bard, thus improperly applied to designate a Saxon poet; but the title of Skald appeared to him not sufficiently naturalized, and perhaps as in itself unfortunate. The scene is laid in Britain, and the time during the first ages of the Saxon conquest, previous to their conversion.

version. Moina, the daughter of a British chief, has fallen by the chance of war into the hands of the Saxon Harold, who, using the right of victory, has made her his wife. Fifty days have elapsed since she was made a prisoner, and the drama opens with her lamentations for her parents; for Carril, her betrothed lover, who in defending her had fallen by Harold's arm; and for her own lot in being made by compulsion the wife of one whom she detests as the enemy of her country, and still more as being stained with Carril's blood. The chorus enter and salute her as the favourite of the Goddess Frea. She asks if Harold is returned from battle, and pours out imprecations against his life. They hint that, in so doing, she is imprecating evil upon herself; and as she departs they call upon Odin either to send him back with victory, or give him a glorious and triumphant death in the field. Carril enters to them in the disguise of a bard. He had fallen among the slain; but having been assisted in time, and recovered from his wound, is come in search of Moina. From the chorus he learns that she is the lady of the castle which he has now reached, and is Harold's wife. Just then Moina re-enters; Carril relates his own story; she retires at the tale, and sends for him to attend her: force alone, she tells him, has made her Harold's wife; but being his wife, his she must remain while he lives, and his death alone can set her free—were that happy event indeed to occur in battle, then might she flee with Carril; it will be in vain for him to challenge Harold in the hope of delivering her, for were he successful it would only bring destruction upon himself and her; but she sends him to consult a Runic prophetess concerning their fate. When they have left the stage, a soldier enters, bringing news to the chorus that Harold is slain, and that the people, having discovered his body, are bringing it home for interment. Here the first act concludes. When Carril returns from the prophetess, Moina greets him with the joyful tidings of Harold's death. The prophetess (like Erichtho) had re-animated a new-slain body, and from its lips obtained a prediction of Harold's fate, and that before sunset Moina should be at rest from her woes. Believing that the latter part of the prediction would be as happily accomplished as the first, Moina tells Carril to await her in a neighbouring dell, whither she will escape to him as soon as the funeral is over. But no sooner has he left her in this expectation, than Moina is summoned by the chorus to undergo the law, by which the surviving wife is to be buried in the grave with her husband. It is related, that when the earth was cast on her she called on Carril; Carril, to whom from the place of sacrifice she had despatched a messenger, enters, learns her fate, and, declaring his intention of throwing himself from the nearest precipice, rushes out.

The

The fable of the second drama, which is founded, not upon the Scandinavian, but the Keltic system of mythology, is equally simple. Starno, a British chief, whose daughter, Daura, has been taken by the Saxons, is gone to battle, having made a vow that if he returns victorious, his noblest captive shall be sacrificed to Hesus. During the action Daura flies to her father's army with Kelric, the son of the Saxon leader, whom she had persuaded to accompany her, and for her life yield himself a willing prisoner. The Druids demand him for their victim: moved by his daughter's supplication, Starno resolves to protect him, and says he will offer up a milk-white bull in his stead. But the Druids are inexorable; they threaten the chieftain with excommunication and all its dreadful consequences. Starno would have defied their vengeance, and sacrificed his own life to save his daughter and her husband; but Kelric, disdaining to live upon such terms, delivers himself up to the priests; and Daura, after taking leave of him, who is led to the altar, leaves the scene with the implied intention of destroying herself.

There are two other of these pieces: one is a monodrama, the first in our language;—it is the soliloquy of a northern chieftain, oppressed with age and painful dreams, and resolving, as was esteemed honourable in such circumstances, to die by his own hand; the other is a masque upon the descent of Frea, suggested by a Danish drama upon the death of Balder by Johannes Ewald. The lyrical parts of this masque are written in rhyme; those on Moina and Starno in an unrhymed measure. These are the most peculiar, as well as the most elaborate, of his productions; and the partial biographer says of them, that they display the fancy of Pindar without his extravagance, and the feeling of Sophocles without his tameness. It is injudicious thus to depreciate Sophocles and Pindar: no such comparison was called for. These choruses are in all respects original, composed upon the author's own theory of lyrical composition, and in a measure also which was wholly his own. The theory, which he subsequently explained in an essay on the poetic character of Horace, was this:—

'The Ode, like any other piece of poetical composition, is written with some determined end; and this end should be one. Whether a hero is to be praised, a mourner to be soothed, a virtue to be inculcated, or a vice to be reproved, the subject of the ode is single and defined. Of the great direction and purpose of the performance, therefore, the poet should never lose sight. An unconnected group of thoughts and images, however striking and affecting, form not a good ode. Whatever is introduced should tend evidently to the end which is in view; whatever is unconnected with this end is idle and ineffective, and spoils that wholeness which is essential to the excellence of the piece. Neither

ther is it all-sufficient merely to unite the different passages, or portions, of the ode with the theme on which it is written: the poet must not stop here; the passages must also be united among themselves; the mind should glide with ease from one part to the next; the link between them should be plainly discernible, or the piece is a mere cento. Connexion of component parts together with wholeness (if I may so express it) are essential to the perfection of the Ode.'—pp. xlv. xlvi.

Mr. Taylor is of opinion that the dirges to Moina, 'or hearse-songs, as our Saxon forefathers called them,' are the most masterly of the odes: these, therefore, we shall adduce as the best and most characteristic examples of Dr. Sayers's poetry. The first, which is sung while Harold's body is borne to the grave, appropriately describes the state of departed heroes in the Scandinavian paradise, on their final dissolution, when the gods themselves shall be destroyed.

'Who steps on the glittering bridge
That leads to the mansion of gods?
'Tis Harold, undaunted in fight,
He smil'd at the shivering of spears,
He fell in the clashing of arms.
Rise, Odin, rise,
See, he enters thy shining abode,
And terrible sits by thy side.

'Who lifts the gold-tipt horn
Of mantling mead?
Harold lifts the gold-tipt horn
Of mantling mead.
Happy he who fighting falls,
Happy in the battle's clangour
To feel the quivering lance.
When the hunter's dart has pierced
The roe-buck's dappled side,
Prone from the summit of the rock
He falls, and falling dies;
His dark-gray eyes for ever close,
No more he climbs the grassy hill,
No more he seeks the cooling spring,
But sinks to endless night;
When Vithri drives the sword of fate
Deep in the hero's steel-clad breast,
His soul immortal mounts on high,
And wins the airy seat of gods;
There in Pleasure's lap he lies,
'Till Surtur's flames consume the world.'

SEMI-CHORUS.

'From the four regions of the sky
The white snow falls,

And

And winter binds in thick-ribb'd ice
The floating world—
Who rears the bloody hand?
A brother in his brother's heart
Has plung'd the spear;
Who rears the bloody hand?
A father in his daughter's heart
Has plung'd the spear.

Where are thy beams, O sun?
Where is thy silver shield,
O moon?
The glimmering stars fall from the cope of heav'n,
'Tis darkness all—the firm earth shakes—
The cloud-capt mountains thundering rush
Upon the plains below—
Old ocean heaves his waves,
And tempests howl around.

'See, Fenris bursts his chain,
His eye-balls flash,
His nostrils breathe
Destructive fire.
From the serpent's iron jaws
Floods of poison roll—
Hark! the crash of heav'n!—
It cleaves, it cleaves—
Spirits of fire arise,
And hurl their burning brands,
Surtur at their head—
Before him flash his dazzling arms,
Behind him flies resistless flame.

'Heimdal lifts the brazen trump,
And blows the blast of war—
Heaven's solid pillars shake—
Odin calls—he grasps his lance,
And strikes his golden shield;—
Heimdal sounds the brazen trump—
The gods start up and seize their sparkling spears.
Heimdal sounds the brazen trump—
Odin's heroes rush to battle,
And jarring hauberks ring.

'CHORUS.

'In burnish'd mail shall Harold stand,
Foremost in th' embattled ranks
His arm shall wing the hissing dart,
Nor dread the flames around;
Then shall he fighting fall again,
And sink amid the war of gods,
Amid the crush of worlds.'—p. 76–81.

The dirge of Moina is, as it should be, contrasted with this, in its character and movement.

'Dark, dark is Moina's bed,
On earth's hard lap she lies;
Where is the beauteous form
That heroes lov'd?
Where is the beaming eye,
The ruddy cheek?

'Cold, cold is Moina's bed.
And shall no lay of death,
With pleasing murmur, soothe
Her parted soul?
Shall no tear wet the grave
Where Moina lies?
The bards shall raise the lay of death,
The birds shall soothe her parted soul,
And drop the tear of grief
On Moina's grave.

'The lily bows her head
Before the summer-gale,
The green earth kissing;
But swift the summer-gale is fled;
Again the flower uplifts her snowy crest,
And drinks the air serene.—
Before the breath of woe
The soul of Moina bow'd,

'It bow'd, and rose no more.
High o'er its banks the rapid river swells,
And flows impetuous on the plain—
The poplar meets the rushing wave,
And bends its tender stem—
The waters pass,
The plant uprears its pliant trunk,
And shoots aloft;
The plant uprears its dewy tufts,
And spreads its light-green leaves
To meet the warmth of heaven.
Before the tide of woe
The soul of Moina bow'd,—
It bow'd, and rose no more.

'Frea, from Valhalla's groves,
Mark'd the grief of Moina's heart,
And dropp'd the golden tear;
Now she quits the groves of bliss,
And hastes to meet her favour'd child
At heaven's firm-built gates.
With her rosy hand she grasps

Moina's

Moina's clay-cold palm;
Swift through her frame celestial vigour shoots,
Celestial beauty beams
In Moina's eyes.
'Fair flower, no more the blast of woe
Shall shake thy tender form;
In Frea's gorgeous domes,
Thy bloom shall fade no more.'—p. 84-87.

This drama, in the first edition, concluded with a dirge for Carril, enumerating the various cases in which suicide, upon the philosophy of the Skalds, was recommended as the only remedy for disgrace, infirmity, or grief. It was suppressed by its author, in the later editions, from a conscientious feeling, Mr. Taylor tells us, 'lest the praise of heroic suicide should, perhaps, operate dangerously in common life, and prepare some hesitating sufferer for a rash and unhallowed act.'

The dramatic sketches were favourably received. If the readers were not numerous, they were of that description whom a poet should be most desirous to please; and the sale of three editions shows that they were more numerous than might have been expected. They were, indeed, noticed and praised by the critical journals of that generation; but neither the subject nor the manner could be popular: novelties usually offend those whom they fail to attract; and of all innovations, there are none of which the sovereign public is so intolerant as innovations in taste. Unrhymed lyrical measures had been tried by Milton with unhappy success; and his failure would have deterred any ordinary mind from repeating the experiment; but in reality that failure proved only that the experiment had been ill made. There are parts in the chorusses of the 'Samson Agonistes,' wherein it is difficult to discover any principle of rhythm: they remind one of the supposition upon which Bentley proceeded with such critical intrepidity, that some careless, or worse than careless, amanuensis had disfigured his verses, and that many of them could not have stood as they now stand if Milton had *seen* them. That he could strangely deceive his ear, and his judgement not less strangely, is curiously proved by his Psalms, and by his translation of '*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosâ.*' Yet this translation, uncouth as it is in syntax as well as sound, and bearing no other resemblance to the Latin measure, which it was designed to imitate, than that it consists of two long and two short lines, presents the only example of a rhymeless stanza which can fairly be said to have become naturalized in our language. Collins saw what could be made of it, and few poems have been more frequently imitated than the 'Ode to Evening,' to which he has so finely and beautifully applied

its slow and solemn movement. This had been the only successful attempt at introducing an unrhymed lyric measure in English poetry. Glover tried it in the chorusses of his 'Medea' injudiciously. A specimen of his trochaics and iambics, and cretics, will show how greatly his principle of rhythm differs from that of Dr. Sayers, and wherefore it necessarily failed to please;—

TROCHAICS.

'Known recesses, where the echoes
Through the hollow winding vale,
And the hills' retentive caverns
Tun'd their voices from our songs;
Shade-encircled, verdant levels,
Where the downy turf might charm
Weary feet to joyous dances,
Mixed with madrigals and pipes;
O ye unforgotten pleasures,
Pleasures of our tender youth,
You we never shall revisit,
Ill-exchanged for scenes of woe.

IAMBICS.

O that on fam'd Peneus' banks
The nymphs of Pelion had bemoan'd
Their shady haunts to ashes burn'd
By Heaven's red anger! hateful pines,
Which form'd thy well-compacted sides,
O Argo—fatal to our peace!
Thou never then through Adria's wave
Hadst reach'd Phæacia's blissful shore,
Nor good Alcinous the hand
Of Jason with Medea join'd;
Nor sent us weeping from our homes,
Her luckless train, to share her grief.'

CRETICS AND TROCHAICS.

'Native floods rough with ice,
Rushing down mountain sides,
Whirling thence broken rocks,
Your discordant waves that sweep
Harshly o'er their flinty beds,
Yield a more alluring sound
Than the gently-trilling notes
Of the tender Grecian lyre,
Or the swelling strain diffus'd
From the music-breathing flute.'

There is an obvious want of judgement in the first of these specimens. The trochaic measure, ending alternately with a double syllable and a single one, necessarily leads the ear to expect the rhymes which usually form part of that measure, and, consequently,

quently, disappointment instead of pleasure is produced. The cretics also are not agreeable, because the movement is neither pleasing in itself, nor consonant to the character of our language. And in all these measures Glover has betrayed a want of skill in his art: he seems to have counted syllables, like a schoolboy, and to have been satisfied if the lines scanned upon his fingers: not considering that *and* and *than*, *or* and *of*, *to* and *from*, with all their little relations, are words ill fitted for occupying a prominent station in metre, he has loaded his conjunctions with a weight of emphasis which they are not able to support, and forced his prepositions into preposterous places. Even if the matter of these chorusses had been better, the manner would have ruined them. Dr. Sayers committed no such error. He never employed a strongly-marked measure unless it was peculiarly appropriate, and then he constructed his verses so, (having the language at command,) that they required no humouring from an indulgent reader, but that in the easy and natural pronunciation of the words, the accent should necessarily fall where the harmony of the line required it. Neither did he err, like Glover, in subjecting his unrhymed lyrics to a rule of uniformity, rendering the composition more difficult, and the effect less pleasing. He arranged them, according to his own perception of metrical harmony, in lines of such length and cadence, as, by suiting the matter and the passion, should at once satisfy the judgement and content the ear. Perhaps he thought that the Greek chorusses were composed upon no other principle, and that a rule of metre, which the ablest critics have been unable to determine, might with much probability be resolved into the will and pleasure of the writer.

It has been often said that the surest test to which poetry can be subjected is to see if it retain its poetical spirit when transposed into prose,—that is, if it remains poetry when divorced from metre, which is surely no fair experiment for those poems of which metre is a constituent part. Blank-verse of every kind, and more especially the irregular form which Sayers introduced, affords a better and not less certain test: it can never be supported by mere sound and verbiage, as rhymed poems frequently are; unless it stands by its own strength, it must fall. Therefore it is that so many writers, who have displayed no inconsiderable facility and power in rhyme, have totally failed when they attempted blank verse; and that the attempts at naturalizing it have failed of success in those countries, where, owing to the euphony of the language and its abundant rhymes, and the sonorous character even of trivial words, the people have been accustomed to a style of poetry more harmonious, but less essentially poetical, than that of the northern nations, and especially than our own. The same incidents

incidents which would delight an Italian or a Spaniard in the octave stanza, would give them no pleasure in their blank verse: they would perceive a difference not less great than that of an opera-dancer, in her stage-dress, moving on the light fantastic toe, —from the same person slip-shod and in dishabille. But if blank verse be much more difficult than couplets or stanzas, that measure is itself not so difficult as the verse of Sayers's choruses. The poet who rejects the aid of uniformity takes upon himself a task of more arduous execution. Sayers has been followed by Mr. Southey in the metre of Thalaba and of many minor poems: he would have found more followers if the model had been as easy as it may appear to those who have had no experience in composition.

The dramatic sketches were much admired in Germany; two translations speedily appeared, and the German critics said, that the curse which for many years seemed to have rested on English poets, had been dissolved by Sayers. He was too easily satisfied with his success: the ambition, with which his biographer tells us he had commenced his career, seemed to have attained its object; and he never afterwards attempted anything of equal magnitude. This may, in some degree, be explained by the habit of procrastination in which he indulged, for he was almost a systematic postponer, and would often smile in cordial sympathy with his biographer, at the maxim, 'that he who leaves a thing undone, has always something to do.' But he had also fallen into another habit which is not less unfortunate, and which may very probably be traced to the sort of critical education bestowed upon him in early youth; numerous minute corrections of his poems were found among his papers; 'some put affirmatively, some hypothetically;' and time, which might better have been devoted to the execution of new works, was consumed in the fruitless and endless labour of touching and re-touching the productions of his youth. He had even written down certain general rules, indicating his principles of correction: for example, 'In the poems lessen epithets where I can; and read words in the singular for the plural,' 'correct the style of my poems, making it more strong and plain throughout, omitting superfluous or too numerous epithets, as far as I can.' 'Some lines are too like the places they were borrowed from—change therefore.' Yet after all, says Mr. Taylor, this self-counsel is also put on record: 'Notwithstanding, my proposed corrections in the manuscripts herewith, or elsewhere, do not alter what I think will do well, and is sufficiently correct in my works.' 'Goethe,' Mr. Taylor adds, 'somewhere announces a similar sentiment, and observes that the first impressions made by a fine writer on his reader's memory, are so tenacious, that even the wisest emendations of his subsequent editions

editions are approached with unwelcome perturbation on a second perusal.' But this should be of little weight: for if the work becomes part of the standard literature of its country, the corrected text is that which will be perpetually reprinted. More valid is the consideration, that in this minute criticism there is danger of altering for the sake of alteration; of preferring the substituted reading, merely because it is new; and injuring the passage, by making such substitutions when the feeling with which it was originally composed has past away.

The German critics observed a resemblance between Sayers and Gray. Like Gray, he drew his allusions more from what he read than from what he saw; and may, therefore, more frequently be traced to books than to the poetry of nature. The habit of careful and fastidious elaboration is another point of resemblance. Latterly he considered Dryden as the best model of a poet, saying that 'whoever wishes to acquire a skill in English versification must give his nights and days to the volumes of Dryden, for from no other writer can we derive an *equally* strong idea of the majesty, force, and sweetness of the English tongue.' But it is unwise advice, to recommend this exclusive attention to the writings of any single author; nor is Dryden, with all his merits, the one to whom we should refer, as, either in verse or prose, best exhibiting the richness and the power of the English language. The young poet may derive more benefit from a remark of Sayers, when applying to poetry his theory of beauty, which was, that it is not inherent in forms, features, or complexions, but depends entirely upon the ideas associated with them: in application of this, he says, 'it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the beauty of a poem depends upon the pleasing ideas or emotions produced by the various expressions that are used in it; but the principle of association goes so far, that it is by no means unfrequent to find passages in our best English poets by which no clear or connected ideas are raised; or in which ideas even repugnant to sense or propriety are to be detected, but which, notwithstanding, merely from agreeable association with the words, are generally received as beautiful.' After some illustrations of this, he adds, 'I am far from intending to defend this practice in poetry, because it has in many cases succeeded: when the passages are considered, and their impropriety detected, the idea of imperfection or absurdity is found with them, and they are no longer beautiful.'

These remarks occur in a volume of disquisitions Metaphysical and Literary, which were his second publication. They were followed by one of Miscellanies, Antiquarian and Historical, and these by a little collection of his minor poems, under the title of 'Nugæ Poeticæ.' The most remarkable of these is a fragment upon

upon Jack the Giant-killer, introduced by the following advertisement.

'The Luise of Voss, and the Herman and Dorothea of Goethe, (both professedly written in the manner of the first of poets,) having been much admired by the German public, I trust that the English reader will be disposed to receive, with some indulgence, the attempt which I have made to celebrate, in Homeric strains, one of the most noted achievements of a famous British hero.

'I have been so anxious to abide by my model on this occasion, that I have not hesitated to interweave, into the following composition, translations of a variety of passages, epithets, &c., which occur in the works of the great writer whom I have presumed to imitate.'

That species of burlesque which has been sometimes exhibited in travesties of Homer and Virgil is perfectly detestable; and when applied, as it has been in our days, to those works of Shakspeare which are the pride and glory of our literature, it offends the moral sense as much as it insults the national feeling. Men must be in a strange state of moral perversion and intellectual obliquity, who can contemplate the noblest productions of human genius, for no other purpose than that of finding in those thoughts and expressions, which thrill the heart and elevate the imagination of others, something whereon to fasten a low jest, or ludicrous association, that may debase them. Sayers's pleasantry is of a very different kind—though neither the Luise of Voss, nor the Herman and Dorothea of Goethe, would have suggested it, had he perused them in the original: it was a pitiful translation of the latter poem by Holcroft, which made the minuteness of its details appear ridiculous. There are, and will continue to be, different opinions about the conception and about the tendency of many of Goethe's works: but on one point there is no dispute;—in his execution there is uniformly the hand of a great artist. Those details, which are meagre and worthless in a miserable version that has not even the common charm of metre to render it passable, (for Holcroft was actually ignorant of the common laws for blank verse,) are universally admired by the Germans, to whom the things themselves are familiar, as belonging to every-day usages of ordinary life. It is not, therefore, because the matter of these details was beneath poetry, that Sayers was displeased, but because in Holcroft's limping lines the poetry was beneath the subject. The original may be likened to one of Gainsborough's pictures of rustic life; the translation is what a coarse engraving of that picture would be, bedaubed with colours for an alehouse parlour.

The humour, therefore, of this fragment, though satirically intended, fails in its satire; because neither Voss nor Goethe have treated

treated in grandiloquous verse those subjects which are essentially anti-poetical. It bears the same relation to the style of Cowper's Homer, that the 'Splendid Shilling' does to the blank verse of Milton: and considered in that light, is, as the annexed extract will prove, excellent in itself.

'To whom the giant-killing Jack replied;
"Guest, thou hast spoken right; but ere I enter
Thy ship of heart-of-oak, well-built, swift-sailing,
First let us sup, for so my heart inclines me;
Then let us go to bed; and when the morn,
With rosy fingers opes the gates of heaven,
We'll spread our sails, and cross the barren ocean."
He said; and lo! a blue-arm'd, red-fac'd maid,
With apron white, brings in a fresh-wash'd cloth
Of hempen thread well twisted, wove long since
By a skilful weaver; this she swift unfolds,
And on the table, form'd of close-knit oak,
She jerking spreads; then seeks the knives and forks
And clattering plates, and from the cool brick'd pantry
She bears cold pork, which Jack had left at dinner,
And places it before them; quick she brings,
Well fill'd with dark-brown beer, a wooden can
Of curious workmanship, the which to Jack
His friend Tom Thumb had given, and the which
Was given to Thumb by Hickathrift divine,
And Hickathrift had stolen it from the castle
Of mighty Ogre, whom he boldly slew
In dreadful fight, thwacking with knotty staff.
Supper serv'd up, Jack smiling thus began;

'"Cheer up, my friend, although thou'rt griev'd in mind,
Because thy daughter in the giant's cave
Lies bound in ropen bonds; I'll set her free;
But now attend, and treasure in thy mind
What I shall say; when heart-corroding cares,
And bitter groans, assail thy labouring breast,
Then eat and drink, for I do nothing know
That sooner drives those heart-corroding cares
And bitter groans away, than joyous feasting."
To whom the white-hair'd traveller replied;
"O giant-killing Jack, thou speak'st most shrewdly:
Although with keenest grief my mind is stor'd,
Yet will I joy awhile in thy repast."—
He said—and Jack did separate with ease
Two ribs of white-tooth'd hog, and to his guest
Gave them; the old man eats, and from the can
Draws frequent draughts, and soon his soul is gladden'd.
When their dear-hearts were satisfied with food,

The

The giant-killing Jack again bespake him:
"O guest, before we sleep, I'll give to thee
A keepsake, and do thou return the like.
Take this tobacco-pouch; 'tis made of skin
Of mountain-deer, that on the windy top
Of Cheviot play'd; 'twas given long ago,
By a Scotch smuggler, to my grandfather;
He left it to his son, and I have now
Succeeded to it, for my father's dead."
To whom the white-hair'd traveller replied;
"I take thy gift, O host, and give instead
This clasped knife, the blade whereof is steel
Of finest temper, and the haft of horn."
He said, and rising from their wicker seats,
They haste to bed, and sweet sleep falls upon them.'—p. 277-279.

Another fragment, composed in the same sportive temper, but of a very different character, may probably have suggested originally that manner of writing which, after Whistlecraft had set the tune, has been followed by so many imitators. Guy of Warwick is the hero, and the fragment begins thus:—

'"In those rare days, when Æthelstan did reign,
And Scots and Danes sore trembled at his frown,
Those untir'd foes who cut and came again—
In those rare days was born in Warwick town,
To dame of low degree, a rosy boy;
Fat were his limbs, but firm—they call'd him Guy;
An imp of promise 'twas, his mother's joy;
For often would he smile with roguish eye,
Tho' oftener far he kick'd, and squall'd right lustily.

'When scarce thirteen, his prowess burst to light,
Foretelling future deeds of high renown;
His playmates spake his name with wild affright,
For often had he crack'd each playmate's crown.
The book-learn'd monarch of the stinging birch,
To check Guy's pranks, now flogg'd and now harangu'd,
Vain thoughts; the dog would almost rob a church;
His wrathful master, and his playmates bang'd,
Swore Guy would be a knight, or else that Guy 'd be hang'd.

'And true they swore; for fierce in manhood's prime,
Well dubb'd, well arm'd, he join'd with huge delight
That highly-lauded band who spent their time
In borrowing knocks, and paying them at sight:
Of errant knights Sir Guy became the pride;
The east, the west, his mighty feats could tell;
How little did he heed his gentle hide,
While many a giant grim he sweated well,
And spitted too, like geese, full many an infidel.'—pp. 265, 266.

In

In these pieces that playful character is displayed which rendered Dr. Sayers one of the most delightful of companions. No man was ever better qualified to embellish and enjoy society: his manners were singularly pleasing, his countenance animated and yet gentle, his voice sweet, his eye mirthful, his mind richly stored with wit as well as knowledge at command, so that whether the subject of conversation were light or serious, he was alike able to instruct and to amuse; passing from grave to gay, or from gay to grave, with an ease and gracefulness peculiar to himself. At different times he had inherited from various relations enough to place him in what, for a single man, was affluence. It might have been happier for him if this had come earlier, so as to have saved him from what surely is not to be called single blessedness; or if he had had no such probable contingencies in view, so that he must have engaged in active life: in that case, his days might possibly have been prolonged. If he had had more duties to perform, more calls for exertion, more to occupy and rouse him, he would have had more enjoyment than he found from having his whole time at his own absolute disposal. After all the vacillations of his youth, there was an opportunity of taking a determinate course in life, when his religious opinions settled in a conscientious and fixed conformity with the Church of England. The rise and growth of that change is related in an interesting manner by Mr. Taylor. He was present during the last illness of Mrs. Sayers, when Moina was read to her from the manuscript. These lines occurred:—

> 'Thou unseen power, when deep despair surrounds us,
> When the dark night of woe o'ershades the soul,
> Sudden thou shinest, amid surrounding horrors,
> The cloud is gone, and keenest joy bursts in
> Upon the darkened mind.'

The passage was immediately applied by the mother, and not by her alone, to that recovery of her son from a state of despondence which had been witnessed not long before at Keswick; she sobbed aloud at the thoughts and feelings which were thus induced; the emotion was partaken both by her son and his friend: it was the last time these three persons ever met, and the circumstance left a deep impression upon Sayers: indeed, a memorandum relating to it was found among his papers. 'If,' says Mr. Taylor, 'religion is so natural to man, that even in a work of fiction the theopathetic affections must be ascribed to the rudest barbarian, it is indeed a revelation from heaven. Some such conviction I think was flashing across him, and he adopted it as a kind of engagement to a dying mother, thenceforth unremittingly to cultivate piety, and on his part never to unfit himself for their meeting again.'

From

From that time Sayers ceased to discuss, as he had formerly done, the fundamental doctrines of faith. He began to regard, with merited and increasing aversion, a philosophy as injurious to the hopes as it is destructive to the happiness of man, false in itself, and fatal in its consequences; and he betook himself to the study of the English divines, in whose works sounder philosophy, truer wisdom, stronger reasoning, and more enlarged views of all the momentous concerns of human life are to be found, than in any other language, or in any other class of writers. There he found arguments which convinced his judgement, and truth which satisfied his heart. It is only to be wished that he had then shaken off a constitutional disposition to inaction, and entered into sacred orders, for which he was not more eminently qualified by his learning and his powers of mind, than by habitual piety and constant benevolence. But he was contented to float down the stream of years, amusing himself sometimes with architectural and antiquarian pursuits, with minute historical inquiries, with correcting and re-correcting his poems and essays, and re-considering his corrections,—sometimes, but rarely, with composing occasional verses, and sometimes with sending a paper to the Quarterly Review. The only thing in which he was active, was in doing good. Nothing of pith and moment was executed or undertaken; and in this easy course of life he reached the age of fifty, when his constitution began sensibly to fail. It had been weakened by the indulgence of inactive habits; no medical care could avert a paralytic stroke, which for some time was foreseen, and after its occurrence he lingered three years in a declining and hopeless state, the wreck of what he had formerly been. 'His latter months were grievously afflicted with hypochondriasis: the form which this disease assumed in him was an excessive anxiety about the future condition of his soul. He, so much superior in every Christian virtue, not merely to the average bulk of mankind, but to most of the excellently wise and good, was prepared to approach the throne of grace, but with trembling hope and fearful humility.' He died August 16, 1817, bequeathing several sums to charitable uses, his books to the library belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Norwich, and his papers to his true and constant friend, Mr. Taylor, from whom in life he had never been divided.

A good portrait, from a picture by Opie, is prefixed to his collective works; it is one of Opie's happiest likenesses. There is a monument to his memory in Norwich cathedral, where he was interred. Mr. Hudson Gurney wished to have had the honour of erecting it, but this was a privilege upon which his nearest kinsman, Mr. Sayers, insisted as his own right. 'If learning, genius, intellect,' says his affectionate biographer, 'are to confer immortality on earth, it is his; if virtue, faith, suffering are to confer it in heaven, it is his also.'

ART.

ART. IX.—1. *Histoire de la Regénération de la Grèce, comprenant le Précis des Evènemens depuis* 1740 *jusqu'en* 1824. Par F.-C.-H.-L. Pouqueville, ancien Consul-Général de France auprès d'Ali Pacha, &c. &c. &c. 4 tom. Paris. 1824.
2. *The Greek Bubble.* London. 1826.
3. *Vindication of Henry D. Sedgwick, against certain Charges made by the Honourable Jonas Platt, together with some Statements and Inquiries intended to elicit the Reasons of the Award in the case of the Greek Frigates.* New York. 1826.

REGENERATION de la Grèce!!! We may as well rest satisfied with three notes of admiration; for the founts of all the printers in Europe would not supply materials to express typographical wonder adequate to the emotions which the title of M. Pouqueville's ponderous tomes would *now* produce. Yet we must do that eminent Philhellene the justice of quoting one passage from his book:—

'Christians, hastening from the West at the voice of misfortune, came to dry the tears of Etolians and Acarnanians. They brought to them the assistance of that beneficent clergy of England, Switzerland, and Germany, whose ambition it was, from the commencement of the holy revolt of the Greeks against the Vicar or Caliph of Mahomet, to take the title of Philhellenes, a name become synonymous with that of friends of the unfortunate, and consolers of the martyrs of The Most High.

'High-born dames—for the magnanimous heart of the women of old Europe and the Christian world will for ever be on the side of the Greeks—had joined to this abundant contributions:—would that I were permitted to publish their names! Men, as commendable for their religious feelings as their intelligence, presented themselves in their turn, to instruct the Greeks in the great art of public administration, *which is a secret to those only who wish that private views should prevail over public interests. All* were prepared for such honourable functions by the study of *the Greek language*; and only asked the privilege of supporting themselves *at their own expense* in the employment which they solicited!'

So far we venture to translate—but the rest must be given in the original:—

'O Providence! la Grèce et l'Amérique, asservies au commencement du quinzième siècle, se retrouvent au commencement du dix-neuvième en présence de leurs dévastateurs!

'Pour moi, satisfait d'avoir fait connaître *les souffrances des Hellènes, leurs mémorables actions, et la barbarie des Turcs, au monde occupé des évènemens de l'Orient*, je me croirai assez récompensé si j'obtiens un jour des fils de Dorus, un rameau de l'olivier aux belles couronnes, qui ceignit le front d'Hérodote aux fêtes d'Olympie. Je borne ici ma carrière et mes vœux!—et toi, Muse sévère de l'Histoire, chaste

chaste sœur d'Apollon, daigne protéger mon ouvrage, et reçois pour jamais mes adieux.'—*Régénération de la Grèce*, tome iv. p. 469.

Nothing can be more glorious; but, according to good old theatrical custom, farce should always follow tragedy, and we beg leave to give, as a *pendant* to the above, an extract from the second piece of poetry on Greece, which we have named at the head of our Article:—

'Roused by the sound of liberty and scrip,
To arms, to arms belligerent brokers skip:
Loud rings the cry of freedom far and wide;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side;
Contractors, weeping over Grecian wounds,
Pocket their four-and-sixty thousand pounds.
Still Freedom called—the cry was still maintained,
Till, not one purse remaining to be drained,
The patriot fury made a sudden pause,
And prudent rats escaped from Athens' crumbling cause.—
Long was each lender's visage—long and sad—
Heave, Hellas, heave the sigh! but, Hebrew hearts, be glad!

'Impartial body! safely may you boast
A claim for gratitude from either host;
For while your voice was all for Greece, your works,
With more substantial kindness, helped the Turks.
Great, as already sung, your judgment, shown
At home, in managing a Grecian loan;
As great your skill—forgive the flattering strain—
Abroad, mismanaging a Greek campaign!
Blest band! where Jew and Atheist, cheek by jowl,
O'er Christian interests raised consistent howl;
Where the hack lawyer spoke of sufferings high,
And deeds, chivalric warmed the Quaker sly;
Where loud for Hellas rose the deep lament,
Where honour, faith, religion, feelings rent,
Rung through each speech—all meaning 12 per cent.!

'O when the bubble burst, 'twere sweet to mark
How cash and cant roared in alternate bark;
Here, "Missolonghi's fall my spirit shocks;"
There, "Were that all—but oh, the fall of stocks!"
Here, "Brimful now is misery's fatal cup,
The Turks have blown another fortress up;"
There, "Forts blown up! I've heavier news to tell;
The scrip—the scrip will be blown up as well."
One cries, "The cause is lost!" another, "Zounds!
Who cares? I've lost my four-and-fifty pounds."
Snuffles a saint, "I sorrow for the Cross!
But 19 discount is a serious loss;"
Whispers a sinner, "Why, the thing must fall,
But 'twas a pretty bubble after all."'—*The Greek Bubble.*

We

We leave our readers to judge between these two accounts of the motives of these illustrious 'chrétiens accourus de l'occident'—and to decide whether the 'Muse sévère de l'Histoire' of M. de Pouqueville, or the still more severe Muse of the versifier, (who, we regret to say, is occasionally coarse and clumsy,) is the more correct. We assure them that we have no intention of dragging them through all the controversial mire with which the newspapers have been filled for some weeks past, respecting the several parts played in 'the Greek Bubble,' by the various members of the Greek committee. The economical Mr. Hume's over-anxiety for scrip—the erudite Mr. Bowring's various translations of stock—the romantic partialities for per cents. displayed by Orlando, who seems to have been the innamorato of these goddesses of 'Change Alley—with other minor performances, have been sufficiently discussed. We believe that public opinion is quite made up on all these details, and that when the sacred cause of insurrection all over the world shall again need a loan, the suffering patriots, wherever arising, will allow such statesmen as we have been alluding to, to plead their cause—to clamour about their wrongs—to weep over their miseries—to dabble as much as they please in the metaphysical, poetical, and periodical departments, provided always, that they keep their fingers from meddling with the pecuniary. When one of these *Milordoi-kai-kurioi*, as the Greek newspapers call them, drops hereafter a hint about a loan, we suspect that the answer will be something like what certain Athenians, of old, according to Shakspeare, gave a nobler borrower:—'Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such *an honourable gentleman**.'

We shall suffer the committee to flounder out of the scrape as they can. When all their pleadings and counter-pleadings are fully before the public, we may perhaps take up this part of the subject, and analyze it with suitable minuteness. In the mean time, we recommend it to the serious attention of a statesman with whose presence the city of London has honoured St. Stephen's. It has been officially announced that Mr. Alderman Waithman intends probing with his powerful hand the various frauds in the money-market committed during the delusion of the last two years; and we hope that he will bring his brilliant eloquence to bear with especial effect on the Greek loan, in which he will find this additional topic for declamation—that while the mining, washing, milking, teaching, salting,

* Timon of Athens.

bricking

bricking companies, &c., openly avowed their views to be wholly pecuniary, their brethren in ingenuity of the Greek Company, sheltered the same designs under the high-sounding names of liberty and benevolence.

We frankly confess, that our aversion to the Greek committee is of older standing than the miserable exposure of their doings in the money market. From the first, we considered them as a body whose proceedings required to be closely watched. We thought that the establishment of a committee of public safety, for such they almost immediately made themselves, was highly objectionable. In all their transactions with Greece they acted as the government, not of England only, but of Greece herself. Their emissaries (especially Colonel Stanhope and Mr. Blaquiere) took upon themselves the tone of high ministerial agents, and, in several of their communications with the Greek authorities, styled themselves representatives of the people of England—not one in a thousand of whom knew or cared anything about them. We question, indeed, if the most fully empowered diplomatist that ever figured in ambassadorial annals, ever exhibited airs of such importance, or ventured to meddle with such ultra-dictatorial authority, in the affairs of the nation to which he was accredited. If it were not for the lamentable consequences which the interference of these gentlemen has produced among the unfortunate people to whom they were deputed, it would be impossible not to laugh at the blustering impudence of their Bobadil pretensions; but the results have been too melancholy to allow us to indulge in the censure of a laugh, however rigid. In a region torn to pieces by factions, which were destroying themselves and their country much more effectually than either could have been destroyed by the enemy, each of these gentlemen joined a faction, of which he became the most factious, inflaming the savage passions of armed barbarism by all the finished arts derived from long practice amidst the wordy brawls of the most depraved civilization. As if elements of discord did not sufficiently abound, Colonel Stanhope introduced among them the new engine of a licentious press, which he employed against the government and the leaders of parties, exerting all its influence in heightening animosities which were exasperated enough without its assistance, and in scattering new materials for enmity and dissension. His great aspiration was to diffuse this blessing over all Greece, but he succeeded only at two places: at Missolonghi, by the assistance of a renegade Swiss apothecary, against the most anxious remonstrances of the brightest name ever connected with this unhappy contest—and at Athens, against the wishes of every one there, who was at all capable of judging what promised advantage, or mischief, to the cause in which, for its misfortune, the typographical Colonel had embarked.

Besides

Besides this precious boon, it would be hard to say what else Lieutenant-colonel Leicester Stanhope did for the Greeks. His ideas of what he would do were, we admit, magnificent enough.

'A thousand hearts were great within his bosom.'

In some of his letters to Mr. Bowring, he modestly informs his friend that he had, in the short space of one week, arranged for the formation of a corps of artillery; made military preparations for the sieges of Patras, Lepanto, and the Castles of the Gulf, by means of a thousand men, irregular troops, to be paid by Lord Byron; and completed the establishment—firstly, of a free press—secondly, of schools—thirdly, of posts throughout the country—and fourthly, of a dispensary! What was the result of all this boasting—

'Quid feret hic dignum tanto promissor hiatu'?

Why, this:—The corps of artillery was never formed:—instead of having fifty German engineers, there were only five or six. Greek privates, corporals, and sergeants were then to be substituted, with English and German commissioned officers; but, alas! there were no English officers to be found, except a Mr. Parry, who had been in the *civil* department of our ordnance, and with whom the German officers lost no time in getting up a most edifying dispute about rank and precedence; and, finally, Colonel Stanhope himself broke up the whole arrangement, by giving to Ulysses half the establishment formed at Missolonghi—and this, contrary to the wishes of the Greek government. The irregular troops never had any existence but in the fertile imagination of the Colonel; Patras, the Castles, and Lepanto remain to this day in the hands of the Turks, uninvested; and Missolonghi has been lost.

The arrangement of the posts was managed with not inferior ability. Nobody in Greece but Mr. Stanhope ever thought of the necessity of sending and receiving intelligence with mail-coach speed and regularity: it was, in fact, nothing but the extreme of absurdity to entertain such an idea in a country so situated. Accordingly, all the Colonel's plans here too fell to the ground. It is, however, most worthy of observation, that he who writes with so much ease of sending the post all over the world from the seat of the Greek government, three times a week, could never, in his own person, move a yard through the country without an escort, and that only when he had taken especial care to ascertain that there were no Turks in the way. So that, in fact, the whole result of the efforts of this military gentleman (who, we may remark, *en passant*, never saw a shot fired, nor ever thought of going near the enemy, or even an armed body of Greeks) was to establish a turbulent press, in spite of the government to which he was accredited, and to stock an apothecary's shop with drugs, transmitted (we believe) by a

committee of casuistical quakers.* 'Most warlike Captain!' For these services the following tribute of applause was paid by his most reverend and approved good masters of the sagacious committee:—

'"Resolved—That the Honourable Colonel Stanhope is entitled to the most grateful thanks of the Committee, for the unwearied zeal, SOUND DISCRETION, and extensive benevolence, manifested by him, while acting as their agent in Greece; and that the Committee anticipates GREAT BENEFITS TO GREECE, from the exertions and *suggestions* which *distinguished* his visit to that country, and desires particularly to record and to communicate ITS *high* approbation of his efforts to promote *harmony and a good understanding* among the different leaders in Greece: a result greatly advanced by his *CONCILIATORY SPIRIT* and *SUPERIORITY TO PARTY-CONSIDERATIONS.*"'

The other envoys of this wonderful committee behaved with almost equal absurdity. Nothing can be more melancholy than the accounts of the squabbles, cowardice, and dissensions which the mutual recriminations of these people are every day bringing to light. Perfectly unpractised in any arts calculated to be of advantage either in the council or the field, they began to quarrel among themselves, instead of facing the enemy, and to draw out plans of government and legislation before they had secured the independence of a parish. With the most profound ignorance of the country and the manners of its inhabitants, the committee wasted six or seven thousand pounds in a project for an arsenal for the manufacture of weapons, to be conducted by *English* mechanics, in——Greece! It would have had a far better chance of success in Timbuctoo. A dozen respectable mechanics were cruelly seduced to go out on this insane project. The issue was as might have been anticipated by any one of common understanding. These poor men were the objects of jealousy and hatred among the uncivilised people to whom they were sent. They suffered the most horrid usage—were obliged to submit to the most heart-rending privations—were neglected by the government, ill-treated by the populace,

* We venture to apply this epithet to the quakers who subscribed for the relief of the Greeks. The principles of their sect forbid them from supplying any assistance, direct or indirect, to the carrying on of a war; but nothing, it appears, prohibits them from assisting those who suffer by its casualties. Now, as the expense of providing for these casualties forms an item, and no small one, in the expenses of a campaign, it requires, we must continue to think, some very respectable degree of casuistry to distinguish contributions for supporting the hospital-staff, &c., of one of the belligerent parties, from direct war-contributions. If we had heard of any subscriptions from the Friends for wounded Mahometans, we should agree with them that their interference was pure humanity—at present it looks very like taking a side in the contest. And this indirect way of aiding a war, without pretending to know anything about it, is apt to remind us of the story told by Dr. Franklin, of the Philadelphia Quakers, who, when pressed by one of our governors, some seventy or eighty years ago, for a vote of money for gunpowder, refused it; but, having to pass a grant for the purchase of corn, added to the sum requisite for that purpose the money required for the gunpowder also, under the general head of 'Supplies for corn *and other grain*.' We leave the subscription-case to the consideration of the Escobars of the Yearly Assembly.

fired

fired on by the soldiery. One of them died in the utmost wretchedness, and the rest were obliged to fly for their lives!

Did the committee, then, do nothing? The answer is ready. They will immediately favour you with an enumeration of their performances. They sat seven days in the week; they wrote and answered 550,000 letters; they vigorously patronised a plan for destroying the Turkish marine, fabricated by those great naval characters, Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P. for Aberdeen—Mr. John Williams, No. 6, King's Bench Walk, Temple—and Dr. Borthwick Gilchrist, author of 'The Orienti-occidental-tuitionary-pioneer,' inventor of 'The Universal Character,' &c. &c.; they transmitted a code of maritime law (maritime law for the people of the Greek islands!) drawn up by Sir James Mackintosh; and, finally, they *sent out several printing-presses, lithographic ditto, founts of type, maps and mathematical instruments, plans of government, and panopticon academies!* Were not these valuable contributions towards carrying on the war against the Ottoman? Printing-presses for a nation that cannot read! Constitutions for a country, the purest patriots of which are klephtai, *i. e.* robbers! Mathematical instruments for people who do not know one cipher from another! and whirligig schools for youth who have hardly a village in which they can rest for a moment without the expectation of having the scymitar at their throats. The annals of Bedlam never furnished anything to parallel this.

But were *all* the gentlemen of the committee Bedlamites? We fear not: some of them had very lucid intervals, and, when a particular wind blew, knew a hawk from a handsaw. We have already declined going into the details of their money-transactions, but it is a pity not to give the outline.

We are told by official authority that the first loan to the Greeks was for 800,000*l.*; of which 298,700*l.* in specie, 9,900*l.* in stores and ammunition, and in payments for Missolonghi, 2,400*l.*, amounting in all to 311,000*l.*—far less than half the nominal sum—reached Greece;—the rest being swallowed up in the mysterious transactions of the Alley, which we hope will, in this case at least, not long remain mysteries—expenses of the deputies, *sundries*, and a paltry balance paid over to a second loan! Even of the 300,000*l.* remitted, full one-half was expended on the most ridiculous projects; 'and,' in the melancholy words of the last dying speech and confession of one of these unmasked patriots, 'there is no doubt in our minds that the gold which has been sent to Greece from this country, instead of a blessing, has proved a serious bane.' We must add, that there is no doubt in our minds that the gold of the Greek loan which has *remained* in this country has been a very convenient thing to the virtuous Philhellenes, who, one may be excused

for suspecting, give a double sigh to the degradation which the money actually transmitted from England has stamped upon the character and the fortunes of Greece, when they reflect how much more admirably that pittance also might have been managed at home.

Of the way in which the committee did their business, we shall cite an example. Among the grand notions of the imaginative Colonel was the immediate creation of a national marine. To those who knew the country, and the peculiar interests of its maritime population, this project appeared as feasible as a project of a national balloonery. But the Colonel,

'Great on the deck as in the saddle,'

prevailed; and two intelligent and ingenuous young persons, who appear to have possessed in a high degree that easy confidence which is so amiable in youth, were sent out with 50,000 sovereigns. Their directions, it appears, were to obtain from the executive government some securities for the payment of the future interest, and some pledge for the fit appropriation of the loan. The executive had no notion of doing any such thing, and the youths sailed away. On this the executive saw that something must be done, and sent after the young men with all sorts of promises, which the natural confiding ardour of their tender years induced them to believe. But on getting into Nauplia the crew fell sick:—the money was landed;—the government took possession—without giving any pledge;—and the youths were sent back disconsolate to their parental committee, goldless and pledgeless, with a strenuous piece of advice to consult the old king of Prussia's favourite text—'Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown.'

It would be an useless waste of time to enumerate all the similar blunders of this egregious body, and their regular agents. One agent, however, they had, concerning whom it is impossible to be altogether silent. Of that great man it has often been our lot to speak, in accents of censure, during his life; but never did we for a moment suffer ourselves to entertain a doubt prejudicial to the loftiness and brilliancy of those talents, the misapplication of which we had sometimes to deplore. Sincerely did we grieve, that when (to borrow the words of the greatest of his literary contemporaries) 'only thirty-six years old—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct or levities in composition—such a race should have been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and bewilder.' Nor was the bitterness of our regret diminished when we considered that his life had been sacrificed in vain. That he, with his vivid classical recollections—with the dreams of his own youthful

ful scenes in Greece, which he had embalmed and immortalised in verses that have made them part of the thoughts and feelings of every educated mind in the civilised world—that he should have felt an ardent sympathy with the representatives of the ancient Greeks, the natives of the shores visited by Childe Harold, suffering under Tartar oppression, was in no manner wonderful. It would have been wonderful if he had not. But what did he effect by his expedition? Nothing. He landed and remained in that part of the country where his exertions were calculated to do the least possible good. Mistaking the picturesque for the useful, he surrounded himself with Suliote mountaineers, whose manners serve much better to adorn the verses of a romaunt than to render them valuable auxiliaries in a beleaguered fortress. While at Missolonghi, he amused his mind with planning various conquests over places of old renown, yet in five months felt it impossible to stir one inch from the spot on which he had first landed. Harassed at last by the discords between his favourite mountaineers and the other Greek patriots—fretted by the ingratitude of those whom he patronised—worn out by attempts to reconcile factions, discordant on no principle intelligible out of their own demi-civilised circles—talked at by Colonel Stanhope—written at by the Greek committee—disappointed on finding what his Greek associates were not, and what his English fellow-committee-men and brother agents were,—(he did not suspect, we imagine, the gentlemen's talents on Cornhill,)—it is no wonder that he was mortified to the soul, when he saw that the eyes of civilised Europe were turned upon *him*, and that he had it not in his power to do any thing worthy of his name. He sickened and he died—he had done nothing for Greece—he could have done nothing: but what did the committee care for that? His name had raised the value of the Greek cause where merchants most do congregate; and he fell a victim, in order that some chosen philanthropist of St. Nicholas'-lane might make a particular per centage on a very particular scrip.

If we could jest on such a subject, we might parody Dryden's distich, and say, that

> 'To die for faction is a common evil,
> But to expire for consols is the devil.'

But we feel that such language would not be more indecorous, in reference to the illustrious dead, than inconsistent with our own sense of his loss. For some years before his death he had connected himself with persons far below him in rank, immeasurably below him in intellect—he had forsaken his native land, and much that should have endeared it to him besides—he had permitted his name to become the butt of the commonest dabblers in the meanest sinks of literature—and he had suffered accordingly in public estimation. Yet

Yet even then some productions fell from his pen worthy of his best days; and in Don Juan itself there was mixed up with what was in every point of view, whether of taste or morals, most reprehensible, much also of what was most excellent in composition, varied in character, poetical in imagination. He had, we cannot help believing, found out the mistake under which he had laboured, and was anxious to resume that station to which his talents and condition entitled him, when this unhappy Greek committee threw their lures in his way. He went to Greece, and lost his life for worse than nothing among the dreary marshes of Missolonghi, at the moment when there was most chance of his being recovered as an unblemished ornament to England. His conduct in Greece showed that his real feelings were as much aloof as day from darkness, from those of the crack-brained reformers with whom it was his misfortune to mix. Like many other clever men, as long as he knew nothing of real business—whilst he only dreamt on in a world of his own creating, he was a *Liberal*:—when he once saw how the actual affairs of life were to be managed, and came into practical contact with the statesmen of that party, he laughed their silly nostrums to scorn. He found that it was much easier to sneer at governments than to govern—to criticise military operations, than to carry them on. A man of his genius and observation must have ere long seen reason to suspect that Wellington or Napoleon, nay, Blucher or Massena, would not have loitered half a year in talking of preparations without doing anything—and he might have consoled himself with the reflection, that not one of these four great captains, or any other great captain that the world ever produced, could have described the battles which they fought, in Spenserian verses at all comparable to his. Lord Byron had never, in fact, had any opportunity of seeing business before; and we feel confident that, had he survived, he would have returned home, to abjure the foul society which he had unconsciously permitted to colour his mind—to apologise for political aberrations committed under delusion—and to renounce all fellowship with a party which he had found at once faithless and incapable. His conduct to Colonel Stanhope goes far to support us in this belief. The flimsy nonsense of this well-meaning gentleman about the press, and education, and representation, and legislation, was opposed by the utmost power of his intellect and his influence; and his unanswerable objections were met only by such arguments to his face, as the Colonel's 'You are a Turk,' and behind his back by the sneers of those, who, sharing the Colonel's politics, but not his breeding, were continually muttering 'He is a Lord.' He who accused Lord Byron of being a Turk had never made the tenth part of his exertions or sacrifices in the cause of Greece;

Greece; and as for the others, from the contamination of such associates, and the worse contamination of their principles, Lord Byron would have escaped, had it pleased Providence that he should have survived. But it was otherwise determined—his fall was destined to

'A petty fortress or a barren strand;'

and he left that name, at which every honourable bosom in the world would have throbbed, to be associated with dirty details of unpaid mechanics, griping deputies, and transactions of ultra-usury, or suspected swindling, on the part of some of the most clamorously pure of English patriots.

We have kept, in these our remarks, quite free from any observations on the second Greek loan, because we perceive that the Philhellenes of the Greek committee disclaim it. This must be considered as a piece of great forbearance on our part. Whatever may be thought of the roguery, or mistakes, attendant on getting up this second loan, it is evident that it originated, if not from the identically same set as that which got up the first, yet among persons actuated by the same fine feelings, and philanthropic and patriotic ideas of exactly the same character. This loan was for 2,000,000*l.*, of which it would seem that 182,400*l.* in specie, 68,200*l.* in stores, 315,000*l.* in ship-building, and 52,100*l.* in other ways—in all 617,700*l.*—viz. nearly, *as in the former loan*, something LESS THAN A THIRD, has reached Greece. Of the two loans, therefore, amounting to 2,800,000*l.*, the sum of 928,000*l.* has gone to the poor Greeks, who have promised to pay, of course, something like twenty per cent. on this money, and who, equally of course, cannot pay five shillings per cent. upon it; and the difference, amounting *nominally* to 1,872,000*l.* —*one million eight hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds!*—(how much *really* we have no opportunity of calculating,) has gladdened the hearts of deputies, committee-men, builders of frigates 'at prices for which all the annals of official jobbing present no parallel,'* quarter-deck cavalry-officers, (the old Joe Miller joke on the horse-marines having been verified at last,) literary news-writers, and poetical state-paper-mongers' in unread pamphlets! The account would look well in figures:

Dr.		*Cr.*	
Loan to Greeks, 1st loan	800,000	Sent to Greece . .	928,000
2d loan	2,000,000	*Sundries*	1,872,000
	£2,800,000		£2,800,000

But before we drop the subject, we must ask a political question

* We are again quoting the last dying speech in the Westminster Review.

about

about these loans. We do not make an inquiry in reference to the absurdity (which, however, stares us in the face) of people requiring the money of a foreign country to rid them of domestic oppression, when we were told that the whole population had risen against it; and that the oppressors, dastardly and uncivilised, were flying in all directions before the arms of the representatives of Miltiades and Agesilaus; nor shall we stop to do more than merely record our opinion, that a loan to the Greeks must, under any management, have been a dangerous boon. Our question is connected with international law. Our government has not interfered with loans to foreign powers; and justly—because it would be difficult, and might perhaps be rendered impossible, to draw a distinction between such loans and common commercial transactions: but in these Greek loans there is this specific difference from all others —*that the lenders contract with the borrowers, that the money shall be expended in a particular manner, and that manner the payment of military service against the Porte—a government with whom we are in relations of the most profound peace.* The Philhellenes, in their bulletins and despatches from Greece, which are now admitted to have been tissues of falsehood, clamoured loudly and most untruly against our Ionian government for breaking the neutrality we had promised: it strikes us that such a complaint might have come with much more justice from the Turks, who saw money raised in England avowedly for the purpose of invading their territory, burning their towns, and blowing up their people. The Divan might, we think, have remonstrated, when they learnt from his newspaper—to do him justice, he gave them no opportunity of personal knowledge of his operations against them—that Lieut.-Colonel Stanhope, an officer of high rank in his Majesty's service, was directing the Greek insurrection unchecked. It is indeed possible, as the worthy bard of 'the Greek Bubble' suggests, that the Turks thought their cause could not be better served, than by allowing the pecuniary affairs of their refractory subjects to be managed by the Greek committee, and the military department regulated by its agents. Yet, we trust, that if the matter comes in any way before Parliament, as in all probability it will, some plain-spoken country-gentleman may be found to take the more obvious view of the transaction.

We are weary of exposing folly and imposture, and shall conclude by a few remarks on the composition of the famous body which has betrayed the Greeks. The gentlemen who composed it are not obscure. They are principally of that class of politicians who think everything in all governments in the world wrongly managed. Some of them, theorising deeply, unsettle the foundations of all society, and show themselves on paper the only persons qualified to fabricate a consistent

a consistent and well-working system of human affairs. For this set of gentlemen nothing is too large or too small. Their eye, we shall not say in a fine frenzy, but certainly in a grand inspiration, rolling, glances from pole to pole—

'Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Hope from their hands impending changes.'

With the old limits of the world, as laid down by Dr. Johnson, from China to Peru, they are quite at home—and, indeed, some of the set have written constitutions for both these extreme regions. The interests of mankind three thousand years ago, and three thousand years hence, are equally matter for their care. Their souls burn with indignation at the tyrannous feats enacted in the days of King Sardanapalus, and are only not angry with Pharaoh of Egypt because the objects of his persecution were idiots who believed in God. They can tell you to a fraction what was and is the cause of the 'out-of-jointedness,' as one of their patriarchs might express himself, of the world in all ages, viz. a want of annual parliaments and universal suffrage. In the year A.D. 2826—if, indeed, a numeration dating from such origin will be continued in the philosophic days of a thousand years hence, when infanticide and such noble devices are recognised among the institutions of a sound and liberal polity—in that happy era the possession of these boons will have set all things right. But though thus ample is their vision, it is equally searching and minute, combining in itself the powers of the microscope and telescope. The same genius that moulds the present and future affairs of the human race, and shows how those of the past ought to have been moulded, arranges with equal felicity the dovetailing of a balloting-box, and the minute classification into 79 classes, and 651 subsections, of the inmates of a jail. The same powerful intellect is at once occupied with a plan for upsetting an ancient dynasty, and infusing new thoughts and feelings, by a species of mental electricity, at one flash, into a population of millions, and with devising an infallible method by which a turnkey over his muffins can prevent a three-quarter highwayman from corrupting the innocence of a seven-eighth pickpocket. Under the sway of these great philosophers, nothing can be wrong. They have checks and balances which prevent aberration, great or small. The regularity of a steam-engine is nothing to their method of managing mundane things. A blunder cannot be committed under their eyes—evil intention has no room to produce mischievous effects, for by their system they have quite conquered and tamed the usual passions and propensities of man: as for deceit being practised upon them—why, it is impossible; as well might one think of deceiving the consulting gods. That other administrations go wrong is nothing to the purpose—they were, and are, all wicked and corrupt. Our king-

philosophers

philosophers will not allow them even the poor excuse of accident to palliate occasional error. These more than eastern wisards say that they have erred, and that is enough. Having erred, they must have erred through wickedness—at all events, from the palpable and inexcusable villany of not calling in the counsels of the sage men of 'checks.' And then they write—ye gods, how they do write!—how mathematically they demonstrate the particular blunder which deforms the fair face of things! Philidor never could have talked more technically of the motions of his ivory combatants than they do of the movements of real men. And occasionally how oracular! Apollo thundering down the Loxian steep was never in his best day superior to them, either in the certainty of his matter, or the obscurity of his style. Calumniators of old accused the god of barbarism, and of want of knowledge of the tongue he used. The calumniators of the present day accuse his rivals in oracle of something of the same kind; but they, of course, are not to be listened to.

With these aërial sages—these antediluvian lawyers, as an opposition vender of reforming nostrums calls them—were conjoined, in the annals of the cause of Greece, some rather more terrestrial, though still distinguished, natures. These gentlemen also utterly despise the incapable governments of this globe, and pick holes in their proceedings with the most marvellous exactitude. They meddle not with the grand views of their collaborators, but are wonderfully critical on the practical part of administrating affairs. In an account of five millions, they fasten on a horrid squandering of money in a 5*s.* 11*d.* item, showing by a curious calculation, that the sum should have been 5*s.* 10¾*d.* These eminent men are walking encyclopædias in matters of detail. They know every thing, from the movement of an army to the price of a pair of shoes for its tiniest drum-boy—and from the specimens we have seen, are equally able to manage the one as to supply the other. How valuable must not have been the assistance of statesmen who had proved, even in spite of Cocker, that the English army was mismanaged—the English navy mismanaged—the English revenue boards mismanaged—the English treasury mismanaged—the India Company, in all its details and ramifications, mismanaged—in short, all wrong—in money, materiel, everything! Who could anticipate mistakes from *them*? Great ammirals who so sternly castigated our Lords of the Admiralty for allowing a wrong nail to be driven in a fleet of a thousand ships—how easy it must have been for them to manage a couple of steam-boats! Noble financiers who looked with an eye of scorn on an erroneous sixpenny item in a revenue of some fifty millions—how simple to them it must have appeared to manage something less than a hundredth part of the sum! And yet—how shall we say it? The thing *is* mismanaged after all. The checks of the philosophers have

have been in vain—the classification of human motives has been unavailing—financial knowledge beyond calculation is baffled—minute accuracy of attention to accounts is *de facto* deceived. The utmost that the wisest of mankind can urge to save themselves from the charge of deliberate roguery and unparalleled meanness is that they—they merciless on the errors of others—were *taken in!* Shades of Swift and Cervantes, where do you linger? If, like Ossian's heroes, you float upon the clouds, how loud must have been the cachinnation along the firmament!

These then, people of England, are the men whose aspiration it is to manage the great interests of this empire—*they!* who cannot manage a handful of cock-boats! And it is to them the financial concerns of millions on millions are to be handed over—to *them!* who cannot be trusted with the fiftieth part of one year's revenue without being *suspected*.

But we have got something by the business. In the Hecyra, a young gentleman who had been, like other young gentlemen of our own times, sent to one of the Greek isles for money, and returned, like the other young gentlemen, penniless, consoles his testy father for his loss by a moral flourish. 'What,' says the cross old man, 'so all you have brought me back is one fine sentence.' Perhaps he would have been consoled had Pamphilus brought him four. At least Mr. Bowring would seem to think so, for precisely such is the answer he vouchsafed to Signor Luriottis, querulous like the old man in the play for the want of money.

'1. He (quoth the maximizing stockbroker) who conceals one-half of what he knows may give to falsehood the semblance of truth.

'2. To suppress evidence is nearly as bad as to invent it.

'3. The man who is elevated by undeserved eulogium is less to be envied than is the victim of undeserved censure.

'4. The best triumph is the final triumph.'

Confucius never said anything better: though Mr. Hume has said something quite as good about the distinction between lukewarmness to the Greek cause and over-zeal for his own purse.

'Fur es, ais Pedio. Pedius quid? Crimina rasis
Librat in antithetis. Doctas posuisse *figuras*
Laudatur ——.'

The American pamphlet, which is also named at the head of this Article, is an exposure of the Philhellenic transactions in that country, just as edifying as the recent exhibition of our own. It appears, from the statement of Mr. Sedgwick, an eminent New York barrister, that our Transatlantic relations understand commission, brokerage, jobbing, &c. &c. &c. as well as their elder brethren

brethren on this side of the water; but we think they surpass even our Greek committee in the arts of ship-building. It seems that the United States' government had built a frigate of their own for 273,000 dollars; but when Jonathan had to do the same thing for his Greek friends, the cost amounted to 540,000,—about double the sum; and the frigate which cost that price was afterwards sold for 233,000, 'upon the appraisal of three gentlemen of the navy, of the highest rank and capacity.' Mr. Sedgwick was employed by the Greek Deputies to oppose some of this Philhellenism, and we recommend the result to Mr. Mathews, for his next entertainment.

'Other than this, (i. e. the Barrister's statement of the case,) I gave no provocation for the scene that followed. Judge Platt then stated that he should not at that time express what he felt, but this he would say, that since the award a course had been pursued on one side in violation of professional duty and honour. This remark I then understood, and still believe, was meant to apply to all the counsel for the deputies. It may, however, have been intended for me alone, and I am content that it be so considered. It was made in immediate answer to what I had said, and was addressed to me. I replied, "Sir, you have grossly violated your duty."

'Judge Platt then proceeded to state, as if in continuation, "from beginning to the end, the conduct of Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, in this business, has been marked with prevarication and falsehood." To this I retorted, "Sir, I shall only say, that you have done all that was in your power to ruin one country and disgrace another."

'Young Mr. Platt, whose christian name I do not know, then started up on the side of the room opposite to which I was, and applied to me some epithets, to the repetition of which, as proceeding from him, I have no objection, but which I do not myself choose to repeat. I replied simply, "Your standing is not such that I can take any notice of you." He then sprang forward and attempted to strike me. I am told that reports are in circulation that a gross indignity was offered to my person. Such reports are false, infamously false: I DO NOT BELIEVE that he TOUCHED MY PERSON.'—*Vindication, &c.*

Whether the reports, which Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick does not believe, be false or not, the whole thing gives us a very considerable notion of the dignity of judges and barristers in the land of freedom and good order. We have not quite arrived at that pitch of civilisation; for though our worthy Philhellenes have been rather liberally accusing one another of prevarication and falsehood, we believe we may assure our readers that there has not been, as yet, a boxing match among them.

ART.

ART. X.—1. *Recueil d'Observations Electro-Dynamiques, contenant divers Mémoires, Notices, Extraits de Lettres ou d'Ouvrages périodiques sur les Sciences relatifs à l'Action mutuelle de deux Courans Electriques, à celle qui existe entre un Courant Electrique et un Aimant, ou le Globe terrestre, et à celle de deux Aimans l'un sur l'autre.* Par M. Ampère, &c. &c. Paris. 1822.

2. *An Essay on Magnetic Attractions, and on the Laws of Terrestrial Magnetism, &c. &c.* By Peter Barlow, F.R.S., of the Royal Military Academy, &c. London. 1824.

THE new fields of science opened to us by means of galvanism, have yielded, within a few years, an ample harvest of discoveries; and we have still more recently gained access to another province of natural philosophy, which, though situated between the domains of two of its principal divisions, had hitherto eluded every research. To Professor Œrsted belongs the merit of having first struck out the path leading to this new science of Electro-magnetism. But among the many philosophers who have engaged with ardour in its pursuit, none have been more successful than Ampère, to whom we are indebted for the most comprehensive as well as the most original theory on the subject. He seems to have constructed the master-key which is adapted to open every compartment of this intricate science, and procure us a clear and consistent view of the whole. As the theory to which we allude does not appear to have attracted, in this country, the attention it deserves, and as, indeed, there exists no work in English in which it is more than slightly adverted to, we shall here attempt to give such a sketch of its leading features as may be intelligible without the necessity of poring over diagrams, in which nearly all the letters of the alphabet are crowded together, or of deciphering analytical formulæ containing at least half as many.

Electricity and Magnetism had long constituted two distinct departments of physical science. It was, indeed, impossible entirely to overlook the marked analogies subsisting among the laws by which their respective phenomena are governed. The agencies, whatever they may be, which give rise to electrical and magnetic effects, are distinguished from all the other agencies in nature by the association of two co-ordinate but opposite forces. In this respect, they are strikingly contrasted with the other imponderable agents of which we have any knowledge, such as those that produce heat and light, and of which all the results may be regarded as being of a positive kind. Thus heat and cold can be considered only as different degrees of the same power; there exists between them no definite point of neutrality. The same remark obviously applies to the different degrees of light and darkness; the latter term being

being merely a mode of expressing the absence of the former quality. But it is otherwise with regard both to electricity and to magnetism; for all the phenomena included under these heads result, in either case, from the predominance of one or other of two contrary kinds of influence, which act only when separate—but which neutralise each other, or become inoperative, when combined. Electricity, for instance, is either of a vitreous or resinous quality; or, to use a different form of expression, is either of a positive or negative species: the state of neutrality, or point of zero, being a determinate point, intermediate between these opposite conditions.

Magnetic agencies are in like manner referrible to one of two contrary polarities, the northern and the southern, or, as they are sometimes termed, the austral and the boreal. These contrary electric or magnetic influences have, in either case, the very same relations with regard to each other: whether separate, or in combination, they must always co-exist. Vitreous electricity can never be produced without the accompanying production of an equal degree of resinous electricity; nor do we ever find a northern polarity in a magnetic body, but in association with a southern polarity in some other part of that body. In both cases the two associated agents are mutually attractive; while each is repulsive of the agent of its own kind. Vitreous and resinous electricities, for example, attract each other; but the vitreous repels the vitreous, and the resinous repels the resinous. In like manner, the north and south poles of magnets attract each other; but repulsion takes place between poles of the same kind.

It is a well-known fact, that electrified bodies tend to render all the bodies in their vicinity also electrified; and the very same kind of influence is likewise exerted by magnets on all ferrugineous matter situated within a certain distance. This class of phenomena is termed *induction*. An exact correspondence is observed to exist between the laws of electric and of magnetic induction. Each kind of electricity, as well as each magnetic polarity, tends to induce in bodies on which it exerts its influence, an electricity, or a polarity of the opposite kind.

Although the phenomena of electricity are more easily and naturally explained on the hypothesis of there being two fluids of opposite natures, there can be no doubt that they are also explicable on the theory of Franklin, which supposes the agency of but one electric fluid. But this latter hypothesis, although apparently the more simple and satisfactory, is found, on the whole, when applied to the explanation of the phenomena, to be encumbered with more serious difficulties, and to involve more arbitrary assumptions, than the admission of two kinds of electricity. Even here, however, the analogy with magnetism is still preserved. Æpinus, who has

so ably traced the consequences of the Franklinian theory of electricity, has also shown that a hypothesis precisely similar with regard to a single magnetic fluid might be framed, with certain modifications, so as to account for all the phenomena of magnetism. More recent investigations, especially those of Coulomb, have also determined, that the law by which electric and magnetic actions vary in relation to distance, is in both cases the same—namely, that the intensity of force is always in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance. In consequence of this perfect similarity between the laws, as well as modes of action, of magnetic poles, and of bodies charged with electricity of either kind, appearances similar to those resulting from the mutual action of magnets may be obtained by means of electricity alone. Thus if two bodies, composed of a slowly-conducting substance, having the form of magnetic needles or bars, and suspended on their centres, be charged at both ends with electricities of opposite kinds, they will influence each other precisely in the same way as magnetic needles would do, when placed in similar circumstances. The extremities so electrified will act like magnetic poles on the extremities of the other needle, and will assume exactly the same relative positions with regard to each other, as if they had been actuated by magnetic instead of electric polarities.

But the example just given, while it illustrates the striking similarity in the laws and modes of action of the two principles, marks still more pointedly the distinction which exists between them, and furnishes a powerful argument in favour of their being separate and independent powers. However readily one magnetic bar may affect another magnetic bar, and however great may be the mutual action between the two electrised bars, yet no corresponding influence is perceptible between the magnetic and the electric bodies. A body charged with electricity, no matter of what species, will, it is true, exert some action on the magnetic needle, because its influence extends generally to all bodies in its vicinity; but its action is merely electric, and is neither increased nor diminished in consequence of the magnetic properties of the needle: for the same needle, when deprived of all magnetism, will still be subject to the same degree of electric action as before.

A bar of steel, already magnetised, may receive in addition a charge of electricity: it will then act on other bodies in the double capacity of a magnet and of an electrified body; but both agencies will still remain perfectly distinct, and will appear to have no influence on each other. From all the direct experiments that were made prior to the discovery of Œrsted, no other conclusion could be deduced, than that electricity and magnetism could in no way be considered as modifications of a common principle, but that

that they were powers totally independent of one another, although marked by characters of similarity in their modes of action. On prosecuting the inquiry, we find that even the resemblance we have already traced exists only to a very limited extent. Magnetism appears to reside exclusively in iron, and in bodies which contain it in a metallic state; but electricity affects all bodies whatsoever. Both kinds of electricity are conducted with great facility by various bodies, and pass from the one to the other, not only when they are in contact, but even when a certain distance intervenes. Thus bodies, when insulated, may become charged with either the vitreous or the resinous electricity in a separate state; and the properties of each may thus be exhibited without the interference of the other. If, by the influence of an electrified body in the vicinity, a series of connected conductors have different states of electricity induced upon its different parts, this difference will appear on separating them, and removing them from the influence of the neighbouring bodies, by which that electricity was induced. When the conductor is divided in the middle, and the parts removed from one another, the one half will be found to be positively electrified, and the other negatively.

In all these particulars, the parallel which we had drawn between magnetism and electricity entirely fails us; and instead of analogy, we meet with decided contrast. The magnetic fluid, or whatever else be the principle of magnetic action, is incapable of transference from one body to another. Its action on bodies in contact, or in the vicinity, is limited to induction only; hence the two polarities can never be separately obtained.

If a magnetic bar, of which the poles are situated at the two extremities, be broken across in the middle, instead of obtaining each pole separately, as happened with regard to the two electricities in the experiment just referred to, we find that each fragment has become a complete magnet with two poles, like the original one; and all that we get by successive fractures is the multiplication of the number of magnets.

The question respecting the identity or the independence of electricity and magnetism has attracted much attention among philosophers, from a very early period in the history of these comparatively modern sciences. It was proposed as the subject of a prize dissertation, by the Academy of Bavaria, in 1774; on which occasion several elaborate memoirs were drawn up by Van Swinden, Steiglehner, and Hubner. A collection of these memoirs, in three volumes, was published, ten years afterwards, by Van Swinden, containing a large mass of materials, from which some valuable facts may be gleaned.

In following the laborious investigations which were undertaken

to

to resolve the proposed problem, it is often amusing to perceive how near an approach was sometimes made to the discovery of the truth, which was lurking, as it were, in ambush, close to the very path of the inquirer. An unexpected result would sometimes startle the philosopher in the midst of his experiments, and afford him a momentary glimpse of some new region in the science, into which he had not power to penetrate, and which, after fruitless efforts, he ended in persuading himself was a mere illusion.

That some connexion actually exists between electricity and magnetism was proved by a great variety of circumstantial, at least, if not of direct, evidence. It was observed that lightning, on some occasions, rendered the iron which it met with in its passage magnetic. This effect had sometimes also resulted in experiments in which steel bars had been made the channel for the discharge of artificial electricity, especially when powerful batteries were employed. But the success of the experiments made with this view was by no means constant. They often failed of producing any magnetism; and still less could any certain conclusion be established, with respect to the particular polarity, which each species of electricity tended to produce. When magnetic compass-needles were subject to the electric discharge, their power was often weakened, and sometimes destroyed, and the poles of the needle were occasionally found to be reversed by the operation; so that if the needle were suspended on its centre, that end which before turned towards the north now pointed towards the south, and *vice versâ*. A similar effect has been known to result from lightning, when it passed near to a ship's compass; and many stories are related of disastrous accidents arising from this cause.

So numerous were the facts that proved the tendency of electricity to produce magnetism, that they could scarcely have failed to excite more accurate scrutiny, and to lead to the discovery of the real nature of their connexion, had it not been for the exclusive attention that was given to certain phenomena, which appeared to afford a plausible solution of the difficulty. It was well known that the globe of the earth exerts on all ferruginous bodies an influence, similar to what would arise from a powerful magnet situated near its axis. Iron has, in consequence of this influence, a tendency to acquire spontaneous polarity; the direction of the poles of iron so affected being the same with that assumed by the dipping-needle: that is, by a magnetic bar suspended accurately on its centre of gravity, and allowed perfect freedom of motion, not merely in a horizontal plane, (as is the case with the compass-needle,) but also in a vertical plane. The direction it will then assume, in London, is a line inclined $70\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ to the horizon; and the lower end deviating $24\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ to the west of the meridian.

If a bar of steel be held in this position, and struck repeatedly with a hammer, or if it be heated red hot, and then suddenly cooled by immersion in water while in this same position, it will be found to have acquired permanent magnetic properties. That end, which was nearest to the north magnetic pole of the earth, will have acquired the property of directing itself to the north, when suspended so as to allow of its moving freely in a horizontal plane: while the other end will have acquired the opposite polarity. It was, therefore, natural to conclude that it was merely by its mechanical action that the electric discharge induced magnetism, in those instances where it was found to have this effect. The electricity was supposed to operate, by giving to the particles of the solid body the same kind of vibratory motion which is produced by any other mode of concussion, whereby the inductive influence of the earth's magnetism was promoted. Such was the notion universally entertained on the subject, not only in the time of Van Swinden, but down to the period of Œrsted's discovery. Those who undertook experiments on this subject were too much prepossessed with this idea of the mechanical operation of the passage of electricity, to observe, with sufficient impartiality, the real nature of the effects which they witnessed, and which, from a natural propensity to attach superior importance to all the instances that favoured their previous views, and to disregard whatever opposed them, were received as confirmations of their truth.

Some facts, indeed, there were to which this explanation could not apply; such as those of the diurnal variation of the compass, apparently connected with the periodic changes of temperature in different portions of the earth, and oscillations observed in the needle during thunder storms, and during the prevalence of the aurora borealis. No clue could be found to a rational explanation of these anomalies, which continued to baffle the ingenuity of philosophers for many centuries. D'Alibard imagined he had established, by his experiments, that when an electric battery is discharged through a needle, the end at which the positive electricity enters becomes a north pole, whatever be the situation of the needle. Wilke allowed a large share of influence to terrestrial magnetism; but still imagined he had traced a connexion between northern polarity and negative electricity, which is contrary to the conclusion of D'Alibard. Van Swinden undertook a series of experiments in order to reconcile these discrepancies, but met with anomalies which were even greater and more perplexing than the former. Beccaria also occupied himself with experiments to solve this point, about the year 1777, but with no better success. There occurred an observation in the course of his attempts, which might have enlightened him as to the true cause.

cause. The needle, after receiving the electric explosion, had acquired a singular species of polarity; for its two ends turned, not to the north and south, but to the east and west.

Such was the very imperfect state of our knowledge on this important question at the period of the discovery of galvanism. The novel and extensive field of inquiry laid open by this discovery was explored with ardour by philosophers in every part of Europe; and by arming them with new powers and means of investigation, gave a vigorous impulse to the advancement of physical science. It was some time before the real nature of the galvanic influence was perfectly ascertained; and a long controversy arose on the question, whether it was a mere modification of electricity, or a distinct and peculiar power. But all doubt as to its identity with electricity was at length removed by the splendid discoveries effected by the voltaic pile and battery, and the successful imitation of some of their effects by means of common electricity, which was accomplished by Dr. Wollaston*.

For the clear understanding of the subject of electro-magnetism, it is requisite that we set out with correct ideas of the distinctions which characterize the different forms of electricity and of galvanism. Those distinctions may be traced in the very origin of those agents. The electricity which is produced by friction, as in the common electrical machine, and which is accumulated in insulated conductors, exists in a condition of comparatively high intensity. In order to have a clear notion of what is meant by the condition of *tension*, or *intensity*, as contra-distinguished from *absolute quantity*, when these terms are applied to any physical power, it should be observed that the latter of these conditions has for its measure the total effect which the power in question is capable of producing, from first to last, when the whole of that power is expended in the production of its proper effect. Tension, or intensity, on the other hand, has reference to the degree of effect produced with relation to circumstances which limit the operation of the power in certain ways, so as to allow only of its partial exertion. This distinction is very clearly marked in the case of heat, or caloric. When one body is brought into contact with another which is colder than itself, the quantity of heat it will, during the first moment, impart to the latter will depend, not on the absolute quantity of heat it really contains, but on the tendency of that heat to escape from it; and this tendency is the immediate consequence of its state of tension. But it is well known, that the degree of tension of the heat residing in bodies, and consequently the tendency which it has to quit those bodies,

* Philosophical Transactions for 1801, p. 427.

bears no constant proportion to the absolute quantity of heat they may contain. It is this quality of tension in heat, which is expressed by the term *temperature;* while the ratio between the absolute quantity of heat in any body, and its temperature, is denoted by the term *capacity for heat.*

A distinction precisely analogous obtains in the case of electricity, with regard to its different modes of efficiency, which it is necessary to keep in view in the estimation of its effects. The tension of the electricity in any body depends, in part only, upon its absolute quantity; for it is also influenced by many other circumstances, such as the vicinity of other electrified bodies, and even the figure of the body which contains it. If the form of the conductor, for instance, be altered, by drawing out one part into a point, the tension of electricity at that part will be increased in a high degree, although the absolute quantity contained in the conductor remains unaltered. The same quantity of electricity, on the other hand, diffused over a more extended space, provided the general form of the body remain the same, will exist in a state of diminished tension. The Leyden jar furnishes a good illustration of this difference between quantity and tension: the two coated surfaces of this instrument are capable, in consequence of the influence of induction, of receiving and of containing a very large quantity of electricity—yet its tension is very small; and the instrument may in this sense be considered as having a great capacity for electricity. It thus gives us the facility of accumulating electricity in vast quantities, and of obtaining some of its most energetic effects. The enormous mass of electricity which may thus be collected in a battery, when suddenly transmitted through bodies, acts with the greatest violence upon their whole texture, combining the operations of intense heat with mechanical separation; the hardest textures of mineral or organized bodies are rent asunder and shattered into fragments; and metals, even the most refractory, are volatilized, or reduced to dust.

Philosophers had long been familiar with the powerful but destructive effects of these sudden passages of the electricity which they had collected in their batteries, and which they could fulminate in whatever direction they pleased; but they remained in ignorance of the more delicate operation of a continued stream of the same fluid. The action of the electric battery, although sufficiently energetic, was but momentarily exerted; like the explosive agency of gunpowder, its power was expended as soon as the blow was struck; causes and effects were crowded in too rapid a succession to be traced; and the power was too mighty, to be retarded or controlled by human means.

For

For our knowledge of a new modification of electric force, namely, that which it exerts while passing along conducting substances, we are entirely indebted to galvanic combinations, which, by developing, during an indefinite time, very large quantities of electricity, enable us to observe its effects with great precision. The voltaic apparatus, in its state of activity, may be regarded as a vast magazine of electricity, capable of furnishing a continued supply, for a very long period, at the demand of the experimentalist, and placing this mighty agent, for all the purposes of scientific investigation, entirely under his control.

It may be observed, that the effects of tension, which are manifested in ordinary electric experiments, are no longer perceived in the action of these electric currents, and appear to have no concern in the phenomena. Light bodies in the neighbourhood are neither attracted nor repelled, nor is the electrometer affected by the conducting wire. The galvanic effects of the voltaic battery, such as the decomposition of water and other fluids, which are made to form part of the circuit, proceed without interruption, and appear to be unaffected in kind or degree by the vicinity of electrified bodies, or by any charge of electricity which the apparatus may receive from a machine. These effects are produced solely by the currents of electricity which are made to circulate in the instrument; and are in proportion to the force of these currents. They cease the moment any interruption occurs in the voltaic circuit, although such interruption is immediately followed by signs of electric tension at the parts where the circuit is broken.

These two conditions of electric force, namely, tension on the one hand, and a continued current on the other, produce two classes of effects which are totally different from each other, and appear to be almost in the inverse ratio of each other: the former are those commonly ascribed to electricity; the latter are those generally denominated galvanic, such as the ignition of metals, the decomposition of chemical compounds, certain physiological effects on the nerves and muscles, and lastly, actions on other electric currents, and on magnetic bodies. It is to these two last classes of effects that our attention is now to be specially directed.

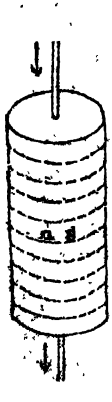
Ritter stated, that he had succeeded in imparting magnetic properties to a gold needle, by placing it in contact with the extremities of a voltaic circuit. He seemed to have some vague idea of electric terrestrial poles at right angles to the magnetic poles, and also supposed that there was a chemical difference between the two poles; but his experiments attracted little attention, and certainly threw but little light upon the connexion between electricity and magnetism.

Soon

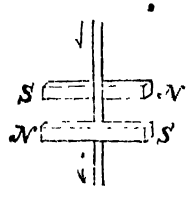
Soon after this, Professor Œrsted, of Copenhagen, published a work in German, of which a French translation, under the title of 'Recherches sur l'Identité des Forces Chimiques et Electriques,' appeared at Paris in 1813; containing many hypothetical views on the nature of electric influence, and its analogies with magnetic action. In speaking generally of these forces, he observes,—

'Il paroit donc que les forces peuvent se croiser sans se troubler, quand elles agissent sous des formes d'activité différentes. La forme d'activité galvanique tient le milieu entre la forme magnétique et la forme électrique. Les forces y sont plus latentes que dans l'électricité, et moins que dans le magnétisme. Il est donc vraisemblable que les forces électriques exerceront, en les croisant, une influence moindre sur les forces magnétiques que sur les forces galvaniques. Dans la pile galvanique, c'est l'état électrique qu'elle a, comme ensemble de forces, qui se trouve changé par l'approche du tuyau de verre: de même, ce n'est point cette distribution intérieure des forces qui constitue le magnétisme, qu'on peut changer par l'électricité, mais c'est l'état électrique qui convient à l'aimant comme corps en général. Au reste, nous ne prétendons rien décider à cet égard; nous avons seulement voulu éclairer, autant qu'il est possible, un sujet si obscur. Mais dans une question aussi importante, nous serons satisfaits, si l'on juge que l'objection principale contre l'identité des forces qui produisent l'électricité et le magnétisme, n'est qu'une difficulté, et non une chose qui lui soit contraire.'—p. 236.

In trying experiments with a view to the illustration of these opinions, Œrsted succeeded in obtaining decisive indications of the action of the conducting wires of the galvanic pile, during the passage of electricity, upon the magnetic needle. The phenomena were at first view not a little perplexing; and it was not till after repeated investigation, that, in 1820, the real direction of the action was satisfactorily made out. The conducting wire was found to exert a magnetic force, not in a direction parallel to the wire itself, nor even in any plane passing through that direction, but in one that was perpendicular to it; and which, if circles were described in this latter plane, having the point at which it intersects the wire for their common centre, would have the direction of tangents to those circles. The following is another mode of conceiving the same thing. Imagine a cylinder of any diameter to envelop the wire,—the wire itself being in the axis; and conceive the surface of the cylinder, as represented in the annexed figure, to be covered on all sides with an infinite number of short lines touching the surface at different points, and situated transversely, that is, at right angles to its length. Suppose these lines to represent magnets, with



with the northern polarity of each turned in one invariable direction, as we follow them round the cylinder. Then will these imaginary magnets indicate the direction and nature of magnetic forces, which emanate from the wire as long as the stream of voltaic electricity is passing through it. The particular direction of this transverse, or, as it has been termed, *tangential* magnetic force will of course depend upon that of the electric current in the wire, and may easily be traced in all cases by the recollection of the following fact. Supposing the wire to be in a vertical position—in which case the planes of the tangential forces will be horizontal—and supposing the stream of positive electricity to be descending along the wire, (which of course implies that the negative electricity is ascending,) then that polarity which exists in the end of the magnetic needle, which naturally turns to the north, will be impelled round the wire in the circumference of a circle in a direction similar to the motion of the hands of a watch; that is, from the north to the east, and then to the south and west. The south pole of a magnet will of course be impelled in the contrary direction. A magnetic body in the vicinity of the wire will, by the influence of this force, tend to assume a position, indicated in the annexed figure, similar to one of the tangential lines we have been describing as placed on the cylinder. But further, the tendency of the electric current in the wire is to induce magnetism in soft iron or other bodies capable of receiving it; and the magnetism so induced has the precise direction already indicated as that which a bar previously magnetized would assume by the influence of the wire. This direction is shewn in the figure, where N and S denote respectively the north and south poles of steel bars, situated transversely with respect to a vertical conducting wire, in which the current of positive electricity is descending, as indicated by the arrows.



All the facts which have been brought to light by Œrsted are the immediate consequences of the above general law. Mr. Barlow's enunciation of this law, which is as follows, involves too much hypothesis to be strictly philosophical: he states 'that every particle of the galvanic fluid in the conducting wire acts on every particle of the magnetic fluid in a magnetized needle, with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance; but that the action of the particles of the fluid in the wire is neither to attract nor to repel either poles of a magnetic particle, but a tangential force, which has a tendency to place the poles of either fluids at right angles to those of the other; whereby a magnetic particle, supposing it under the influence of

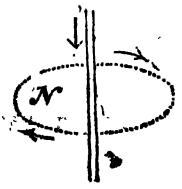
of the wire only, would always place itself at right angles to the line let fall from it perpendicular to the wire, and to the direction of the wire itself at that point.'—p. 233.

The transverse, or tangential action, which we have been describing, is one of so extraordinary a nature, that it can be assimilated to no other principle in nature of which we have any knowledge. 'It is not, therefore, surprising that it eluded the observation of former inquirers; although, in the keenness of research, they almost stumbled upon the discovery. The fact which occurred to Beccaria, of the production of transverse magnetism in an iron bar, by the electric discharge of a battery, had, in fact, pointed out the precise direction of this inductive force; and the hint, if pursued, would have infallibly led to the discovery which Œrsted made fifty years afterwards. It is curious that a circumstance extremely similar is on record, with regard to the observation which conducted Galvani to the discovery of the science which bears his name; namely, the convulsive movements of the muscles of frogs, on taking sparks from a neighbouring prime conductor, charged with electricity. The very same fact had been noticed by Du Verney, about a century before, as appears from a memoir in the history of the French Academy of Sciences, for 1700; but was deemed of no importance.

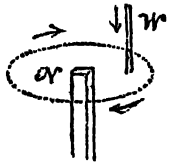
The relation which this new magnetic power bears to the electrical, was also very singular and enigmatical. Considered as a magnet, the conducting wire acted differently, according to the side to which magnetic bodies were presented to it. What was attracted by the one side was repelled by the other; and if the power were conceived to be derived from the impulse of a fluid, that fluid must be circulating perpetually round the wire in a kind of vortex, of which the wire is the axis. The consequence of such a vertiginous motion, as Dr. Wollaston has termed it, in the magnetic fluid, would necessarily, under certain circumstances, produce rotatory motions in the parts of certain combinations of magnets and of wires. The suggestion thus thrown out by Dr. Wollaston was soon after realized, by Mr. Faraday's discovery of the rotatory movements which had been predicted*. By employing mercury as part of the voltaic circuit, and placed so as to allow of perfect freedom of motion in the conducting wire, or in the magnet, according to the nature of the experiment, and so as to obtain the action of one pole only, Mr. Faraday succeeded in effecting a variety of rotations, both in the magnet and the wire, in conformity with the law above stated. If the positive electric current be descending along the wire, as is shewn

* See the Quarterly Journal of Science, XII., 74 and 416.

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in the annexed figure, the north pole of a magnet in its vicinity will revolve round it in the direction indicated by the arrows. As action and re-action are equal and contrary, the wire was seen to revolve round a fixed magnet, in a direction contrary to that in which the magnet would have moved, if the wire had been stationary; but since these motions are to be estimated on opposite sides of a common centre, the direction in the circumference will remain the same. Thus, as a north pole revolves round a descending positive electric current in the direction of the hands of a watch, a wire in which a similar current is descending, will revolve in the same circular direction around a north pole placed in the centre of its motion. This is, in like manner, illustrated by the annexed figure, where N is the north pole of a magnet, and W the wire, which revolves in the dotted circle, in the same direction as the magnet did in the former instance.



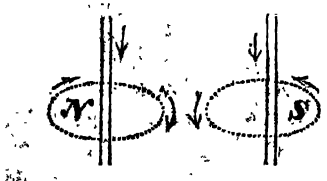
The experiments of Mr. Faraday, confirmed and extended as they have been by Barlow, Biot, and others, appeared to have conducted us to the most general fact belonging to the science; namely, the tendency to a transverse rotatory motion in the magnetic and electric fluids, when acting freely on each other. This fundamental principle once admitted, all the phenomena that had hitherto been discovered appeared to be easily explicable, and most of them were the immediate and necessary consequences of that principle. There was, indeed, one particular fact, for the discovery of which we are indebted to M. Ampère, to which it was less directly applicable, and which might not, perhaps, have been deduced as one of its results. This distinguished philosopher observed, that when two conducting wires were so arranged as that one or both of them were allowed a certain freedom of motion, they either attracted or repelled each other, according as the electric current which they transmitted was moving in the same or in opposite directions in the two wires. If, for example, two wires, which are transmitting currents of electricity, be situated within a certain distance, and parallel to each other; and if we suppose the currents of positive electricity to be passing from left to right in both the wires, they will manifest an attraction for each other. The same tendency of attraction will also appear when the positive currents are both moving in the contrary direction, that is, from right to left. But if the current in one wire is moving in a direction opposite to that of the current in the other wire, in that

that case a repulsive action will take place between the two wires. These were found to be constant and invariable effects of the transmission of electricity along conductors; and they were manifested equally, whether the two currents were obtained from separate voltaic batteries, or were only two portions of the same current in different parts of its course.

It soon became evident, that this remarkable phenomenon could not be classed among the effects of the ordinary laws of electric action. The actions of electrified bodies, whether attractive or repulsive, are in proportion to the intensities of the electric state. But the wires which conduct a current of electricity exhibit, during its transmission, no sign of electric tension; they have no action on the electrometer, and neither attract nor repel light bodies in their vicinity. As the degree of tension in both is zero, their mutual action cannot be the effect of electric tension. Electrical attractions and repulsions disappear in vacuo, but that of currents still continues.

Neither is there any resemblance between the action of the ordinary electricities and that of conducting wires; but, on the contrary, they are in many respects contrasted. It is dissimilar electricities which attract, and similar electricities which repel, each other. With the wires, attraction takes place between currents that are moving in similar directions, and repulsion between opposite currents. An electrified body, after attracting a pith ball, and communicating to it a portion of its own electricity, then repels it; but two conducting wires, which have come into contact by the action of the currents they convey, continue to adhere together, by the same influence, just as two magnets would adhere.

As this phenomenon could not be ascribed to pure electrical action, it was regarded as a magnetic effect, and the explanation attempted to be given of it was the following:—The magnetic fluid which envelopes the wire, and is circulating, or tending to circulate, in the directions of cylindric surfaces, as shown by the dotted circles in the annexed figures, must be conceived as composed of its two fluids, the one giving northern, and the other southern, polarity; and each revolving in contrary directions. If the two conducting wires be placed parallel to each other, and the electric current be moving in the same direction in each, the stream of magnetic particles, belonging to one wire, and having the northern polarity, will be moving, in the space

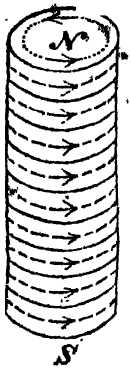


space between the wires, in the same direction with the stream of particles having the southern polarity, belonging to the other wire; and *vice versâ*. Under these circumstances, we might expect, from the laws of magnetic action, that attraction would take place, because the northern and southern polarities attract one another. If the electric current be reversed in one of the wires, repulsion would ensue; because, in that case, both the streams of northern polarity would be moving in the same direction in the intervening space; as would also be the case with the streams of southern polarity, which would be opposite to the former. Berzelius attempted a similar explanation, but limited the magnetizing power to that of the transverse particles of the wire itself, within which he conceived the magnetic power to reside.

It is impossible to deny to the framers of this explanation the merit of ingenuity; but it is far too hypothetical to carry satisfaction to the mind. The system of magnetic emanations, by which the phenomena of the action of magnets at a distance were formerly accounted for, has long been deservedly exploded; and magnetic action has been resolved into the general and more simple fact of attraction and repulsion between the particles of magnets, just as gravitation takes place between the particles of all matter, according to a certain function of their distance. But if we even admit the hypothesis of magnetic emanations, it appears to be rather overstrained, when thus applied to the mutual action of two wires, in which the magnetic property does not immediately reside.

The theory of electro-magnetism which has been devised by Ampère is exempt from these objections, and applies with perfect exactness to all the phenomena of the science which have hitherto been discovered. Instead of regarding, with Faraday and Barlow, the rotatory tendencies of magnets and conducting wires as the simple and ultimate fact, he assumes the attractive and repulsive actions of the electric currents themselves as the primitive and fundamental fact, to which, by the help of a particular hypothesis as to the constitution of magnets, all other facts of the sciences both of electro-magnetism and of magnetism itself may be reduced. His supposition is, that all magnetic bodies, and the globe of the earth among the number, derive their magnetic properties from currents of electricity continually circulating among the parts of which they are composed, and having, with respect to the axes of these bodies, one uniform direction of revolution.

In order to give precision to our ideas, let us conceive a slender cylinder of iron intersected by an infinite number of planes perpendicular to the axis, so as to divide it into as many circular discs, successively applied to each other, as represented in the annexed



annexed diagram: let us now imagine, that in consequence of some unknown action among the particles composing these circles, a current of electricity is perpetually circulating in their circumferences, as if they had composed a voltaic circuit. Let us suppose the direction of these currents to be the same throughout the whole series of circles: the cylinder thus constituted may be considered as a magnetic filament; that extremity in which, when uppermost, the current of positive electricity is moving in a direction contrary to the hands of a watch, being the one which has the northern polarity, that is to say, which will, when suspended as in a compass needle, point to the north. It is of course to be understood that the current of negative electricity revolves in the opposite direction. A magnet, then, is supposed to consist of an assemblage of similarly-constituted filaments; and if these postulates be once granted, all the phenomena of magnetism will flow from them as corollaries; the magnetic power will be resolved into the electrical, and be henceforth erased from the list of original physical powers.

The facts belonging to the science of electro-magnetism may be classed under five heads:—the first relating to the reciprocal actions of two electric currents when traversing a conducting substance: the second, to the mutual action occurring between electric currents and magnets; the third, to the magnetic action of the earth on electrical currents: the fourth, comprising the actions of magnets on each other: the fifth, the action of the earth on magnets. These two last divisions of the subject constituted what was properly the province of the science of magnetism; the three former having sprung up in consequence of the discovery of Œrsted, and being of an intermediate character, had received the name of electro-magnetism. Ampère proposes to comprehend them all under the title of electro-dynamics.

Setting out, then, from the primitive fact, that parallel currents attract one another when their directions are the same, and repel one another when opposite, we have to study the law of modification which these forces undergo when the currents deviate from strict parallelism, and are inclined to one another at various angles, and in different planes. It is evident that the whole action of the currents must be the combined result of the actions of all their parts; and that in order to obtain the former, in every possible case, with mathematical precision, it is necessary to ascertain the simple law which governs the action of those elementary portions.

It

It is evident, in the first place, that the action will be in proportion to the intensities of the currents from which that action is derived; and it has been also determined, that the quantity of each action in each element follows the same law as that of gravitation—namely, that it is inversely proportional to the square of the distance. The action, estimated in the direction of the line drawn from the one elementary portion of electric current to the other, and which, for the sake of convenience, we shall term the line of junction, will be diminished by any obliquity in the direction of either of the currents—in the proportion of the radius to the sine of the angle which such direction forms with the line of junction. If, again, we consider the effects of a current, of which the direction deviates from the plane that passes through the line of junction, and through the direction of the other current, and is situated in another plane, also passing through the line of junction, we shall find that, from being at a maximum when these two planes coincided, it will be reduced in the proportion of the cosine of the angle they form between them. Taking all these considerations, then, into account, and combining them in one formula, we obtain the following, in which a and b denote the respective intensities of the two elementary portions of each current; d their absolute distance from each other, measured of course on the line of junction; α, β, the angles which their respective directions make with the line of junction, and γ the angle between two planes, each passing through the direction of the respective current and the line of junction. Then the action of the two currents on each other, estimated in the direction of the line of junction, being expressed by A,

$$A = \frac{ab}{d^2}(\text{sin. } \alpha. \text{ sin. } \beta. \text{ cos. } \gamma.)$$

In the course of this investigation, Ampère found reason to conclude that the formula thus obtained was still only an approximation to the true law; for portions of the same, or of different currents, that were moving at very oblique angles, or even in the same continued line, were observed to exert a certain degree of repulsion on each other: he therefore introduced another term in the formula; and, as he was at first unable to ascertain the amount of its influence, prefixed to it the co-efficient k, the value of which was left for future determination. The whole formula will then stand thus:—

$$A = \frac{ab}{d^2}(\text{sin. } \alpha. \text{ sin. } \beta. \text{ cos. } \gamma. + k. \text{ cos. } \alpha. \text{ cos. } \beta.)$$

Ampère at first regarded the value of k as exceedingly small, and thought it might safely be neglected. Subsequent researches have led him to conclude that it was equal to $-\frac{1}{2}$, so that the whole

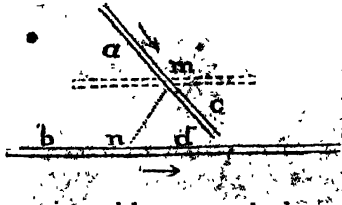
of

of that term has a negative value when the cosines of the two angles are themselves positive.

The forces of electro-dynamical action, determined by the law above stated, are subject to the same laws of composition and resolution as all other mechanical forces, and afford, therefore, equal facilities for mathematical investigation. Many consequences important to the theory of particular facts are deducible from this consideration. Thus the action of a small portion of conducting wire, bent into any number of flexures and contorted forms, provided they do not extend to any great space, upon a distant current of electricity, will be equivalent to that of similar wire proceeding in a straight course between the two extreme points of the contorted wire.

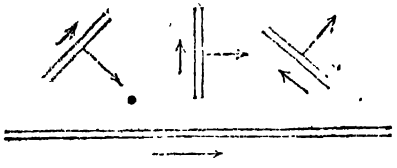
Another corollary deducible from the general law is, that the total action of a conducting wire of infinite length upon any portion of an electric current, moving in a direction parallel to the wire, is in the simple inverse ratio of the shortest distance intervening between the two currents—that is, of the line drawn from one to the other, which is perpendicular to both. This consequence had been already deduced by Laplace, and was verified by direct experiment by Biot, as well as by Ampère.

Setting out from the simplest case, where a simple attractive or repulsive power is manifested, namely, that in which two currents are rectilineal, and in parallel directions, and in which the action is at its maximum in point of degree, we proceed to consider the variations which a change of inclination will produce. Let us first suppose one of the rectilinear currents, or wire which conveys it, to be inclined, as in the following figure at a certain angle, and in a plane which does not pass through the other wire, or channel in which the other current is moving. In this case, a compound force, or at least one that may be resolved into two forces, is called into action. Let us suppose a line *m n*, drawn between the points, in each wire, which are the nearest to each other; a line which will, of course, be perpendicular to both the wires, and which may be called the line of junction: the points *m n*, where this line meets the wires, will divide each wire respectively into two portions. Those portions of the wires, as *a* and *b*, or *c* and *d*, in which the currents are both moving, either towards those points or from them, will be attracted towards each other,—an action which will at first tend to turn them on the line of junction *m n*, as an axis, in planes perpendicular to that axis, so as to diminish the angle which they form, and to bring them

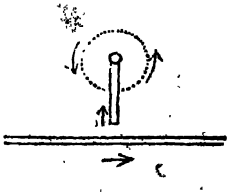


them into the parallel positions indicated by the dotted lines; and will also tend to make the two wires approximate. The former portion of this force, which produces a rotatory action, may be termed a *directive force;* the latter, which tends to the approach of the wires in the direction of the line of junction, may be termed the *approximative force.* This last force commences when the two wires are at right angles, and attains its maximum when they are brought by the directive force into a parallel position. When the corresponding portions of the wires, on the contrary, form an obtuse angle, the approximative force is negative, and is so in the greatest degree when the wires are parallel, with their currents moving in opposite directions.

This action will be considerably modified if, instead of supposing the two currents to be of equal length, and crossing one another at the line of junction, we take only a very limited portion of a rectilineal current, situated wholly on one side of the other current, which is itself of indefinite length; and we may now, for the sake of greater simplicity, assume them to be both in the same plane. If we analyze the forces which act on each side, and on each part of the limited portion of the current, the one set being attractive and the other repulsive, we shall find that the resultant is a force which will impel it in a direction perpendicular to itself, in the plane common to the currents, and so as to preserve its parallelism; and this will happen, whatever be the angle of inclination of the lesser current to the greater. In the annexed diagram, the dotted lines show the direction in which the shorter wires will tend to move by the action of the current in the lower wire, supposed to be of indefinite length. The direction of this progressive tendency will be determined by that of the currents. When they are parallel to each other, they tend to approach or to separate, according as the direction of the currents is similar or dissimilar. When at right angles to each other, and the positive current in the shorter wire is receding from the longer wire, the shorter wire will be urged forwards in the same direction as the positive current is moving in the longer wire; and *vice versâ,* it will be urged in the opposite direction when the current of positive electricity is moving towards the longer wire. Such then would be its motion were it free to move in all directions; but, if its motion be limited, in that plane, to a movement of rotation round one of its extremities, the same force will produce its continual revolution, with a uniformly



accelerated



accelerated velocity, round this axis (see annexed figure); because the force itself is independent of the angle of inclination of the currents, and is, therefore, uniformly exerted during the whole period of its revolution.

It is to be observed, however, that the two cases we have here supposed, in which the effect of a straight current of indefinite length can be limited to a small portion of another current on one side only, are such as are not easily realized in practice. The difficulty lies in disposing of the remaining portions of the current, so that they shall not interfere with the effects intended to be produced. The only mode of obtaining this object is to provide for their subdivision and branching off in different directions, at the end which is nearest to the current whose action we are studying; so that these different portions shall act in opposite ways, and thus neutralize each other's effects. This object may be accomplished most conveniently and effectually by allowing the ends of the smaller portions of wire to dip in mercury; which will not only carry off the stream of electricity in various directions, but also allow of perfect freedom of motion.

Let us now investigate the action of currents moving in the circumference of a circle, which may be examined by means of a conducting wire bent into such a form, that its extremities come very near each other, but are prevented from touching by being covered with silk, or other insulating substance. The force acting on such a wire, while it is transmitting electricity by the influence of a rectilineal current in the vicinity, will tend to bring it into such a position, as that its plane shall coincide with that of the rectilineal current, and so that the direction of the currents in the adjacent portions may be the same. (See figure annexed.) In this position, these adjacent portions attract each other, while a repulsion is exerted between the straight current and that in the remoter part of the circle, which moves in the opposite direction. These two forces are, therefore, opposed to each other; but the attractive force prevails, on account of the greater vicinity of the attracting, than of the repelling portions. That portion of the original force which made the plane turn upon itself, so as to bring it into parallelism with the straight current, must be regarded as the directive force. It is here composed of two forces, the one attractive, the other repulsive, but which, acting on opposite sides of the axis of rotation, concur in their effect. Thus while the approximative



tive force is the difference of the two forces, the directive force is equal to their sum.

It will be easily understood, that forces of a similar kind are the result of the action of the circular current on the straight wire; and that the latter is urged to assume a position in the same plane with the former, and so that the adjacent currents may be in similar directions.

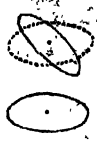
The action of a circular current upon a small portion of a straight current at right angles, or otherwise inclined to the plane of the former, and lying wholly on one side of it, will be somewhat modified. If the direction of the straight current, when prolonged, pass near the centre, the forces which act upon it will be nearly balanced, and no re-action will result; if it be near to the circumference, the action of the adjacent portion will predominate, and we shall obtain results analogous to those which we have traced with regard to straight wires. Revolving motions will result either in the straight wire or in the circular one, according to their positions, and according to the direction of the fixed points which may limit their movements. The direction of the motion is determined by the circumstances of the approach or recession of the current to or from the same point, as we have before explained.

Having considered the action of a circular on a rectilineal current, we may now study the reciprocal action of two circular currents.



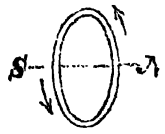
When the centre of the one lies in the plane of the other circle, (as in the circles in marginal figure,) a directive force will operate, tending to bring its whole circumference into that plane, and to assume the position indicated in the diagram by the dotted circle; and, when in this position, the resultant of all the forces which are in operation will be an attraction or a repulsion, according as the currents in the adjacent portions of the circumferences are moving in the same, or in opposite directions.

If the two circular currents be situated opposite to each other, so that the centre of the one be in a line perpendicular to the plane of the other, and passing through its centre, similar phenomena will take place with respect to the directive and approximative forces; which will produce, in the first place, a tendency to parallelism, and then either attraction or repulsion. (See subjoined figure.) For each position of the centres intermediate to the two former, we shall find a particular position of equilibrium in planes inclined at a certain angle, whose intersection is exterior to the circles themselves. This position of equilibrium is determinate,



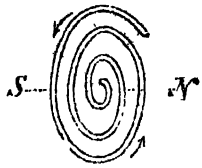
minate, and excludes the possibility of any continued rotatory or revolving motion.

It is an important preliminary to the study of Ampère's theory to obtain correct ideas of the action of the two circular currents upon one another, because such currents are supposed, in his hypothesis, to be the elements of all magnetic action. This magnetic action may be regarded as the resultant of the forces exerted by every part of the circular currents; and as constituting two forces emanating from its centre, and being of an opposite species on each side of the plane of the circle. If we suppose the circle, as in the annexed

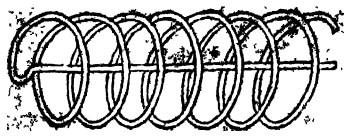


diagram, to occupy a vertical plane passing nearly through the eye of the observer, placed without the circle, and the current of positive electricity to be passing downwards on the side next to the spectator, and upwards on the remoter side, then the force exerted on the side to the right of the plane, considered as a magnetic force, will correspond to the northern polarity, or to a polarity belonging to that end of the compass which turns to the north. The force extending to the left will, of course, correspond to the southern or opposite polarity. When two circular currents are brought together on the sides where similar polarities reside, they repel each other, because the two currents are then moving in opposite directions in each; but when the dissimilar polarities are presented to each other, attraction takes place, because the currents are then similarly directed.

The intensity of all these forces is much increased when the powers of several circles are combined, which may be obtained by bending the conducting wire so as to compose a spiral, in the manner of the figure in the margin; the successive coils of which will conspire together in producing the respective polarities on each side: spirals thus constituted act exactly as magnets whose poles might be supposed to be situated in the centre of each disc.



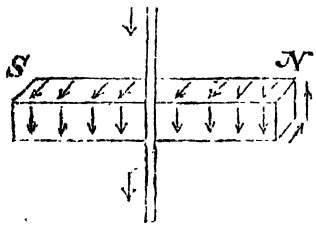
But the imitation of magnetic bodies is rendered still more complete, when the turns of the wire are made, not in the same plane, but on the surface of a cylinder, so as to form a helix instead of a spiral. If the wire, after having formed a helix, be bent back, as shown in the annexed figure, so as to return in a straight course in the interior of the cylinder, with the usual precautions against contact, we obtain a very perfect accordance with the condition of a magnetic



netic cylinder. This construction was suggested by Arago, who was led to it by reflecting that whatever action the turns of the spiral part of the wire may have in a longitudinal direction, that is, parallel to the axis of the wire, is neutralised by the contrary action of the returning wire; and the only force which is operative is that of circular currents moving in planes perpendicular to the axis. Experiment has fully confirmed this conclusion; and we may consider a magnetic filament to be sufficiently well represented by a heliacal wire constructed with this slight addition, and which, with a view to the comparison of their properties with those of ordinary magnets, we shall designate *voltaic magnets*, a name which we prefer to that of *electro-dynamic cylinders*, given to them by Ampère.

All the combinations which we have noticed, are applicable to one or other of the different cases of electro-magnetic action. We have first to examine the actions occurring between magnets and conducting wires. The facts discovered by Œrsted, as well as every other relating to this class, are all in perfect conformity with the hypothesis of Ampère, that every magnet contains within itself an indefinite number of currents of electricity circulating in circles, or other closed curves, in planes perpendicular to the axis.

We have already seen that the action between a circular current and straight conducting wire in its vicinity, is such as to bring them into the same plane, and into such a relative position, as that the direction of the adjacent currents shall be the same. In a magnet containing a great number of such currents moving in planes at right angles to its axis, as in the annexed figure, the united effect of these tendencies, arising from the action of a straight conducting wire in the vicinity, will be to bring the plane of that current into the position just described; that is, in the same plane as the straight wire: but as the axis of the magnet itself is perpendicular to this plane, so it will also be at right angles to the straight wire which acts upon it. Now this is the very position which we find by experiment it tends to assume: and in which it remains in equilibrium, at least as far as it obeys the directive force; for it still continues to be acted upon by the attractive force, which tends to the approximation of the magnet and wire. Hence we find, that the hypothesis we are examining, leads us directly to the tangential force formerly pointed out as a fundamental law of electro-magnetic



action; and all the phenomena which were explained on the supposition of such a tendency are reducible to this still more simple and comprehensive principle. It may also be observed, that the direction which each respective pole of the magnet assumes by the action of the wire is correspondent to the direction which the theory assigns to them. Thus, if the current of positive electricity be descending in a vertical wire, the north pole of the magnet will be found to the right hand of an observer placed in the course of the current, supposed to pass from his head to his feet, and with his face turned towards the magnet: for, in such a position, the currents in that side of the magnet which is turned towards him are also descending.

A simple circular current, or what will act still more powerfully, a spiral coil, when presented to a magnet, exhibits phenomena precisely analogous to those afforded by the ends of magnets; acting as north poles on one side, and as south poles on the other. If the currents in these spirals be reversed, the polarities on each side are in consequence immediately reversed; what was before a north, now becomes a south pole; and *vice versâ*.

But the simple circular conducting wire or ring exhibits, in consequence of the vacant space in its centre, phenomena which neither the spiral coil, of which the turns occupy the whole disc of the circle, nor any magnetised iron can produce. M. De la Rive contrived, upon this principle, a very pretty and instructive experiment.* A floating, conducting ring being placed so as to encircle a magnet, but in such a way as that the currents in each did not accord, was repelled along the magnet till it reached its end; when it spontaneously turned half round, and was then attracted by the magnet, again encircled it, and proceeded to settle itself round the middle of its length, where it remained in equilibrium.

A still more perfect accordance with magnetic phenomena is presented by the heliacal arrangements which we have denominated voltaic magnets. These possess regular poles, at both ends, the one being north, the other south: which poles are immediately changed into the opposite kinds, by merely reversing the course of the current. They obey the action of magnets which are presented to them, are attracted and repelled, and assume determinate positions with respect to the magnet, just as if they were ordinary magnets, of which, indeed, they possess all the essential properties, and for which they may be substituted in almost every form of experiment.

The phenomena of revolving motions, effected either in mag-

* See Quarterly Journal of Science, XII., 83.

nets

nets or in wires, by their mutual action, as first discovered by Mr. Faraday, and as afterwards extended by Ampère, Savary, Barlow and others, and which have been regarded by most philosophers as indicative of the rotatory tendency being an ultimate fact, will be found, on attentive examination, to be not only in strict accordance with, but to be direct consequences of Ampère's theory. Instead of constituting objections to that theory, as was at one time supposed, they have proved, in fact, to be amongst the strongest confirmations of its truth. It would extend this Article to too great a length were we to engage in the detail of the circumstances of each experiment, so as to follow all the particular applications of the theory, and trace their agreement with the observed results; but the general principles on which they are to be accounted for have already been sufficiently explained. It is also to be remarked, that Ampère ascertained, by suitable variations in the experiments, that these rotatory movements, although strictly deducible from his own theory of the constitution of magnets, where the action of the portion of conducting wire was alone taken into account, were, generally, in a much greater degree, the effect of electric currents taking place in the mercury, into which the extremities of the wire were immersed, and the re-action of which on the wire produced a considerable repelling force. He found it, indeed, as impracticable in mechanism, as it was impossible in theory, to produce rotation without employing fluid conductors in some part of the voltaic circuit.

To take one of the simplest cases of electro-magnetic action, let us suppose a vertical conducting wire, in which the positive current is descending, presented to a magnetic bar suspended by its centre, so as to move freely in a horizontal plane, and which has assumed its usual position in the magnetic meridian by the influence of the earth. In this position, all the currents contained in the magnet are ascending on its western, and descending on its eastern side. The former will, therefore, be repelled, and the latter attracted by the wire, and the magnet will so arrange itself, that the middle of its attracting side shall be opposite to the wire.

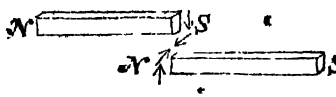
When two magnets, on the other hand, are presented to each other, end to end, it will depend upon the direction of the currents being similar or dissimilar at the adjacent ends, whether attraction or repulsion will take place; the former happens when the north or south poles are opposite to each other: the latter, when similar poles front each other. The first case may be illustrated by two watches laid the one above the other, so that the dial of the one may be in contact with the back of the other; the hands will then, in both watches, be moving in the same direction.

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The second case is represented by their being laid face to face, when it will be seen that the motion of the hands are now in opposite directions.

But the attractive or repulsive forces are not merely produced by currents at the ends of the magnets; they are the result of the action of all the currents from one end to the other of each magnet. We must regard the total action as composed of the attraction or repulsion of one whole side of the one, to one whole side of the other; and of a similar attraction or repulsion between the two other sides: while the contrary action is excited between those respective sides which may be differently grouped. Thus calling the east and west sides of a magnet the sides which face those points, when its axis is in its natural position in the magnetic meridian, the east side of the one will attract the east side of the other, and repel the west side: the west side will, in like manner, attract the west and repel the east. The tendency of this action is to bring the two eastern sides parallel, and as near to each other as possible: when this position has been attained, the north pole of each magnet will be adjoining to the south pole of the other, and the attractive action will be at its maximum. The same must be understood, *mutatis mutandis*, of the repulsive action, which is greatest when the east side of the one is parallel and adjoining to the west side of the other; in which case the two poles of the same name in each magnet are adjoining to each other.

The attentive consideration of these combinations of forces will explain a difficulty which at first might be apt to startle us. When the north end of one magnet is directly opposed to the south end of another, the adjacent currents run in similar directions, and there is, therefore, no difficulty in understanding how attraction takes place: but if the one magnet be moved a little to one side, and brought in a parallel direction, till the two adjacent ends have just passed one another, as in the annexed diagram, such a coincidence of adjacent currents no longer takes place: on the contrary, the eastern side of the one, where the current is descending, is close to the western side of the other, having an ascending current. Repulsion, therefore, as it would seem, should now take the place of attraction: whereas we find that, under these circumstances, the two poles still exert a powerful attraction. The reasons, however, will appear when the actions of all the other currents, besides those that are immediately adjacent, are taken into account. It will then be found that the repelling positions belonging to the two magnets, are, on the whole,



whole, in consequence of the great obliquity of their actions, much less powerful than the attractive portions, which act at a greater angle. This inequality diminishes as the middle parts of each magnet are brought to each other, until the repulsion predominates; and this repulsion arrives at its maximum when the two magnets are opposite each other in parallel lines. It was in consequence of his having neglected to take the whole of these forces into account, that Mr. Barlow advanced objections to Ampère's theory, derived from the above fact; which objections, when accurately examined, appear to be without foundation.*

The most satisfactory answer to all the objections that can be made to the adequacy of the theory to explain the phenomena of magnetism, is to show that the very same phenomena may be produced by substituting for the magnets, in each experiment, actual voltaic currents by heliacal arrangements of wires, constructed in the way already described. On this subject Ampère has arrived at the following general conclusion:—

'Lorsqu'on a ainsi ramené l'action des aimans aux loix générales de celles des conducteurs voltaïques, on peut en déduire différens phénomènes, dont nous n'avons pas encore parlé et qui ont lieu lorsqu'on fait agir l'un sur l'autre un conducteur voltaïque et un aimant, tels que la révolution d'un aimant autour d'un conducteur, la rotation d'un de ces corps sur son axe par l'action de l'autre, celle qu'un aimant produit dans le mercure que traverse le courant électrique et qu'a découverte Sir H. Davy, les divers mouvemens du conducteur annulaire flottant de M. de la Rive, et toutes les autres conséquences de ce genre que l'expérience confirme.

'C'est aussi alors qu'on peut appliquer la formule aux phénomènes que présentent l'action mutuelle d'un conducteur voltaïque et d'un aimant et celle de deux aimans, en calculant les effets que doivent produire, d'après cette formule, les courans électriques disposés autour des particules des aimans. Ce nouveau progrès d'une branche si intéressante de la physique est dû à M. Savary; voici les principaux résultats qu'il a obtenus, en appliquant la formule au calcul de l'action exercée par des cylindres électro-dynamiques d'un très petit diamètre, les seuls auxquels on doive comparer les aimans quand on les considère comme des assemblages de courans électriques tournant autour de leurs particules.'—p. 341.

'L'action mutuelle d'un fil conducteur d'une forme et d'une grandeur quelconques, et d'un cylindre électro-dynamique, lorsqu'on suppose que ce cylindre est assez long pour que l'une de ses extrémités soit très loin du conducteur, ne dépend que de la situation de son autre extrémité relativement à ce conducteur, et reste la même quelle que soit la direction de l'axe du cylindre.'

'L'action mutuelle de deux cylindres électro-dynamiques, quelles

* See page 298 of Mr. Barlow's work.

que

que soient les directions de leurs axes, se compose de quatre forces, deux attractives et deux répulsives, dirigées suivant les droites qui joignent deux à deux les extrémités des cylindres, et en raison inverse du carré des distances entre ces extrémités; ce qui donne, à l'égard de ces dernières, la formule que Coulomb avait trouvée par expérience pour les pôles de deux aimans, en observant la direction qu'un de ces aimans prend par l'action de l'autre.'—p. 343.

One difference, indeed, has been observed between the actions of the voltaic and the ordinary magnet. In the former, the poles are at the very extremities of the cylinder; in the latter, they are found to be at points at a small distance from the ends and nearer to the centre. This circumstance has been often adverted to by writers on magnetism, and has been particularly noticed by Mr. Faraday.* It would indicate either some degree of obliquity in the currents, or a greater condensation of those near to the centre: effects which are not only quite consistent with Ampère's hypothesis, but which might have been predicted as the natural consequences of the known laws of electro-dynamic action.

'D'après les calculs de M. Savary, confirmés en ce point par les expériences de M. Faraday sur les fils conducteurs pliés en hélices, que ce célèbre physicien a consignées dans son mémoire du 11 Septembre 1821, les points auxquels on donne dans l'aimant le nom de pôles, devroient être situés précisément à ses extrémités, quand on suppose que tous les courans électriques d'un aimant sont situés dans des plans exactement perpendiculaires à son axe, et qu'ils ont tous la même intensité. C'est ce qui n'a pas lieu pour les aimans ordinaires, mais seulement pour ceux qu'a construit, avec des fils d'acier extrêmement fins, un jeune physicien de Paris, déjà célèbre par ses belles recherches sur l'électricité développée par la pression; or, il est aisé de voir qu'indépendamment de ce que cet effet seroit produit par une intensité variable des courans, qui seroit d'autant plus grande que ces courans seroient plus près du milieu de l'aimant, ainsi que je l'ai admis d'abord, ce même effet est une suite nécessaire de l'inclinaison des plans des mêmes courans dans le sens que je viens d'indiquer. Il l'est également de voir que le même fil conducteur qui est attiré dans l'intervalle des deux pôles doit être repoussé au-delà; que les deux extrémités de deux aimans qui portent les noms contraires, doivent s'attirer non-seulement quand les axes des deux aimans sont en ligne droite, mais encore quand ils sont dans la position représentée dans la figure.'—p. 257.

'Cette inclination des plans dans lesquels sont situés les courans des particules des aimans paraît être la cause de la différence que M. Faraday a remarquée entre la manière d'agir des aimans et des cylindres électro-dynamiques; elle consiste en ce que les pôles proprement dit d'un aimant ne sont pas situés exactement à ses extré-

* Quarterly Journal of Science, xii. 76.

mités,

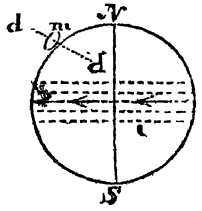
mités, au lieu que les points qui présentent les mêmes propriétés dans un cylindre électro-dynamique, sont précisément à ses extrémités, conformément aux calculs déduits de la formule.'—p. 340.

We come now to the subject of terrestrial magnetism. If we assume that the action of the solar rays on successive parts of the torrid zone, from east to west, produces currents of positive electricity in that direction, and which may be regarded as collectively circulating in what may be called the magnetic equator; attended, as they must always be, by counter-currents of negative electricity in the same equator, but in the opposite direction; and also that these currents have the same properties and modes of action with all other electrical currents,—then there must result, as a necessary consequence, a two-fold polarity, apparently belonging to the earth, and directed to the poles of this magnetic equator.

It is to be observed, that as that polarity, which is situated near the north pole of the earth, results from a current moving in a direction similar to that of the hands of a watch, it will have the properties of a southern polarity, in the sense in which we have invariably used the term; that is, it will attract the north pole of a magnet, and repel the south pole; while actions the reverse of this will take place in the southern hemisphere. It is unnecessary to remark, how exactly this theory accords with all the known facts relative to the action of the earth on magnets. The directive power which acts on magnets on the surface of the earth, is the result, not of any real influence proceeding from that part of the earth to which their poles point, but of the action of the currents at the magnetic equator, and the tendency of the currents in the magnet itself to turn it, so that they shall attain the position of equilibrium we have already adverted to, in considering the mutual action of two circular currents. This position is precisely the plane which is perpendicular to the line of magnetic direction; that is, to the axis of the dipping needle: for as the electric currents in the needle are at right angles to its axis, it follows that when they arrange themselves in conformity with the equatorial currents of the earth, that are circulating east and west, that axis and the whole needle will point to the north and south—as we find they actually do.

The nature of this influence is more clearly discernible when it is exhibited in its simplest form, on a single circular current, which, as we have seen, may be regarded as the element of a magnet. A conducting-wire bent into the form of a circle, when free to move, always assumes, by the electro-magnetic action of the earth, a position in a plane descending to the south, intersecting the horizon in a line passing east and west, and inclined to it at an angle which is the complement to the dip; that is, in a plane which

which is perpendicular to the magnetic meridian. Its northern and southern polarities are equally real with that of a magnetic needle; but appertain to an imaginary axis passing through the centre of the circle and perpendicular to its plane. The direction of the currents on its south side, or that nearest the equator, is similar to those in the earth's equator —that is, from east to west, (the positive current being always understood as defining the direction). All these circumstances are shown in the diagram annexed, in which N S, representing the north and south poles of the earth, the directions of the equatorial currents are denoted by the arrows; and the position assumed by the currents of a magnet is shown at *m;* its poles acting in the direction of the line *d d.*



The same phenomena are observed, if the course of the moveable wire be that of a parallelogram; or, indeed, any plane figure which returns into itself, as well as if it were a circle. By varying these forms, we are enabled to observe and distinguish the effects of the earth's influence on wires which are parallel to the direction of the dip, and on such as are at right angles to it. The experiments of De la Rive on these subjects deserve notice, as a beautiful specimen of philosophical analysis; but any detailed account of them would extend this Article to too great a length.

The action of the earth on spiral conducting wires is precisely similar in kind to that on single circles, but it is more powerful in degree. Helices are, in like manner, found to obey the terrestrial influence, just as magnets do when placed in similar circumstances as to freedom of motion, provided the electrical currents which they convey are of sufficient intensity. Continued progressive, or even rotatory motion may be obtained by the same influence, in conductors whose motions are limited to certain planes, either in parallel directions, or round an axis. So that, in fact, every experiment that has been tried, and a great variety has been devised by the ingenuity of numerous experimentalists, has served but to confirm the correctness of Ampère's views of the theory of magnetism. It is easy to distinguish whether the motion of any part of a voltaic circuit is the effect of the influence of the earth, or merely of the other portions of the same circuit, by reversing the communications with the ends of the pile or battery employed: in the former case, the direction of the motion is immediately reversed by this change; and in the latter case, the action continues the same as before.

Ampère is far from supposing that the successive action of the solar

solar rays on the equatorial regions of the earth is the sole cause of the electric currents that circulate in them. Internal changes taking place in the earth itself, must also concur in producing them; for it would otherwise be impossible to account for the observed variations in their effects. The diurnal variations may, however, fairly enough be attributed to the alternate changes of temperature occurring in different parts of the torrid, and even of the temperate zones.

The phenomena of magnetic induction, whether effected by currents of electricity passing through a conducting body, or by a magnet in which such currents are assumed to exist, are also in perfect conformity with this hypothesis. A conducting wire tends to the determination of currents in the same direction as those which it conveys itself, in all the magnetisable bodies in its vicinity: these currents continue to circulate with more or less permanency, after the removal of the current which originally determined them. In soft iron they soon disappear: in steel they continue to maintain themselves, and give rise to permanent magnets. The polarities thus induced will have transverse directions with respect to that of the current to which they owe their origin, for the reasons we have already so fully explained.

Numerous facts have induced Ampère to conclude, that the circulation of electric currents peculiar to magnets, takes place round each particle of the magnetic body; he has also adopted the opinion, that these currents pre-existed in the bodies susceptible of magnetism, before this property was imparted to them; but as they were moving in every variety of direction, they neutralised each other, and could produce no external effect. It is only when a determinate direction has been given to them, either by another magnet, or by a voltaic current, that they become capable of exerting any magnetic action.

By a very curious experiment, Ampère has proved, that a powerful electric current has a tendency to excite similar currents in neighbouring bodies, not generally susceptible of magnetism. A copper wire of considerable length was rolled round a cylinder, so as to form a coil, all the turns of which were separated from each other by silk riband. Within this spiral coil, a ring of brass was freely suspended by a fine metallic thread, passing through a small glass tube, which was placed between the threads of the copper coil. The circumference of the ring, in every part, was thus brought very near to the copper wire, through which a powerful voltaic current was made to pass. Under these circumstances, the brass wire was attracted or repelled by a magnet, in the same way as it would have been, had it formed part of the same voltaic circuit. The action, indeed, was but feeble, and

Ampère,

Ampère, in his first trials, failed in his endeavours to render it sensible; but on persevering in the attempt, his success, at last, was complete and unequivocal.

It will be seen that the theory of Ampère has the advantage of explaining many anomalous appearances in the induction of magnetism, much more readily than any other; as, for instance, the occasional co-existence of south poles at each end of a magnetic bar, and of a single north pole at the centre. It explains very simply and naturally the consequences observed on the fracture of a magnet; for the opposite polarities are supposed to arise from the same currents, and only take place on the different sides of those currents. It also assigns a reason for various practical rules which are to be observed in making artificial magnets, and of which no other theory could furnish an explanation. It accounts satisfactorily for the want of success in all the attempts which have been made to obtain any of the ordinary electrical or galvanic effects, from whatever form or combination of magnets has yet been devised, and teaches us why no such effects are to be expected.

It may be urged as an objection to Ampère's theory, that the assumption on which it is founded—namely, the perpetual circulation of electric currents among the particles of magnetic iron, is hypothetical in the extreme, and violates every analogy and semblance of probability. But to this it may be answered, that the facts to be explained are themselves so much at variance with all the known laws of ordinary corpuscular action, that they necessarily imply the operation of agents which are governed by laws peculiar to themselves. That hypothesis deserves the preference, which, while it is itself most simple, is also most comprehensive in its applications;—which unites together the greatest number and variety of facts;—which leads to the discovery of new facts, and suggests the invention of new combinations, and which perfectly accords with all the observed results. Another criterion of a true theory, is its capability of furnishing elements of analytical investigation, by which the numerical relations may be determined that connect together facts, in their nature apparently remote and disjoined.

In all these respects it will be found, that no theory of electromagnetism hitherto devised can at all enter into competition with that of Ampère. It is impossible to deny that a great advance will have been made in the philosophy of nature, if it can be shown, or even rendered probable, that all the phenomena usually referred to the operation of magnetism, as a principle totally distinct from electricity, are mere electrical effects; that the former is, in fact, included in the latter; and that, instead of two agencies, there exists but one.

It

It must, however, be confessed, that much still remains to be done before the theory can be regarded as satisfactorily established. The new discoveries which are continually making in electro-magnetic science will subject it to a severe ordeal, and must soon either give it decisive confirmation, or produce its complete overthrow. The curious facts lately brought to light by Arago, Barlow, Christie, Babbage, and Herschel, relative to the magnetic effects induced on iron, and the magnetism manifested by other metals, during their rotation, are yet to be explained consistently with Ampère's theory. The recent discovery of the influence of the solar rays in inducing permanent magnetism on iron, under certain circumstances, a fact announced by Morichini, and now completely established by the ingenious and successful experiments of Mrs. Somerville,* indicates the existence of some hitherto unsuspected connexion between magnetism and light, and cannot fail eventually to extend our knowledge in this highly interesting department of natural philosophy.

ART. XI.—1. *Report on the Trade in Corn, and on the Agriculture of the North of Europe.* By W. Jacob, Esq. (Printed by order of the House of Commons.) London. 1826.

2. *A Letter to the Electors of Bridgenorth, upon the Corn Laws.* By W. W. Whitmore, Esq., M. P. Edinburgh. 1826.

IN the observations which we feel it necessary to make on the subject of the expected alteration in the corn-laws, we shall abstain from offering any remarks in detail upon the practical modifications in them, which we might think it expedient to be suggested; because we are content to leave their arrangement in the hands of the government, whose position of neutrality between what are called (as we think, erroneously) the conflicting interests of agriculturists and manufacturers, enables them to suggest a change with unimpeached impartiality, and whose sources of information supply them with the most adequate means of executing such change, with due consideration for the interests of all parties, separately or collectively.

The leading principle of the changes effected by the late parliament in our commercial policy was founded in the substitution of a free importation, subject to adequate protecting duties, instead of a system of absolute prohibition. We are surprised to find that there are so many persons both of the agricultural and manufacturing classes who are disposed to

* See Philosophical Transactions for 1826, p. 132.

protest

protest against this change of policy. For in what does it consist?—in protection to the home-producer, whether of corn or manufactured goods, though not to the extent of forming a monopoly, which has only the effect of stimulating production beyond safe limits, and of throwing on the consumers the pressure of maintaining and supporting that unnatural stimulus. Wherever prohibition exists with respect to manufactured articles, illicit importation—smuggling—must exist in a proportionate degree. Under such a system, it is not only the revenue that suffers,—it is not only the morals of those parties who are directly tempted by law to outrage the law that suffer—but the morals of all classes of the community;—for how few are not accustomed to reconcile it to themselves to encourage acts of spoliation punishable by law, through the purchase of articles surreptitiously introduced; and to imagine that they make a sufficient apology, when they state that the articles in question are not to be obtained in any other manner! The whole of the measures of government with respect to the changes of our commercial law will be found to be based on these simple principles; principles in themselves not only defensible, but utterly unassailable, and which are obtaining, and will obtain, signal triumph over their adversaries.

There are persons belonging to the agricultural interest who say very little on this subject of free trade in manufactures, but protest, in the most loud and unmeasured terms, against any change whatever being made in the present corn-laws, and inculpate the government for their presumption in entertaining even the question of modification. Does the agriculturist of this class ever recollect the time when *his* commodity sold for an infinitely lower rate in the market than it now obtains, when taken with a ratio to the taxes then paid by him—and this even making full allowance for the possible effect of the fluctuations of currency upon prices? Does it ever suggest itself to him, that, in proportion as the manufacturing population of this country increased, a greater demand existed for his peculiar production, and that he has literally to thank the existence of that population for his rents and his advantages? Does he suppose that he has sold his commodity abroad? The answer must be—Certainly not: it is notorious that there has not been any exportation of corn. Does he suppose that the non-manufacturing part of the community is in the habit of consuming such an extra degree of produce as to have occasioned that increased demand which has raised his commodity in the market? He cannot entertain such an opinion. He must, then, be compelled to admit that it is the manufacturing part of the population which has swelled his rents and made him what he is. And how have his rents been increased?

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Is there any mystery in the process? Does he not know that, if the demand for corn is greater than the supply, more corn will be grown? Does he not know that lands of the first class of fertility will be first occupied?—that, as the production of corn progressively increases, inferior lands must be brought into cultivation? If brought into cultivation, does he not know that they must, *ex vi termini*, repay, with the ordinary profits of stock, the expense incurred in their cultivation? Does he not know that his own tenant, occupying land of a superior quality, is only led to expect to make the same profits which a man cultivating land of an inferior quality is found to make? Does he not know that the difference of the money-price of the produce raised by these two parties is, in the present circumstances of this country, the measure of his rent? Does he not know that, consequently, every succeeding inferior quality of land brought into cultivation has the effect of increasing his rent,—not (as is frequently but most invidiously contended) through any tricks of combination on the part of the landlords as a body, but by the inevitable course of things, arising out of the relations of property subsisting between the proprietor of land and the proprietor of capital employed upon land? Does he not perceive now the puerile imbecility of those meetings in Norfolk, which were holden at the period of the highest prices, when libations in claret were offered up to the tutelary genius of England, under whose patronage corn was found to grow where it had been said that a rabbit could not find a blade of grass to conceal itself from its natural enemies? What, when analysed, was the history of all this extraordinary prosperity? Why, simply, that the consumer was called upon to pay a price which would remunerate the capitalist for raising wheat on these rabbit-warrens, and which, in its re-action, had the effect of raising the rent of every acre of land of superior quality throughout the United Kingdom.

What then is the moral of this reasoning? That the agriculturist should not be protected, and adequately protected, and permanently protected? The minister who should act upon such principles would abandon his most sacred duty. But is there no protection short of monopoly?

The agriculturists of these islands should be careful, and consider well what they are about at this crisis. Do they, seriously weighing all the circumstances of the case, think it possible that, if the price of corn be sustained in this country at a preposterous height, our present manufacturers *can* continue to sell their produce to foreign states? Undoubtedly, reasoning selfishly, if the agriculturists could secure these two conflicting alternatives—high prices of

of corn at home, in consequence of the existence of a large manufacturing population, and the maintenance of that manufacturing population in full employment, under the circumstance of high prices,—they would be insane not to endeavour to accomplish measures that would secure the high price of corn; but even under that supposition, they must be told that their present corn-laws would not execute their purpose. These alternatives, however, are notoriously incompatible. If the price of corn be to be maintained to suit the exclusive purpose and pocket of the agriculturist, foreign countries, where not only the necessaries of life are cheaper than in England, but the scale of comfort is lower also, will be able, at no distant period, to undersell the manufacturers of this country; and can the agriculturist contemplate with satisfaction that period, when his own thirst for present profit will have greatly diminished the comforts of the very population whose power to purchase gives the value to his own production? What, then, does common sense or common instinct dictate? What else, but that proportions should be preserved,—that a perpetual demand should be secured for agricultural produce, by allowing the importation of foreign corn so far to operate upon price in this country, as to enable the manufacturer to maintain, at least, if not to increase, his transactions with the civilised world, as a seller of those commodities which the different nations of the world, his customers, are prepared to buy? and we have to add, that to endeavour to strike out that mean, which is here shadowed in theory, is the duty of the government of the country, and a duty from which, it is to be hoped, they will not be induced to flinch under any conceivable combination of circumstances.

But are the present corn-laws calculated to secure the present purpose of the agriculturists, or, we should rather say, of one particular sect of our agriculturists? So far from it, that the government of the country have been compelled, in more than one instance, to recommend a direct violation of the existing law, from an unwillingness to expose the community to the consequences of a strict maintenance of that law. And a noble sort of legislation for a great country must that be, which constantly requires the screw of the executive, to extend or contract it as circumstances may make necessary! It would be precisely as rational to allow the executive to settle the standard of currency, from period to period, at their own will and pleasure. Although we may give government credit for the purest and best motives, and for the soundest discretion, yet if they are permanently to exercise the duty of admitting foreign corn *contrary to law*, there is not a transaction in the country, from one end to the other, which can fail to be more or less affected (pecuniarily speaking)

speaking), by the circumstance of such power being vested in their hands. No contract can be entered into—no engagement between man and man—without being so affected. Consider how wages are governed by the price of corn. On the 1st of June, a man makes a bargain with a servant to serve him till the 1st of January at so much per diem, with reference to the price of corn. On the 1st of July, the government, without any indication of progressive price, preparing the agriculturist for the change, deem it to be necessary either to pass a sudden law, or to take upon themselves, exclusively, the responsibility of introducing five hundred thousand or a million quarters of corn (the quantity more or less does not affect the argument). Is this contract to be valid? If so, it is at the expense of the master; if not so, at the expense of the servant. The true wisdom of general laws is, to allow individual intelligence to regulate private transactions. No one can pretend to say for one moment, that natural causes may not dislocate the most prudent calculations; but then no calculation is made without a knowledge that such natural causes may supervene; and we all know under what species of endurance men are proverbially most passive.

But let us ask a very plain question: What would be the effect, if the present system of corn-laws were rigidly adhered to, without these palliating modifications on the part of the executive government? Let it be supposed, (for the proposition is a perfectly admissible one,) that the wheat harvest had been a bad one, bad in quality and badly housed. We know too well what would then have been the state of tens of thousands of the population, unable to find employment, and mainly dependant upon charity for existence:—as the local poor-rates must have been insufficient to meet the demands upon them. Let us imagine the price of corn rising from hour to hour—even apprehensions of famine entertained—65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100—and the quarter day, or the six weeks' day, when the law permits importation, not yet arrived. Is any rational agriculturist prepared on his honour to declare, that such a crisis (in itself possible, and until lately almost probable) could be felt, in all its intensity of suffering, on the part of the pauper manufacturing population, without producing a revulsion and re-action, which would lead to the *destruction* of those proportions which ought to be the true object of both parties, in framing a permanent law upon this subject? It must be remarked, that the ultra-agriculturist's proposal is that this law should in no degree be mitigated. He may, it is true, say, that, long before such a crisis could be reached, the government would, as a matter of course, act upon the extremity of the

case, and take upon itself the mitigation; but if he does make such an answer, he pronounces with his own lips the most conclusive of all possible censures on his boasted law. In point of fact, future historians may doubt whether the most astute policy, on the part of those who are anxious for a change in the corn-laws, would not have been, to have patiently awaited the period when such a crisis should arrive, and limited their endeavours to the mere object of preventing the government from any sort of interference that could have the effect of mitigating prospectively the severity of these laws. At all events nothing could have been more easy than this course. The agriculturists, whose voice is loudest, appear to be prepared to stand by the present law. If therefore the manufacturers had said to the government—'Either maintain the present laws, and pledge yourselves never, under any circumstances, to mitigate their operation; or give us entire freedom, without any sort of protection to the agriculturist,—we will be satisfied with either alternative,'—the government would have been placed in a state of embarrassment; because the agriculturists, such of them, we mean, as seem to be totally blinded to their own permanent interest, would have said, 'Accept the proposal, and abide by the laws as they now stand.' The result might have been, that for a year or two, or perhaps more, the apparent triumph would have been with them; but a day must have arrived, when the evils above described must have pressed, in their accumulated character, upon the country, and in that crisis the agricultural interest, as a separate interest, must have been destroyed,—as far, at least, as the fortunes of the present possessors of landed property are concerned. And what is most extraordinary in the present times, is the fact of the enmity of our ultra-agriculturists being specifically directed against those very persons who, seeing and appreciating the contingent ruin inevitably awaiting the agricultural class, have attempted to stave it off, in the first instance, by relaxations of that law under which the ultra-agriculturists insanely wish the country perpetually to abide;—and then laboriously prepared themselves to suggest an improved state of law—a state of law under which those proportions may be preserved, upon which the interests of all classes, but more especially of the agricultural class, essentially hinge and determine.

But although we have felt it to be our duty to express ourselves thus strongly upon the general subject, let it not be supposed that we are prepared to admit, that the effect of lowering the price of corn by the importation of foreign corn (if such should be the consequence, on which point there is much to be said) would necessarily

necessarily work an *immediate relief to the distresses of our unemployed, or partially employed, population.* This part of the subject is one of unavoidable intricacy: and yet it only requires to pass the mind on, from point to point, to arrive at a conclusion carrying with it much of the force of demonstration.

It is contended, that the cause of the distress in the manufacturing districts is, the impossibility of our master manufacturers affording to sell their goods at a rate sufficiently cheap to command that number of domestic or foreign purchasers, whose demands would be sufficient to absorb the average production of our manufacturing industry. The consequence is stated to be, that a great number of artisans are thrown out of employment; and from that very circumstance, which involves the necessity of working at the very lowest minimum of wages, the wages of the whole class are lowered, and misery necessarily ensues.

Supposing, for a moment, that such a state of things did actually exist, the first observation would probably be, that there must be a tendency in the crisis to cure itself; in a word, that the manufactures would be forced into consumption, from the economy of production which the present low wages of labour enabled the master manufacturer to carry into effect. But that proposition mainly rests on an assumption, which is anything but practically true; namely, that cheapness of production will *perpetually* command an extended market. That it has a *tendency* to do so, no man of common sense and information will doubt; but there is a limitation of production, beyond which it cannot be forced without a glut: and it is this point which, it would seem, neither theoretical reasoners nor practical men can determine with accuracy.—To take a familiar instance: suppose an individual at home, an economist in his own private concerns;—a hatter brings a number of hats to him, tells him that the circumstances of the times have made hats remarkably cheap, and urges him to avail himself of the lucky moment. He answers, that he is not in the habit of wearing more than two hats per annum, and that he does not know what he shall do with eight. The hatter rejoins, that it will answer for him to keep them in depôt, as the present lowness of price will more than compensate the interest of money so laid out; and that, consequently, on the whole, he will be a gainer for abandoning his old method of making annual purchases exactly proportionate to his wants. Let it be supposed that he purchases the hats in question, and that others do the same: what is the consequence? The glut in hats is absorbed for the moment; but the essence of the transaction is, that these parties will not be hat-purchasers in the course of the next three years. If, in conse-

quence of this absorption of the glut, manufacturers are retained sufficient to produce that supply which existed previously to the glut, and if they are retained under a supposition that, the glut being momentarily removed, the consumption will go on as before, the fallacy of such a calculation must be evident to any person who can deal with the most familiar proposition. Now, where is the difference, in principle, between this illustration and one upon a great scale, with reference to some of the new countries in South America? Those countries raised loans in England; their revenues, or property in them, were pledged for the interest of those loans. The loans being to be raised, money, or money's worth, was to be remitted; and how was it remitted? In bullion or in bills?—No. The thing was impossible: it was remitted in manufactures, the production of which, at the moment, had the character of increasing national prosperity; but the real demand for those manufactures was as nothing, in proportion to the supply. Manufactures were taken in payment at a reduced rate; but how is that manufacturing population to be maintained in permanent employment, which has been brought into action by circumstances of a purely temporary nature? Can any man doubt as to the cause of manufacturing distress, who has had an opportunity of knowing the history of these transactions, and of observing the way in which the machinery of commercial intercourse practically worked, during that crisis of spurious excitement of production? In point of fact, there is a plain analogy between this sort of expenditure and the expenditure of a war, mainly maintained by loans, the depressive effects of which are found in their re-action upon a state of peace. The whole of that national debt, which now spreads its surface over every interest in this country, tended to stimulate production during the period of its creation; but what sort of production was so stimulated? It was a sort of production that carried with it no principle of re-production. This observation in no degree affects the policy of incurring that expense. Franklin, who appears to have had much intuitive prescience with respect to those opinions of political economy which, since the time of Adam Smith, have formed at least the basis of a science, illustrates, in an ingenious and plausible manner, this distinction between simple production, and production attended with re-production. Speaking as a settler in the United States, in the infancy of an agricultural settlement, he reasons to the following effect:—'If I hire a servant to plough and sow for me, and clothe and feed him during a year, it is perfectly true that I incur an expense in so doing; but at the end of the year, the production which is the result of his ploughing

ing and sowing repays back to me the expense I incurred in his maintenance: and it not only repays it, but repays it with an excess; and I am enabled in the next year to employ more servants, in consequence of the production of that individual servant. But if I feed and clothe a man to fiddle to me, it is very true that I have the advantage and pleasure of his fiddling during the year, but at the end of it nothing remains but the recollection of the tunes; and though I may have indulged in the luxury, I am not the richer for my expenditure.' Now, although this illustration bears closely on the point of productive and unproductive labour, as argued by Adam Smith, it in no degree weakens the more sound and conclusive arguments of later economists, who have successfully contended that moral enjoyments and intellectual employments, and anything that is necessary for the support of the civil institutions of a country, or for its defence against its enemies, ought not to be set down, without very distinct qualifications, to the score of unproductive labour, or rather, it should be said, of unproductive expenditure:—but still the naked fact of production and non-production does substantively remain the same, and strictly so in its effects, as a stimulus to labour.

If an individual with a capital of 20,000*l.* spends that capital at the rate of 5,000*l.* per annum—improves his land—extends and decorates his house,—he necessarily puts into action an increased quantity of labour, and gives a character of prosperity to the little local district where he lives; but, by the terms of the proposition, at the end of the fourth year, all this stimulus to labour ceases, and the effect which that cessation produces on the labourers and artisans who have been employed, and for whose services it may be supposed no other local demand now exists, can be easily conceived. All the labourers who are looking to constant employment under this Amphytrion, and who may have married on the supposition of finding it, are distressed to an extensive degree; and let the consequence be pursued—the increase in the supply of labour in the general market, from their being thrown out of employment, produces a deterioration in the general wages of labour in such branches as they are capable of executing. This is more or less typical of the consequences of a war expenditure. If such an expenditure be necessary to national safety, it must be incurred with all its consequences; but let it be distinctly understood that, however necessary, it cannot be incurred without such consequences as we have been contemplating. A system of unnatural excitement to either agricultural or manufacturing industry, in a state of peace,

produces

produces precisely the same effect as the expenditure which has been described as incident to a state of war. If poor land be brought into cultivation, under a supposition that the high price of corn will be maintained,—and, in the issue, that high price of corn is not maintained,—distress will result from the unnatural stimulus that has been given to agricultural production. If, on the other hand, the presumed demands of foreign markets are miscalculated, and manufacturing production is stimulated in consequence of such miscalculation—or if the effect of the competition of foreign markets, the natural result of a state of peace, be totally overlooked, and the production of manufactures be stimulated, under the idea of the demand increasing beyond what experience will verify; all the evils which have been illustrated by reference to war expenditure, and to individual expenditure, will be verified on precisely the same grounds.

To return, then, to the proposition.—Will a diminished price of corn, arising from foreign importation, immediately relieve those manufacturing and labouring classes who are now in a state of destitution? The answer is—It must have a tendency contingently and ultimately to assist in their relief; but for immediate assistance, it would be really inoperative.

If our manufacturing population be now redundant, (and who is there who would deny the fact?) as long as that redundancy exists,—until the supply of manufacturing labour be *adequately* adjusted to the demand—*complete* adjustment being out of the question—any fall in the price of corn which could be contemplated under any alteration of the corn laws, would be inevitably attended with a diminution of the wages of such artisans;* and the immediate gain would be on the part of the master manufacturers, and not on the part of the working classes. Take Glasgow, for instance.—It is an unquestionable fact, that in that city many manufacturing labourers are thrown out of employment altogether, and that there are many others who only work partially. Is it to be credited, that, with such a redundant supply of labour, any master manufacturer would give higher wages to those labourers whom he does employ in full work, than what would be sufficient as the minimum for their maintenance? His interest as a manufacturer necessarily compels him to purchase labour as cheap as he can get it. Let it be supposed that the minimum in question is ninepence per day; and let it be supposed (everything remaining

* Undoubtedly, if the quantity of corn now consumed in this country were to be *doubled*, the excess would reach the weaver, notwithstanding the line of argument maintained in this passage; but we need not embarrass ourselves at present with extreme cases

the same, as far as supply and demand go, for on that concession the whole argument rests) that a diminution in the price of corn enables the manufacturing labourer to purchase as much with sevenpence in March, 1827, as he purchased with ninepence in the present month; the question is, will he continue to receive the ninepence under that diminution of price? The answer is, unequivocally not, for the most simple reason;—the half employed, or the wholly unemployed manufacturing labourer, would be happy to work for sevenpence, which, by the terms of the proposition, is now become the minimum. Is it to be supposed that the master manufacturer would say, 'It is true that I can obtain the services of an artisan, quite as able in every respect as you are, to execute a given quantity of work for me for sevenpence, and that he will be as glad to work for me for that sum as you are now for ninepence; but out of charity to you, I shall make a present to you of the difference between the two sums?' Such an absurdity could not be entertained for a moment. To call the master inhuman for not allowing the artisan to have this advantage, is worse than foolish—it is itself inhumane. If one individual, or ten individuals, or ten hundred individuals, were, under the influence of a spurious and irrational humanity, to consent to pay ninepence for labour which could be as well obtained for sevenpence, other individual capitalists would take advantage of the absurdity, and, by a diminution of the cost of production, would undersell those philanthropists. If the practical truth of these propositions be admitted, (and no practical man will be found to deny their truth,) what is the inference which a statesman should deduce from an exposition of this series of facts? It appears to be this:—that that most important class of the community, the labouring class, can never avail themselves of their proportionate claim on the increased cheapness of any of the necessaries of life, as long as the supply of labour is redundant with reference to the demand. As long as this supply is redundant, legislation, humanity, custom, are all equally inoperative to afford them that advantage to which they have a real claim. The moment that an adequate adjustment of the supply of labour to the demand is made, and the balance restored, that moment they could resist any forcible reduction of wages which the master manufacturers might plead as necessary, in consequence of the diminished price of the necessaries of life; that is to say, if the master manufacturers attempted to avail themselves of the whole advantage of that reduction, the labourer could successfully resist it: but the principle of competition would here tell again to a certain extent, and would lead to the result which the state ought to

to consider as the most desirable, namely, the natural division of the advantages of cheapness between the capitalist and the workman. For example, let it be supposed that the supply of labour is adjusted to the demand, and that eighteenpence is the average wages of the artisan, founded upon the price of the necessaries of life, taken, not at the minimum, but on the average of his fair claims as a labourer: let it be supposed that the artisan, under these circumstances, can purchase for fifteenpence what before required eighteenpence to purchase, the master manufacturer could no longer intercept that profit; for, by the terms of the proposition, there being a real demand for the services of all those artisans, if they refused to work in the first instance for other than the same wages, the master manufacturer would be compelled to give it them, or to leave part of his capital unemployed and unproductive; and of these alternatives, he naturally would accept the least prejudicial. But under such a supposed state of things, would the artisan retain the whole threepence? Decidedly not; for there would be an immediate tendency on the part of his brother artisans to work for less than eighteenpence, inasmuch as, if they worked for sixteenpence, by the terms of the proposition, they would have a penny of daily advantage over their preceding state. The consequence of such a state of things must be, that wages would oscillate between fifteen and eighteenpence, and the whole threepence gained would thus be divided between the master and workman, regulated, in its accidental variations, by the alternations between the supply and the demand.

If these principles be true, it must be taken as an axiom that the prosperity of the labourer must depend on the demand for *labour* being in proportion to the supply; and *vice versâ*, the prosperity of the capitalist by the effective demand for the *production of labour* being in proportion to the supply; for although, in cases where the demand for the manufactured article is much greater than the supply, he may have extravagant profits for the moment, they will in the end be neutralised by diminished profits, under the alternation of converse circumstances which it is impossible to avoid. The inevitable consequence of high price is increased production, and, finally, over-production, that is, glut; and its re-action produces the converse state of things. The interest of the agricultural landlord is precisely the same, namely, the adjustment of the supply of *food* to the demand, involving steady and equable prices, under which equitable and permanent contracts can be made.

If it be admitted that the prosperity of the labouring classes, agricultural and manufacturing, is involved in the adequate adjustment

ment of the supply of labour to the demand, two considerations present themselves to the practical statesman at the present moment, with respect to the specific distress of the manufacturing part of the community. First, is it probable that any alteration of the corn-laws, which, *as adequately protecting the landed interest, will be compatible with justice and policy*, would produce such a diminution in the expense of manufacturing production as to force a real and permanent demand for the manufactures of this country, which would absorb, and having absorbed, would retain all the present race of manufacturers, employed and unemployed, in a state of adequate average employment? If there be reason to suppose that such would be the result of a practical change in the corn-laws, undoubtedly it would be wise to wait for the realization of such an expectation. If, on the contrary, the answer be, that no such results can be fairly expected or calculated upon,—if it be contended that much of the manufacturing distress has been created by artificial stimulus, now effectually removed, and which no real stimulus *can* be forthcoming to represent and replace,—in that case no choice remains but to leave the misery and distress in full force and operation, or to resort to some other and new measure for the mitigation of it. Secondly, if it must be reluctantly admitted that there is a permanent redundancy in the manufacturing population, which no probable extension of foreign or domestic commerce is likely to absorb, are there any other classes of labourers in this country into which the redundant part of that population may be drafted, without prejudice to those classes, in the sense of diminishing their wages, and consequently deteriorating their comforts? It is to be feared that the answer (however reluctantly) must be given, that there is no such class,—that, in point of fact, even now, in agriculture, taking England, Ireland, and Scotland collectively,—*whose population*, be it remembered, *is now blended together—a new feature in our political condition*,—there is an actual redundancy, although a redundancy (excepting Ireland) bearing no ratio to the redundancy of the manufacturing population in particular districts.

Under these circumstances what alternative remains? Can the government make itself a manufacturer at home, embark itself as a great capitalist, and buy goods upon a speculative experiment? No experiment can be so fatal as any such attempt on the part of government. The mischief already done by a very partial adoption of that principle is far too manifest to hazard even a chance of its recurrence. When government supply loans of money for the temporary employment of labour on works of national utility (be it admitted) in the abstract, but of no utility which

which carries with it a compensating increase of revenue, much present assistance may appear to be given—much future inconvenience is inevitably incurred. It might, indeed, admit of an argument, whether, at a given moment, when there happened to be a temporary discontinuance of employment in any branch of trade, the temporary employment of workmen, until the state of things had balanced itself, and the natural demand for the labour of those persons had been reproduced, might not be justified; to secure that justification, however, the most confident expectation and conviction should be entertained of the temporary nature of the absence of demand: But where the want of employment arises from permanent causes, and a temporary stimulus is given, (as in the case in the illustration already introduced of private expenditure,) till the government contributions are expended,—individuals may have married and localised themselves under this state of things, hoping that they would be permanent,—and the re-action of distress will be found to be infinitely more poignant, than its temporary mitigation to be palliative and remedial.

Another suggestion is—Locate these people at home on the unoccupied waste lands. Such lands are admitted to be of an inferior class of fertility. If they were of the first class, or of any high class, of fertility, no reasonable man would entertain a doubt of the propriety of cultivating them; but every man of common sense knows that had they been cultivable, they would long ago have been cultivated. The omission of their cultivation down to this day is the most conclusive proof of their comparative sterility. It may be true that a temporary benefit might arise; but population would be encouraged under such a stimulus, and the lands, except for the moment, would never produce as much food as the population upon them would present mouths to consume. The national distress would be inconceivably increased, instead of diminished, by such a system; and in proportion as the price of corn was diminished by allowing importation from more fertile countries, such an experiment would be still more irrational.

What, then, remains within the scope of legislative enactment or executive direction, to mitigate the undenied calamity which the dislocation of the supply and demand of labour has produced, is producing, and must, we grieve to say, continue to produce? The answer would appear to be, a judicious and cautious system of emigration, or rather colonisation, under which the individuals removed should be placed on lands of a degree of fertility above the average fertility of the mother-country,—lands which they and their children could cultivate, so as to produce infinitely more

than

than they consumed; in other words, upon which they could increase national wealth instead of diminishing it. And if it be admitted that Great Britain has colonial possessions, in which a thousand times the amount of the redundant part of our labouring classes could be placed without difficulty, it seems to be an irresistible inference, that the principle of removing that part of the able-bodied pauper population, for whose services there is no present or expected demand at home, and who may themselves be not only prepared but anxious to emigrate, should be maturely analysed and considered, and that the degree of certainty of actual or virtual repayment of the expence incurred in such removal, should be accurately ascertained, and this for the purpose of finally disposing of a novel and comprehensive, and most grave question of national policy;—namely, whether emigration on an extended scale ought not to form part of the political system of a mother-country, where (as in England and Scotland, but more especially in Ireland) population is found to press most inconveniently upon the means of subsistence.

We shall consider this most important subject at length on some early occasion.

ART. XII.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the Financial Situation of the Country, delivered in a Committee of Ways and Means, on Monday, the 13th of March*, 1826.

2. *Financial Accounts of the Year* 1825. *Printed for the House of Commons.*

WE have long been desirous of laying before our readers such a simple practical statement of the finances, revenue, and expenditure of the country, as might familiarise the public with a subject of the highest importance, which appears accidentally to be involved in more mystery than ought to belong to it. For the purpose of executing this object, we insert **No. IV.** of the 'Financial Accounts, printed and laid on the Table of the House of Commons for the Year 1825:'—

FINANCE

FINANCE ACCOUNTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

No.

An Account of the Total Income of the Revenue of Great Britain and Repayments, Allowances, Discounts, Drawbacks, and Bounties of Expenditure of the United Kingdom, exclusive of the Sums applied

No. of Account.	HEADS OF REVENUE.	Net Receipt as stated in Column 4 of the Account of Public Income.					
		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
	ORDINARY REVENUES.						
1	Balances and Bills outstanding on 5th Jan. 1825 ..				2,740,920	5	$3\frac{7}{12}$
—	Customs	18,945,257	19	$1\frac{1}{4}$			
—	Excise	22,346,853	13	$3\frac{1}{2}$			
—	Stamps	7,623,742	0	$6\frac{1}{4}$			
—	Taxes	5,176,722	8	2			
—	Post Office	2,268,619	10	$0\frac{2}{12}$			
—	One Shilling and Sixpenny Duty on Pensions and Salaries, and Four Shillings in the Pound on Pensions	57,958	10	$5\frac{3}{4}$			
—	Hackney Coaches, and Hawkers and Pedlars	69,998	16	7			
—	Crown Lands	513,706	10	$4\frac{1}{2}$			
—	Small Branches of the King's Hereditary Revenue	9,056	1	5			
—	Surplus Produce of Lottery, after Payment of Lottery Prizes	295,390	0	0			
—	Surplus Fees of Regulated Public Offices	56,091	14	7			
—	Poundage Fees, Pells' Fees, Casualties, Treasury Fees, and Hospital Fees	11,520	6	$11\frac{3}{4}$			
					57,374,977	5	$6\frac{2}{12}$
					60,115,897	10	$9\frac{6}{8}$
	Deduct Balances and Bills outstanding on 5th January, 1826				2,453,075	18	$5\frac{5}{8}$
	Total Ordinary Revenues				57,662,821	12	$4\frac{3}{4}$
	OTHER RESOURCES.						
1	Money brought from the Civil List, on account of the Clerk of the Hanaper	2,000	0	0			
1	Money received from the East India Company, on account of Retired Pay, Pensions, &c., of his Majesty's Forces serving in the East Indies, per Act 4, Geo. IV., c. 71.	60,000	0	0			
—	By the Commissioners for the Issue of Exchequer Bills for the Employment of the Poor, per Act 57, Geo. III., c. 34.	208,307	0	0			
—	By the Trustees of Naval and Military Pensions .	4,507,500	0	0			
—	Money repaid in Ireland, on account of Advances from the Consolidated Fund, under various Acts for Public Improvements	210,388	14	$10\frac{1}{2}$			
—	Imprest and other Monies paid into the Exchequer	220,283	11	$0\frac{1}{4}$			
					5,208,479	5	$11\frac{1}{4}$
					62,871,300	18	$4\frac{1}{8}$
	Balances in the hands of Receivers, &c., on 5th January, 1825				2,740,920	5	$3\frac{7}{12}$
	Ditto, ditto, on 5th January, 1826				2,453,075	18	$5\frac{5}{8}$
	Balances less in 1826 than in 1825				287,844	6	$10\frac{11}{24}$
	Surplus Income paid into the Exchequer over Expenditure thereout				5,653,841	6	$0\frac{1}{4}$
	Actual Excess of Income over Expenditure				5,365,996	19	$1\frac{13}{24}$

FOR THE YEAR 1825, ENDED 5TH JANUARY, 1826.

IV.

Ireland, in the Year ended 5th January, 1826, after deducting the the nature of Drawbacks; together with an Account of the Public to the Reduction of the National Debt, within the same Period.

No. of Account.	EXPENDITURE.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
	PAYMENTS OUT OF THE INCOME IN ITS PROGRESS TO THE EXCHEQUER.		
9	Charges of Collection	3,898,377 16 7½	
12	Other Payments	1,699,053 19 6⅝	
	Total Payments out of the Income prior to the Payments into the Exchequer		5,597,431 16 2⅝
	PAYMENTS OUT OF THE EXCHEQUER.		
84	Dividends, Interest, and Management of the Public Debt, four Quarters to 10th October, 1825, exclusive of £5,486,475 7s 8d, issued to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt	27,230,789 19 6¼	
86	Interest on Exchequer Bills	829,198 2 5	
			28,060,283 1 11¼
84	Issued to the Trustees of Military and Naval Pensions, &c., per Act 3, Geo. IV., c. 51.	2,214,260 0 0	
	Ditto to the Bank of England, per Act 1, Geo IV., c. 22.	585,710 0 0	
			2,800,000 0 0
87	Civil List, Four Quarters to 5th January, 1826	1,057,000 0 0	
88	Pensions charged by Act of Parliament on Consolidated Fund, Four Quarters to 10th October, 1825	366,028 8 2½	
89	Salaries and Allowances	87,641 5 0⅝	
90	Officers' Courts of Justice	98,642 0 4	
91	Expenses of the Mint	11,718 15 10	
92	Bounties	2,956 13 8	
63	Miscellaneous	261,845 18 0	
91	Ditto, Ireland	301,084 2 9	
			2,189,947 3 10
93	Repayment of Loan from Royal Exchange Assurance Company, on account of the new street	100,000 0 0	
	For the purchase of Silver for the New Coinage in Ireland	500,000 0 0	
	For Building New Churches in the Islands of Scotland	50,000 0 0	
			650,000 0 0
96	Army	7,579,631 4 4½	
97	Navy	5,849,119 4 [illegible]	
98	Ordnance	1,567,087 7 7¾	
99	Miscellaneous	2,216,081 15 4½	
			17,211,919 11 7½
100	Money paid to the Bank of England, more than received from them for Unreclaimed Dividends	49,464 11 6	
	By the Commissioners for issuing Exchequer Bills, per Act 3, Geo. IV., c. 36, for the Employment of the Poor	125,150 0 0	
95	Advances out of the Consolidated Fund in Ireland, for Public Works	533,258 7 2½	
			707,873 18 8½
	Total		57,217,459 19 3½
	Surplus of Income paid into Exchequer, over Expenditure issued thereout		5,653,841 6 0½
	Whitehall Treasury Chambers, 20th March, 1826. J. C. HERRIES.		62,871,300 18 4½

At the end of this Article will be found a linear scale, with an explanation of the principles of its construction, which we have framed for the purpose of illustrating the subject with greater accuracy and facility.* It will be perceived that we have, in some degree, varied the classification of the items included in the quotation from the Financial Accounts; but we are prepared to show that, in making that variation, we are justified by adequate considerations.

This scale presents, in its centre column, No. 1. the total expenditure of the country, including both the national debt, which is not under the control of government, and for which the government are not more responsible than parliament and the nation at large; and the current expenditure of the country, including the maintenance of all its establishments, which is *strictly* under the control of the government, and for the amount of which they are *strictly* responsible. We have not complicated this subject with any consideration of the capital of the debt; we have considered it with reference to the permanent and temporary annuities which the country is called upon to discharge, and which may be considered as the practical representation of that capital. In this view the centre column represents a total expenditure of 60,154,135*l.* The remaining columns on the right furnish the various separate items of that total.

The column No. 2. represents the whole of the national debt, with the different characters of its constituent parts, marginally noted, as so many various increments in its composition. It will be seen, therefore, that this column presents an amount of 39,801,031*l.*, a sum which it is necessary to discharge annually out of the payments received from taxation, and for which, as already observed, the government is not responsible. The analysis of this sum, as exhibited in the scale, gives 27,230,790*l.*† as the amount of the national unredeemed funded debt of a permanent nature, including, as an inseparable part of it, the charge of management. Secondly, if the eye be carried up, it will be seen that, including the sinking-fund of 5,486,475*l.*, the debt (that is, the annual expenditure made necessary by the debt) is raised to 32,717,265*l.* Thirdly, including part of the half-pay annuities sold to the Bank, which will require detailed and separate explanation, it is raised to 33,303,005*l.* Fourthly, including the unfunded debt, it is raised to 34,132,503*l.* Fifthly, including the naval and military

* See Appendix A., p. 307.

† It will be perceived, that in the Finance Accounts, the interest and management of the public debt amount to twenty-eight millions, whereas in our linear scale they are calculated only at twenty-seven millions. The reason is, that, in the Finance Accounts, the sum of twenty-eight millions comprehends the interest of the *unfunded* debt, which, in the scale, is represented in a separate item.

half-pay

half-pay and pensions, it is raised to 39,435,003*l.* Sixthly, including the pensions charged by act of parliament on the Consolidated Fund, it is raised to the sum of 39,801,031*l.* of annual payment.

The column No. 3. represents the total current expenditure of the year, (including naval, military, and civil establishments,) for which the government are *strictly* responsible. This, it will be observed, amounts only to 16,369,828*l.*, and is less than the sum of taxes actually remitted in 1816.

The columns No. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11, include the various increments of the column No. 3, according to the classification which we think ourselves justified in making. On the left of the central column, at the bottom of the scale, will be found, above the numbers 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, the relative linear proportion of *that sort of reductions* which may be expected to be moved in the ensuing session; and we hope that what is there exhibited will bring home to the distinct conviction of every person in this country, possessing the simplest elements of education, the true state of the case with reference to our public debt, and our expenditure—and enable every person to judge of the extent of personal advantage which he, as an individual member of the community, is likely to derive from the reduction of those items of establishment, the existence of which, he is assured by many writers of the present day, is the sole and exclusive cause of the poverty and misfortune to which he finds himself exposed. To hint, for one moment, that it is not the sacred duty of government and parliament to make all possible reductions compatible with the well-being of the state, would be to advance, not only an absurd, but a wicked proposition—yet not more absurd, nor more wicked, than are the propositions advanced by many writers, that this or that specific reduction would make a sensible difference in the condition and comforts of the labouring classes of the community; and it is not immaterial to observe, that the class of writers in question, who attempt to delude the people by telling them that the cause of all their calamities is the existence of sinecure places and pensions, or the circumstance of some government office having half-a-dozen superfluous clerks, are the most peremptory and dogmatical in maintaining that no conceivable advantage could be gained to any party, by any reduction of the interest of the national debt. We would fain hope that the fallacy and absurdity of such propositions may be so effectually demonstrated by an examination of this linear scale as to relieve the people from the influence of that jugglery which has been so adroitly practised upon them. Undoubtedly, nothing can be more intrinsically absurd than what

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is called a sinecure place; that is, a place bearing a name that carries with it a supposition of substantive duties to be executed, for which a salary is awarded, whereas, in fact, there are no such duties. The government and parliament have, therefore, taken a sound and judicious course, in abolishing for the future the maintenance of such anomalies;—yet when analysed, they are neither more nor less than *pensions*. Now that *unnecessary pensions* ought to be discontinued, whenever circumstances admit of such discontinuance without personal injury to the party, and breach of public faith, is strictly a truism; but to suppose that a great state, like this of Great Britain, can be carried on without the principle of pension and retiring allowance, after a series of irreproachable public services, is to dream of an Utopian state of things, which no man of common sense and honesty will maintain to be practicable.

With respect to the national debt, although it is scandalous to assure the people that it is not in the debt, but in the sinecurists that they may find the cause of whatever public pressure arises from taxation, yet he must be a bold man, and of very perverse and oblique morality, who would counsel any reduction of the interest of that debt, for which the nation is as much pledged as private debtors are for their own personal debts;—a reduction which, should it ever take place, would be contemporaneous with the annulment of private, as well as of public, credit, and involve in its consequences the dissolution of all national honour and greatness.

The effect, after all, of the national debt on the general internal circumstances of the country, and on the intercourse between man and man involved in all the transactions of business, is not, perhaps, as correctly understood as might be expected, in a country where a national debt has so long existed.—If an individual has a rental of 5,000*l.* per annum, and pays, in direct or indirect taxes, 1,000*l.* per annum, which he would not pay but for the existence of the national debt, he is, in point of fact, not the possessor of 5,000*l.* per annum, but of 4,000*l.* If a servant receives twenty pounds wages, and pays, in direct or indirect taxation, twenty per cent., in point of fact his real wages are only sixteen pounds instead of twenty. If this illustration were pursued, it would be found that every person, the payer of direct or indirect taxes, must be so much the poorer in consequence of this national debt; but nevertheless that—admitting, for the sake of argument, that the debt could be so adjusted, that every man should only pay a certain amount, which should be exactly twenty per cent.,—all parties would remain in the same relative positions towards each other, as if no debt existed. Now, let the case be supposed—that, in a country where no taxes exist,

a proprietor of land has a rental of 5,000*l.* a-year, and a mortgage of 20,000*l.* at five per cent. upon his property—he would be precisely in the same situation as an English landlord, whose real income would be 4,000*l.* and not 5,000*l.* per annum. The effect, therefore, of the national debt, if it could be duly adjusted, would be to make every member of the community nominally poorer, as to real income, but yet to keep all of them equally rich with respect to each other; and this most important condition must be remembered, that the debt would exclusively fall on those parties who paid taxes, directly or indirectly. If population were not redundant,—if the demand for the services of the labouring classes were proportioned to the supply of labour—those classes would suffer the least from the operation of the national debt, because they would secure themselves by an adequate rate of wages from any burden of the debt, which could fall on them beyond their fair share, as direct or indirect payers of taxes. But when population is redundant, they have no compensating remedy of this sort.

The main inconvenience arising from the national debt consists in the utter impossibility, with any ingenuity of legislation, of adjusting the different proportions of that debt, which particular classes should in equity contribute, so permanently, as not to admit of occasional dislocations of such contributions; for, of course, when from such dislocation, in itself unavoidable, any one class is called upon to pay more, in point of fact, of the general debt than its own fair share, the distress and injury of all who belong to it must be the result. It is perfectly well known that every human being sustains a weight of air of great magnitude, but that, from the equality of the pressure on every part of his body, he moves about as if the pressure did not exist. The moment, however, that that uniform and balanced pressure is removed from any one part, then it is that the weight of the atmosphere is felt, and, as every person conversant with the elements of natural philosophy knows, would, if suffered long, injure, if not destroy the human frame. This analogy would be applicable at all points to the national debt, *if that debt were not in its essence an evil*; for if the debt could be adjusted to every person with that mathematical accuracy with which nature has adjusted the pressure of the air, it is not a paradox to say that much of the *inconvenience* of the debt would cease to be felt. But the main and the essential evil lies behind; it is this: that under a system of national debt, a thousand circumstances require to be directed by legislation, which would find their own level without legislation, but for the existence of this universal mortgage; and nothing is more to be regretted than

that the speculative remedies suggested by ingenious men for the annihilation of the debt, by a concurrent sacrifice on the part of all classes of the community, involve measures infinitely more complicated, even than those which are necessary for adjusting the practical inconveniences inseparable from its existence.

The people are told that the true secret is, to reduce establishments to the level of 1792. Will any of these reasoners give a satisfactory answer to a very simple question—Why is the period of 1792 to be especially selected? If Mr. A. or Mr. B. contend in favour of 1792, may not Mr. C. or Mr. D. equally contend that, to maintain the period of 1792, is to justify a period of extravagant expenditure—that either he or his ancestor protested in the strongest terms, at that period, against the enormous and lavish prodigality which characterized that establishment;—and assure the people that 1765 is the period which should be taken as the standard? But behold—Mr. E. or Mr. F. rises upon him, inveighs with equal violence against the enormity of *his* proposition, and takes us back to the standard of the Peace of Utrecht. It is pitiable that any class of the people of this country should be the dupes of such sophistry. Let us take the establishment of one of the principal banking-houses in London, which in the year 1792 had only five clerks, and which has now more than forty. Introduce a modern clamourer for retrenchment into this most respectable house, let him address the firm, and tell them that they must immediately make a reduction of twenty or thirty clerks, which will produce a current saving of 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* per annum. He would be told that it is undoubtedly true that a saving of salaries would be produced, but that the business of the house would be so contracted under such a reduction, that a very considerable loss of profits must be incident to the experiment. Would the prying economist persevere in his recommendation? No; but he will persevere in a proposition precisely similar with respect to the public expenditure, because he knows that *here* he has the passions of the populace on his side, and that in proportion as he can succeed in juggling and deceiving them, he has the chance to carry, through the means of passion and prejudice, measures which sober reason would not permit him to maintain for an instant. Let us compare the ratio between the clerks of the banking-house in 1792 and in 1826. What is the reason of that increase? The expansion of public wealth—of capital—of commerce—of communication; in other words, the multiplication of general riches: and is it to be supposed that those circumstances which influence private commerce, do not necessarily affect public expenditure, and the extent of public business?

business? Will a modern economist accept the analogy between the increase of private commercial establishments and of government establishments in departments? If he does, he will find that the former have increased in an infinitely greater ratio than the latter. And what is the consequence? The duties of office wear men down, and destroy their physical and mental strength, in the hopeless endeavour to meet the extended range of public service with the means which are *now* supplied them of executing the public purpose.

To return to our scale—Column No. 18 represents the taxes repealed since the battle of Waterloo: this is No. 4 of the Appendix to the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer;—and the whole sum is 27,522,000*l*. This shows the extent of reduction of establishments which the government *have accomplished* since the termination of the war: for the taxation remitted had been employed in the maintenance of establishments either temporary or permanent. That in some instances those reductions have been carried into effect beyond the extent which the true policy of the country required, we do not entertain the slightest doubt; and that increase of establishments has been withholden which the public service also required, we are equally satisfied can be proved to be the case; but we are entirely prepared to admit that, under the difficulties to which the government have been exposed in the House of Commons, they had no other alternative than that of effecting the reductions in question. But having reduced establishments to the very lowest minimum, which the interests of the country will in any shape allow, would they now be justified in infringing on that minimum? We answer, unquestionably not; and we are willing to hope that—when the total fallacy of those arguments has been exposed, in which the people are told that further encroachments on establishments are to produce an effectual relief from the inconvenience to which a dislocated state of trade and commerce, combined with a redundant labouring population, has given rise—the good sense of parliament will protect the public interest from the incalculable injury which might otherwise await it.

We are of opinion that the government would best consult its own dignity and the interests of the country, by invariably receiving in silence, and moving the previous question upon, propositions for a reduction of taxation made by their opponents in parliament, which did not at the same time point out specifically those reductions in the establishments of the country which would render such a remission of taxes practicable. The theory which now seems to prevail is, that the duty of the House of Com-

mons is to reduce taxation, and to leave to the government the task of selecting such discontinuance of establishments as may make the financial expenditure of the country square with the proposed reduction of the revenue. Those persons who are conversant with the details of parliamentary proceedings, will confirm the statement, that it frequently happens that members of parliament, who have supported the government in their votes for establishments, have subsequently joined in a vote proposing a reduction of taxation which must involve one or other of these two alternatives—either a reduction of those very establishments which they themselves had voted, or a reduction of the interest paid to the public creditor. Who would dare to imply that reductions of establishments are *not to be proposed?* Let them be proposed—but let the onus of supplying the details of the manner in which the reductions are to be made to effect a certain saving *safely*, fall on those who propose them.

For example, above the Number 13, in our *scale*, will be seen the proportionate effect of reducing ten regiments. If the consequence of that reduction were distinctly understood to be that of withdrawing the military from a manufacturing district, where the starving and irritated weavers were contemplating from day to day opportunities for destroying machinery—a very different effect would be produced on the minds of members interested in that district, from what we find to take place under the case of a general vote for a repeal of taxes, where the result is supposed to extend to any particular district, in an indirect and unimportant manner only.

Another mode of deceiving the public on the subject of taxation, is to collect together certain items, such as pensions or salaries of public servants, and to represent their amount as levied on a small local district. Thus, for example, it is shown that a certain district pays taxes, direct or indirect, to the amount of 1,000*l.* per annum; and some individual pension of 1,000*l.* is taken as if it were chargeable on that particular district. If it were possible to remit taxation altogether with respect to any particular district, there might be some speciousness in this. Let us suppose a district of one equable level to be overflowed, and the water upon it to be estimated at sixty millions of hogsheads; let it also be supposed that the effect of this inundation raises the water ten inches over the whole level.—Now, if any detached part of the level could be covered with a caisson, from which the water might be pumped out, undoubtedly, by the removal of one or two millions of hogsheads, a part of the district might be left dry. But if that were impossible, what would be the effect of subtracting

two

two millions of hogsheads? That quantity would be one-thirtieth part of the whole; consequently, the level would be reduced only one-third of an inch.—This analogy would precisely meet the case, if every individual in the community paid an equable amount of taxation; that is, if, the national expenditure being sixty millions, and the population twenty millions, each individual paid three pounds. But if any fact be notorious to every person possessing common information on these subjects, it is the fact, that the labouring classes do not pay taxes, either directly or indirectly, in their numerical proportion.*

It is also to be observed that, admitting for the sake of argument, what no person can now deny as a question of fact, that our labouring population is superabundant, the benefit of any remission of taxation would not be received by the labourer, but would fall into the hands of the capitalist in the character of an increase of profit; in other words, the minimum wages of the mechanic would fall in proportion to the reduction of taxation,† because the excess of the supply of labour, as compared with the demand, necessarily reduces (as the Report of the Select Committee on Emigration correctly states) the labourer's wages to that minimum which can sustain him in the discharge of the duties which he is called upon to perform, in a society where there are thousands of persons unemployed, who would be too happy to execute the same duties for that minimum. If the labouring population, instead of being redundant, were only adjusted to the demand, then a different state of things would arise.

It may be true that to make these propositions familiar to the people may require much pains and time; but we do not hesitate to express our opinion, that it is the duty of the government, not

* We are well aware of the deplorable deficiency of data, in illustration of this most interesting part of political economy; and we take this opportunity of requesting attention to a tabular form, which it would, in our opinion, be extremely desirable to have filled up with scrupulous accuracy in every part of the country. We cannot conveniently introduce this in our text, but refer to Appendix B, (p. 313, *infra*) where the reader will find an outline of 'Schedules, showing the expenditure of workmen employed in different trades and occupations, at different periods for each trade, so as to show the effect of prosperity and adversity on the comforts of the working classes, as well as the effect of taxation in diminishing these comforts.'

† Vide Report of the Select Committee on Emigration, which states, as the first fact which the Committee are prepared to substantiate, 'that there are extensive districts in Ireland, and districts in England and Scotland, where the population is at the present moment redundant; in other words, where there exists a very considerable proportion of able-bodied and active labourers, beyond that number to which any existing demand for labour can afford employment:—That the effect of this redundancy is not only to reduce a part of this population to a great degree of destitution and misery, but also to deteriorate the general condition of the labouring classes:—That by its producing a supply of labour in excess as compared with the demand, the wages of labour are necessarily reduced to a minimum which is utterly insufficient to supply that population with those means of support and subsistence, which are necessary to secure a healthy and satisfactory condition of the community.' only

only with reference to its own interest, but to that of the country, to familiarize the mind of the labouring people of this country with these genuine and undeniable truths, and to rescue it from the sedition-working mis-statements with which it is daily pampered. We should like to see a committee of the House of Commons appointed for the purpose of examining into the truth or fallacy of these statements. We should like to summon those members of Opposition who are most remarkable for their acquirements and knowledge; and if that committee were to report in favour of the truth of these propositions, we should like to see what would be the effect of resolutions of fact being moved in the House of Commons, founded on these principles. We regret, on this occasion, the loss of Mr. Ricardo. Whatever differences of opinion we might have entertained on abstract points of science, we are firmly persuaded that he would have always been found, had life been preserved to him, an unflinching supporter of what he believed to be the truth—utterly incapable of prostituting such belief to the political advantage of embarrassing a public opponent, by spreading a system of error and delusion. We firmly believe that he would have acceded to the opinions we have been stating; and we trust that he has left behind him men among his own party of equal integrity, who will not be less disposed to do justice to the subject. Mr. Ricardo never shrunk from the unpopular duty of giving the weight of his authority against the sweeping proposition—that agricultural and commercial distress, whenever they might occur, were the result of taxation. On the 5th of February, 1822, in the debate on the address upon the King's speech, *(vide Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, New Series, vol. VI, page* 87,) Mr. Ricardo said,—

'Though he had agreed with everything that had fallen from his honourable friend, the member for Aberdeen, in favour of economy and retrenchment, he could not vote in favour of his amendment, as he differed widely from his honourable friend as to the causes of the present agricultural distress. His honourable friend had stated, that the cause of that distress was excessive taxation; but the real cause, it could not be denied, was the low price of agricultural produce. That taxation should be the cause of low prices, was so absurd, and so contrary to every principle of political economy, that he could not consent for one moment to the doctrine.'

On the 11th February, 1822, in the debate on Mr. Brougham's motion on the distressed state of the country, (page 270,) Mr. Ricardo

'denied that taxation was the cause of the present agricultural distress. A country might be totally without taxes, and yet in the exact situation that England was at present.'

Our

Our space does not admit of the tables and calculations necessary to show the relative effects of the higher degree of taxation on the English labourer, when compared with that of France. Mr. Macdonnell, in his 'Treatise on Free Trade,' page 19, says,

'The question is not, whether our land-tax, tithes, poor-rates, and other more general taxes, are large in themselves, but whether they greatly exceed those of that country (France) with which I have instituted the comparison. In this particular much error prevails.'

And in page 20. he says,

'The high taxation of England, operating as well indirectly as directly, does not very materially enhance the price of labour. I am of opinion that, by taking the excess of amount paid to the English mechanic, it does not form more than one-eighth part.'

In page 11, Mr. Macdonnell gives a comparative statement of the expenditure of a London mechanic with a wife and four children, and that of a Parisian mechanic with a similar family. He estimates the earnings and the expenditure of the former at 78*l.* per annum, and of the latter at 45*l.* 10*s.* per annum. Of the excess of expenditure in the case of the English labourer, (viz. 32*l.* 10*s.* per annum,) he attributes one-eighth (or 4*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* per annum) to the greater amount of taxation which is paid, directly or indirectly, by the English mechanic, as compared with the taxation borne by the French mechanic. He does not, however, give any calculation of the amount of the taxes, direct and indirect, which are paid by either the English or the French *mechanic*, but confines himself to the difference between the amounts of taxation in the two *countries*. It is therefore impossible, from Mr. Macdonnell's calculations, to derive any accurate data from which the effect of any supposable reduction of taxation in England upon the circumstances of the English mechanic could be inferred. If, however, we were to assume that an English mechanic, earning 30*s.* a-week or 78*l.* per annum, paid one-eighth of his income, or 9*l.* 15*s.* per annum, in direct or indirect taxes, the effect of a reduction of two millions, or one-thirtieth part of the total taxation of the country, would be, to reduce his expenditure by the sum of 6*s.* 6*d.* per annum, which (supposing him to have a wife and four children, as in the case put by Mr. Macdonnell) would be 1*s.* 1*d.* per annum for each member of his family. But, supposing the mechanic to receive only 10*s.* a-week, (a rate of wages, we fear, more near the average truth in some of the distressed districts,) the effect of this reduction in the diminution of his expenditure would only amount to 2*s.* 2*d.* per annum for the whole family, or 4½*d.* per annum for each individual! As we have already said, it is impossible, without more accurate data, to arrive at the *precise* amount of the reduction which would

would take place in the expenditure of a mechanic, in the event of such a remission of taxes; but the calculation which we have given will serve to show that the effect of such a reduction could not possibly fail to be altogether inconsiderable.—After this train of reasoning, we would invite any person to consider the real benefit that would accrue to the suffering part of the population from so large a reduction as two millions out of the 16,369,828*l.* which is the real amount of the expense of our present establishments—a reduction which would cripple the public service in every department—diminish the national power, lower the national character, and destroy the seeds of future wealth and greatness, by paralysing all the operations of the executive government.

We shall now proceed to show, that the classification which we have made is strictly and technically correct: No person will deny that the sinking-fund (as the law now stands) forms part of that expenditure, over which—whether that be expedient or not—ministers have no control, and which it is infinitely more just to classify with the existing debt than with the current expenditure of the year. We are prepared to contend, that the part of the half-pay annuity which has been actually sold to the Bank, bears precisely the same character of national debt as the old existing long annuities are admitted to bear. We also contend, that the unfunded debt, until it be redeemed, is more correctly to be classified with the national debt than with the current expenditure. With respect to the naval and military half-pay and pensions—undoubtedly for the moment arrangements have been made with the Bank, under which the whole charge does not fall on the current expenditure; but those arrangements are only to continue for a year and a half, after which, if new arrangements are not made to provide for them, our classification will in itself be unimpeachable. The pensions imposed by parliament on the consolidated fund are strictly part and parcel of the national debt. It is on these principles that we justify the construction of the scale, with respect to the column representing the national debt.*—The difference which appears in the columns, representing the collection of the revenue, the army, the navy, the miscellaneous, and the ordnance, arises out of the deduction from those several items of the amount of half-pay and pensions which, although (as we

* If the financial operation, familiarly known by the name of the dead-weight annuity, had been carried into effect, and if a long annuity of £2,800,000 had actually been substituted for a life annuity, which, in 1822, amounted to five millions, the section of the column, which indicates the unredeemed funded debt, must be increased by the sum of £2,800,000; and that the whole line, representing the national debt, must be curtailed by the sum of £2,200,000.

shall

shall presently demonstrate) they form strictly part and parcel of the public debt, are nevertheless brought forward in the estimates of the year by the government, as if they were parts of that current expenditure, for the maintenance of which they, and they alone, are responsible.

Everything relating to the national debt should, in short, be strictly separated from the current expenditure of the year, inasmuch as the one expenditure involves a responsibility from which the other is utterly exempt; and the threshold being thus cleared, whilst all *practicable* reductions of public establishments should be effected, all *necessary* increase of them should be allowed, and the principles which regulate the employment of private servants should be followed, in strict analogy, by those who have the direction of the public service of the country. If a farmer be told that he may reduce his waggon-horses from ten to six, provided he will work them in pairs instead of placing them one before another, and that he can under this change produce an equal quantity of produce without incurring any additional expense, he would act weakly and unwisely in not adopting the suggestion; but if, after he has reduced his ten to six, he is to be told, that the current annual expense of a pair of waggon-horses amounts to eighty pounds, and that he ought to sacrifice one pair more for the distinct and independent purpose of saving this sum, what will be his answer? —That it is very true an immediate saving would be made to the amount of 80*l.*, but that the produce which he derives from the service of his horses would be diminished in an infinitely greater ratio. It is the same with respect to the clerks in a banking or commercial-house; and the analogy applies in the strictest sense to all government establishments. Those who have the charge of those establishments ought to be removed, if they are not sufficiently trust-worthy to be allowed the necessary means of effecting the public duties which are delegated to them.

We are aware that these observations will be met by the remark, that although establishments need not be decreased in number, the emoluments of the individuals composing them should be lessened. We answer, that the emoluments of the individuals belonging to establishments should be in proportion to the importance of the duties which they execute, and to the necessary expenses of the period in which they live; and, if we admit that cheapness of service is alone to be considered, we must abandon *all* those analogies which private life presents. You may tell an individual that he ought to employ a second-rate workman or tradesman,—that he ought to fee an attorney instead of a barrister,—or an apothecary instead of a physician, because, by so doing, he would save money; but his answer will be in plain terms—'Allow

low me to be the best judge of my own interests; I am aware of the increase of expense, but I consider my own interest more secure by the expenditure, than by the economy which you suggest.' But another reason, and a far more important one for a statesman to consider, is, that if you under-pay office, you tempt men by indirect means to do that from which, under the circumstances of adequate remuneration, their moral principle would revolt—you encourage an under-hand system of fees, and perquisites, and gratuities, no matter whether legal or illegal—you debase a character of service, which is, and ought to be, remunerated not by money only, but by honour and consideration also—and you prostitute the best feelings of public men at the shrine of a sordid parsimony.

It would be, perhaps, but fair, to admit that the government, or rather the governments, of this country are responsible for much of the existing misconceptions respecting revenue and expenditure, in consequence of one single insulated circumstance in the manner of carrying on public business—namely, the non-separation of the national debt from the current expenditure of the country, in the public accounts. For the current expenditure the existing government is responsible—for the establishments, for their necessity, for their efficiency; but for the payment of the interest of the national debt, it has no individual character of responsibility. To provide for that payment is the business of the nation at large. Its amount is not regulated by discretion, which is the case in establishments. It remains, for the most part, one and the same, immutable, a fixed quantity, and must remain so until, on the one hand, it be discharged, or, on the other hand, it be diminished;—two alternatives, the one of which is all but impossible, and the other, it is to be feared, more than improbable, with the exception of the effect of a small real sinking-fund. This mode of presenting for observation the Financial Accounts of the year saddles the government exclusively with an odium to which (as already contended) it has no exclusive claim. The proportionate extent and influence of the national debt, as compared with the current expenditure of government, will be appreciated by any person who will take the trouble of inspecting our scale. If it be necessary that the ministers of the day should be considered as stewards of this great national mortgage—as a kind of committee appointed to communicate on the subject of it to parliament and to the country—why should they not appoint an exclusive day for its consideration, and thereby rid themselves of that unreal responsibility which the present system of confused and blended accounts gratuitously throws upon them? We beg not to be understood as taking any extravagantly dark and gloomy view of the national debt, which we would thus desire to see separated from the

the current expenditure of the government establishments; on the contrary, we would ask if it be not, after all, a plain truth, that this country, at the present moment, (depressed as it may be), is ten times more able to support and maintain its present debt and its present establishments, than it would have been able to maintain one-fourth part of that debt and of those establishments in the reign of Queen Anne? May not a period arrive, at which this country may be able to sustain a debt twice as great, without one-twentieth part of the inconvenience now endured, collectively and individually? Undoubtedly, no man of fair information and common candour will deny that these questions may be reasonably answered in the affirmative. He may, indeed, doubt as to the existence of any future period when such speculations may be realized. With respect to public debt, the country have learnt a lesson which will not be easily forgotten: they have learnt that, to carry on a war-expenditure much greater than the current supplies of the year, must inevitably entail upon posterity a charge and inconvenience, which ought to make the country more than unwilling to consent to the recurrence of such anticipation of future resources. Occasions may arise in which no sacrifice ought to be considered as too great. Such have arisen heretofore; and mighty sacrifices have purchased good too great to be estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence.

> 'Sic species terris, vitæ sua forma, suusque
> Dîs honor,—IPSA sibi tandem sic reddita MENS est.'

If national honour and the good of man again require such a sacrifice, undoubtedly it ought again to be made; but if ever it be so made, it will be made with a more accurate appreciation of the consequences than was felt by those whose measures incurred the existing debt, or by the people, who were strictly, and all but unanimously, consentient to the enactment of those measures.

If a private individual, a country-gentleman, for example, has a rental of 6,000*l.* per annum, and a rent-charge upon it of 4,000*l.* per annum, his expenditure, if he be a prudent man, is necessarily limited to his real surplus, namely, 2,000*l.*; and if he has the reputation of having a rental of 6,000*l.*, and an acknowledged expenditure of only 2,000*l.*, supposing that he has no special motives for economy, he sustains the imputation of niggardliness, from the apparent disproportion between his income and expenditure. Precisely the converse effect takes place with respect to the government: the government having an income of sixty millions per annum, *more* than forty millions of which, if duly analysed, will be found to belong to the annual charge of the existing debt, has the reputation of being criminally lavish with respect to its establishments, the expenses of which are blended together, most

gratuitously

gratuitously and unfortunately, with the interest of the debt.* If the accounts were kept strictly separate, the extent of the expenditure for which the government were really responsible would be found to be *less* than one-third of the whole; whereas now, the line of distinction between the two is not in the slightest degree preserved.

If this point be pursued in greater detail, the inconvenience of the present system, as affecting the government itself, will be more apparent. In the Finance Accounts (*vide* scale, column 4), the collection of the revenue amounts to 5,245,876*l.*; but of this expense, 3,983,278*l.*† is incurred in the collection of that part of the revenue which is required for the repayment of the interest of the national debt; *for, supposing the public faith were to be preserved, the necessity for the expense of that collection would equally exist, whether there were any establishments or not.* It may be true that the government have the patronage of the persons employed in this collection; but any advantage which may be derived from that patronage is more than counterbalanced by the unpopularity attaching to the government from its presumed connexion with the existence of that national burthen. To restate, therefore, the proposition, which, we think, will be made demonstrable by the linear scale—out of an expenditure of 60,154,135*l.*, the sum of 39,801,031*l.* is applied in payment of the interest of the national debt, for which the public faith is pledged; 3,983,278*l.* is incurred in the collection of the revenue necessary for the exclusive payment of *that interest;* and only 16,369,828*l.* (of which 1,262,598*l.* is for the expense of collection, leaving 15,107,230*l.* for establishments alone) is the limit of that expenditure, which is made necessary by the existence of the establishments, and for the maintenance of which the government is exclusively responsible. And yet the government gratuitously takes upon itself the unpopularity incident to a presumed responsibility for an expenditure of *sixty millions.* Again (columns 5, 6, and 8), the current army expenditure is stated to be 7,579,631*l.*, the navy

* Since this Article went to the press, we have observed, in the 'Times' newspaper of the 22d of November, a report of Mr. Hume's speech on the address, containing the following passage:—'The rental of the country had been estimated at forty millions: the taxes amounted to sixty millions, which was *a rental and a half levied to support an extravagant expenditure.*'

† The whole revenue collected being £57,662,821
The expense of collecting which is stated to be 5,245,876

The net revenue, therefore, is £52,416,945

But of this net revenue there is payable to the national creditor, 39,801,931*l.*, the proportion of collecting which is 3,983,278*l.* This last item, then, must be subtracted from the 20,353,106*l.*, composing the total annual expenditure, for which government is strictly responsible, and this sum will be reduced to 16,369,828*l.*, including the expense of 1,262,598*l.*, for its collection.

5,849,119*l.*,

5,849,119*l.*, the ordnance 1,567,087*l.* What is the fact? that from the army must be deducted 2,906,941*l.*; from the navy 1,593,629*l.*; from the ordnance 373,483*l.*; and then it will be found that the current expenses are reduced, for the army to 4,672,690*l.*; for the navy to 4,255,490*l.*; for the ordnance to 1,193,604*l.** What possible reason can be shown for not considering the half-pay and pensions as genuinely part of the national debt? Every person who has looked into the subject is well aware that a retiring pension, or a superannuation allowance, well understood, amounts to neither more nor less than a deferred annuity, or rather payment of salary. The soldier, or civil servant, when he enters the public service, enters it on the national faith being pledged to his receiving, at a future period, and subject to contingent events, a certain recorded amount of retiring pension; and if the principles on which salaries are apportioned be correct, it will be found that the retiring pension, though a charge to the public when it may become due, is economy to the public in the first instance, inasmuch as the individual, while serving, receives a proportionately less degree of salary. Nay, more; the difference between the salary which he ought to receive, and would receive if he had no retiring allowance secured to him, would, if it had been paid to him in current salary, have been sufficient to purchase for him, at an Assurance Office, a deferred annuity equal to the amount of this retiring pension. But it would be superfluous to remark, that no control could be exercised over him if he had himself been entrusted with the exercise of the economy necessary to secure this deferred annuity. The state, therefore, by the principle of superannuation allowances, virtually compels him to act on principles of economy, as in the operation of those principles the interest of the state is materially concerned.—If those positions be just, where is the distinction between the public creditor and the public retired annuitant?† If a man bring six thousand sovereigns in gold to the Bank, and purchase, with those sovereigns, stock in the Four per Cents. at par, he is entitled to look to the public for an annuity of 240*l.* per annum, in lieu of the sovereigns so exchanged; he is entitled, also, at any time to sell that annuity, whether the purchaser give him more sovereigns

* Vide Linear Scale.

† Parliamentary History, New Series, vol. vii., p. 287.

Speech of Mr. Ricardo, May 1st, 1822:—

'The Chancellor of the Exchequer had said, that these annuities were part of the debt of the country. This he (Mr. Ricardo) admitted.'

Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Bexley), May 24, 1822, vol. vii., p. 737:—

'The resolutions to which the house had agreed, recognised the military and naval pensions granted during the late war, and also the civil superannuations granted by consent of parliament, as a charge on the public, and as forming *part of* the public debt.'

or

or fewer than he originally gave himself: in other words, he has given a 'quid pro quo,' and he has a right to appeal to the national faith for the maintenance of the bargain. Now, let us revert to the case of the retired annuitant: he has sold his personal services to the state, on the faith of receiving a retired allowance, under certain circumstances. The state, in consideration of that contingent claim on itself, has paid him, in current salary, less than he otherwise would have been entitled to receive. Can the state break faith with him, without committing as decided an act of spoliation and injustice as if it broke faith with the public creditor? Is it consistent with good faith, without any previous reservation of the power to do so, to compel the public creditor to receive 14*l.* per annum instead of 24*l.*, which, by the terms of the preceding illustration, he was entitled to receive? The only distinction is this—that the public creditor has, by law, a power of re-exchanging his annuity for capital whenever he chooses to do so. The public retired annuitant, in most cases, is prohibited by law from making that exchange; but this is no sort of hardship on him, as at the period of his entering into the service, whether civil or military, he was duly informed that that restriction was incident to the transaction.

Any person who has followed us with attention will perfectly understand the nature of the transaction familiarly known by the name of the 'dead weight,' upon which so much observation has been made within and without the walls of Parliament. The effect of this operation was to enable others to do what the retired annuitants were by law prohibited from doing, namely, to exchange annuities for capital. If the state were bound to pay five millions per annum as a life annuity, being the amount of the half-pay and retiring allowances of the combined military, naval, and civil services; and if those five millions could be equitably considered as partaking strictly of the nature of a short annuity, with this exception, that, from the uncertainty of human life, the precise period of its termination could not be ascertained;—and if it were thought more expedient to spread that annuity of five millions over a greater number of years than the calculations of the duration of human life made it probable that it would cover, if continued in the character of a life-annuity, determinable by the deaths of the individual parties,—this transaction must be considered as an exchange of a short annuity of a higher amount for a long one of inferior amount. It is to be remarked, that although the effect of such substitution was to saddle posterity with a burthen, to which it otherwise would not have been subjected, yet the means of supporting that additional burthen, when incurred, might have been furnished by the remission of taxation incident

incident to the very arrangement which effected the substitution. The transaction does not, in so far as we can say, differ in principle from that of any loan, in which annuities are pledged to the public, instead of any permanent redeemable stock. Let us suppose that an individual had a limited estate of 3,000*l.* per annum, upon which there were charges during the lives of different persons, of more or less the same age, amounting to 1,500*l.* per annum:—let us further suppose that estate to be in his own power, and that he intended to leave it to his children; now, if the probabilities of human life justified him in expecting that at the end of twenty years those concurrent annuities forming the 1,500*l.* per annum were likely to lapse, would he not be justified in saddling his property with a long annuity of 750*l.* per annum, terminating in forty years, instead of paying the existing annuities of 1,500*l.*? Should his children remonstrate, might not this gentleman say, 'If my income is to remain at 1,500*l.* per annum, either it will be impossible for me to give you that education which may and ought to be a source of greater wealth to you than the possession of my property, free from all incumbrances, at the expiration of twenty years, or it will be impossible for me to keep the estate in good condition; if, therefore, you object to this arrangement, you must either submit personally to the loss of education, and the deterioration of the family estate, or to the alienation of part of that estate for the purposes of supplying the means of your education, and of my keeping the rest of my land in good condition.' This principle applies strictly to the substitution of a short for a long annuity, as in the case of the arrangements which attended the operation of what is called the 'dead weight,' and it involves precisely the same argument which has been used to justify the non-maintenance of any real sinking-fund, namely, that the money, in the hands of the people, would fructify more extensively than anywhere else, and that though the debt would be proportionably increased, yet the means of paying the interest on that debt would be progressively increased in a far greater ratio. A conclusive answer to such reasoning, in the case of the debt, appears to us to be, to admit to the utmost the abstract truth of that principle, but to contend that the having a margin, to meet the contingencies of defective revenue, without the necessity of imposing, on the one hand, fresh taxes, or, on the other, of crippling establishments, and thereby *rendering the public service absolutely inefficient*, is a state of things, on the whole, infinitely more advantageous than any system which involves the mischief of either of the alternatives above recorded. A real sinking-fund, on which at any moment money may be raised, without the imposition of fresh taxes, furnishes one of the

the surest safeguards to a country against the temptation which a foreign nation might have to attack her, if the necessary effect of preparations of defence were to involve the necessity of an immediate increase of taxation. It is precisely on the same principle that all men of sense justify much of that current expenditure against which so much popular declamation is plausibly directed. Reduce your army—withdraw all your soldiers from your colonies—trust to your naval means of defence alone—and let them be protected by the militia and a constabulary force;—plausible schemes! for which cart-loads of petitions may easily be poured on the table of the House of Commons. But what is the *meaning* of these schemes? Withdraw your army, on purpose to tempt your enemy to plunge himself into a war, which presents advantages for its commencement too attractive to be resisted? Will any candid man, for instance, deny, that the withdrawal of our troops from our North American provinces would bear the character of invitation, in the most direct and unambiguous terms, to the United States to take possession of them; while at the same time it must have, and ought to have, the effect of disgusting the loyal population, whom we have the happiness of possessing in those valuable provinces?—Again, with reference to the increase of national wealth in a country deficient to a degree almost beyond conception in population, what madness would it be, by the withdrawal of the regular troops, to entail the exercise of military or semi-military duties on the colonial population! Common instinct would prescribe the policy of increasing that population, instead of diminishing the efficiency of that which already exists.

The genius of false economy, marring national prosperity, and choking up the springs of future wealth—this false economy, whose proudest days the present generation have had the misfortune of witnessing—this genius, we are well aware, would seize in his hand the balance-sheet of revenue and expenditure, and, showing the current items of saving to be effected by military reduction, would disdain and reject the augmentation of future power and wealth, which any measures calculated to increase the numbers and efficiency of a colonial population would in the issue create: nor do we doubt that such rejection might probably accomplish its purpose. But this would not alter the fact—that in the increase of our colonial population is involved the relief of our own superabundant pauper-labourers *now*, and at no distant period the only proper means of superseding the necessity of the military force thus prematurely assailed as a needless burden on the empire. It would be in vain to plead that, under such a system, an indefinite demand would be created for our manufactures, and that, by increasing

increasing the power and prosperity of our colonial possessions, we secure for our descendants, if not for ourselves, the cessation of those burthens, which the present maintenance of these possessions imposes upon the parent country. Such homely considerations would be of no avail—the genius of the balance-sheet would still be triumphant, and the seeds of national greatness must be content to lie hid in the cabinet of the speculatist, instead of fructifying and flourishing under the care and direction of the statesman.

We are well aware that these opinions are not calculated for the meridian of passion and prejudice, and strongly suspect that they may be ill received, even in the House of Commons; but we are not less convinced of their soundness, on account of any unpopularity that may attach to them. We feel satisfied that, ultimately, they will be acknowledged by the country at large. Any one who will examine carefully the causes of the augmentation of private wealth, which, as well as public wealth, depends upon the capital judiciously applied to it, will feel that public accounts and balance-sheets do not exhaust the whole mystery of government: and learn to suspect that posterity will feel unmixed contempt for the spurious and shrivelling economy which has of late been suffered to claim so much attention and applause—an economy at once short-sighted and single-eyed, which never dreams of investigating with statesman-like prescience the means of escaping from present pecuniary difficulty, by the enactment of wise laws, involving the creation of future wealth—but looks to petty savings as the sole secret of political alchemy. To admit that judicious taxation, imposed for the maintenance of *necessary* establishments, is in itself an evil, is to admit a very doubtful proposition—precisely the same, as if the payment of the wages of the steward, bailiff, servant, and watchman in a well-regulated family were to be characterised as an evil. But that a funded debt, requiring an annual taxation exclusively for the defrayment of its interest, is an evil, no sane person can doubt. If he be a man of property, the existence of his own private debts and annual charges will supply an analogy, which must lead him to that conclusion. That any and every remission of taxation is an *advantage* to the public, provided that it can be effected without violating the public faith, or crippling those establishments which are *necessary* for the public service, is an indisputable proposition. Nay more; although it may be demonstrated that the distressed part of the community will not be benefited by any practicable remission of taxation, no argument whatever is furnished against practicable reductions of establishments, civil, naval, and military. The mere moral effect of such reductions is not to be disregarded. But if, under the idle pretence

of substantial relief to the unemployed and consequently suffering 'operatives,' as they are called, establishments are to be reduced below their *necessary scale*, we do not hesitate to assert that more essential injury will be done to the public interest, than could have followed their being unnecessarily increased in the *same* proportion. If any establishment can be proved to be intrinsically too large for its purpose, let it be reduced;—but to reduce wantonly, under the hypocritical pretence of diminishing the evils sustained by the labouring population, is to aggravate a case of present distress, arising from causes utterly unconnected with national finance,—and this in the most absurd as well as cruel manner: for the public attention cannot be fixed at once on real remedies, and these frivolous nostrums.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason—man is not a fly.

Why did not Lord Chatham, and Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox, during that part of their lives which was spent in direct and vigorous opposition to the government of the day, counsel the sort of experiments to which we, it seems, are destined to submit? The answer is—those great men disdained to flatter, to their own ruin, the passions and prejudices of the multitude; they had nobler ambition than could be gratified in a frivolous and teasing warfare of petty details, in which little minds exult, because it is over them, and them alone, that such minds can obtain even a temporary semblance of mastery.

APPENDIX, A.

Being a more detailed Explanation of the accompanying Scale, exhibiting the Linear Proportions which exist among different Branches of the Public Expenditure of Great Britain and Ireland, during the Year 1825.

No. 1 is the centre column, and represents the total expenditure of the country, which, with a slight exception, is defrayed from the proceeds of taxation, 60,154,135*l.*

No. 2, on the right of the centre column, is the line which represents the annual interest and expenditure incident to the national debt, 39,801,031*l.*, including all such charges as, in strict principle, ought to be considered as parts thereof.

No. 3 represents the portion of the public expenditure apparently under the control of the government, including the civil, military, and naval establishments, 20,353,106*l.*; but the part dotted represents the charge for collecting that portion of the revenue which is made necessary by the payment of the interest of the national debt.

No. 4 represents the portion of the public expenditure connected with the collection of the revenue, as exhibited in the public accounts, 5,245,876*l.*, which together with 351,556*l.* for the pensions and superannuation allowances, compose the 5,597,432*l.* *Vide* Finance Accounts.*

No. 5 represents the expenditure of the army, 4,672,690*l.*, deducting the half-pay and pensions, = 2,906,941*l.*, total 7,599,831*l.* *Vide* Finance Accounts.

No. 6 represents that of the navy, 4,255,490*l.* deducting half-pay and pensions, = 1,593,629*l.*, total 5,849,119*l.* *Vide* Finance Accounts.

No. 7 represents the expense incurred for certain miscellaneous services detailed in the public accounts, 2,702,122*l.*, deducting the pensions and superannuation allowances, = 76,890*l.*, total, 2,779,012. *Vide* Finance Accounts.

No. 8 represents the expenditure of the ordnance, 1,193,604*l.*, deducting half-pay and pensions, = 373,483*l.*, total 1,567,087*l.*

No. 9 represents that of the civil list, 1,057,000*l.*

* The whole Revenue collected being £57,662,812
The expense of collecting which is stated to be . . . 5,245,876

The net Revenue therefore is £52,416,945

But of this net revenue there was payable to the national creditor 39,801,031*l.*, the proportion of collecting which is 3,983,278*l.* This last sum, then, must be subtracted from the 20,353,106*l.*, composing the total annual expenditure for which government is strictly responsible, and this sum will be reduced to 16,369,828*l.*, including the expense of 1,262,598*l.* for its collection.

No. 10 represents the amount of advances for certain services in Ireland, and elsewhere, as detailed in the public accounts, 1,022,334*l.*

No. 11 represents the amount of salaries paid in various miscellaneous departments of government, 203,989*l.*

On the left of the centre column—

No. 12 represents the linear proportion of a saving to be effected by a reduction of ten regiments, = 252,330*l.*

No. 13 represents, in a similar manner, the saving to be effected by a reduction of four thousand men in the navy, = 218,400*l.*

No. 14 represents the proportion of a saving of 119,330*l.*, or ten per cent., on the expenditure of the ordnance.

No. 15 represents the proportion of a saving to be effected by the reduction of five hundred junior clerks in the different establishments of government, = 75,000*l.*

No. 16 represents the proportion of a saving of 20,100*l.*, to be effected by a reduction of ten per cent. on the salaries of various public functionaries, = 20,100*l.*

No. 17 shows the linear proportion of these assumed reductions, when added to each other, = 685,160*l.*

And No. 18 exhibits the linear proportions of the savings which have been effected by the various reductions of annual taxation, which the government have accomplished since the period of the war, *viz.*,

Remission of direct taxes	£18,177,000
Taxes on articles of consumption	7,620,000
Taxes for the relief of trade, &c.	4,915,000
	£30,712,000
Deduct taxes imposed in 1819 upon malt, tea, tobacco, &c.	3,190,000
	£27,522,000

Observations, explanatory of the reasons of some variations between the sums indicated on the scale, and those in the Financial Accounts.

The revenue collected from taxes, during the year 1825, was	£57,374,977
The difference between the balances retained by the receiver, at the commencement and the close of the financial year, was equal to the additional receipt of revenue to the amount of	287,844
Making the ordinary annual revenue to be .	57,662,821
Carried forward . . .	£57,662,821

Brought

Brought forward . . .		£57,662,821
There was, however, a further income, derived from other sources, as will be hereafter explained, amounting to		5,208,479
So that the whole income was		62,871,300

During the same financial year the ordinary expenditure was —

Charges connected with national debt, *viz.*		
Unredeemed	£27,230,790	
Sinking fund	5,486,475	
Interest of unfunded debt . .	829,498	
Half-pay and pension annuity sold to the Bank	585,740	
		£34,132,503
Charges connected with the collection of the revenue .		5,597,432
Pensions by Act of Parliament charged on the consolidated fund		366,028
Civil list		1,057,000
Miscellaneous, as per Finance Accounts { in page 138 .	261,846	
in page 139 .	301,084	
in pages 141-3	2,216,082	
		2,779,012
Salaries and allowances . . .	87,641	
Officers of Courts of Justice . .	98,642	
Mint	14,749	
Bounties relative to the growth of hemp and flax in Scotland . .	2,957	
		203,989
Army		7,579,631
Navy		5,849,119
Ordnance		1,567,087
Making the ordinary expenditure to be . .		59,131,801
There was, however, a further expenditure, as will be hereafter explained, amounting to		3,572,133
So that the whole expenditure was . . .		62,703,934
And as the whole income amounted to 62,871,300*l.*, it follows that there was an excess of income over expenditure to the amount of		167,366
Sum equal to the whole income . .		£62,871,300

Some explanation must now be given respecting the sum of 5,208,479*l.*, represented in the above accounts, as an extra source of income.

EXTRA

EXTRA INCOME.

Received from the Clerk of the Hanaper . . .	£2,000
from the East India Company, towards the half-pay and pensions of the King's forces .	60,000
from the Commissioners for the employment of the poor, as repayments of money lent .	208,307
from the Trustees of Naval and Military Pensions, &c.	4,507,500
N.B. This large item of income being connected with the "Dead Weight Annuity," a separate explanation will be given thereof at the end of this statement.	
Received from Ireland, being repaid from the advances made for public works and improvements in that part of the United Kingdom . .	210,389
from the Exchequer, as the amount of imprests and other monies repaid thereto . . .	220,283
From which it appears, that the amount of the above sums exactly equals that which was given as the extra income requiring further explanation, *viz.* . . .	£5,208,479

We have now to explain the circumstances connected with one of the preceding items of extra income, amounting to 4,507,500*l.*, stated to have been received from the trustees of naval and military pensions. The late wars had left, as a 'dead weight' on the national resources, a certain expenditure for pensions and half-pay, which, in 1822, was assumed to be five millions per annum; the whole of which, from the nature of the expenditure, consisted of life-annuities, payable to several thousands of persons. After excluding all new pensions, or half-pay allowances, an estimate, on the ordinary laws of mortality, was made to ascertain the probable future amount of this five millions at the end of each subsequent year. By this estimate, the original sum of five millions would have been diminished to the sum above-mentioned, 4,507,500*l.*, in the year 1825. Upon similar principles of calculation, it was estimated that 2,800,000*l.*, continuing as one uniform annuity for forty-five years, would be the equivalent of the diminishing life-annuity. The bank, or any other corporation, therefore, might purchase the uniform annuity, and furnish government every year with the estimated diminishing sum. To effect this commutation, parliament appointed trustees, who were empowered to sell a long annuity of 2,800,000*l.*, terminating in 1867; the purchasers contracting to supply the sums, estimated in the manner already explained. As yet the trustees have sold an annuity of 585,740*l.* only, consequently the remainder of the annuity has not as yet been called into existence,

existence, amounting to 2,214,260*l.* This sum deducted from 4,507,500*l.* leaves 2,293,240*l.*, and that identical sum was paid up, in 1825, by the Bank, who had purchased the portion above-mentioned for 13,089,419*l.*, and, prior to the year 1825, had paid up 4,624,329*l.* Since the year 1825, the Bank has also paid 2,165,740*l.*, and has to pay still 4,006,110*l.*, which will form part of the ways and means for the year ensuing.

As the sums 2,214,260*l.* and 2,293,240*l.*, forming 4,507,500*l.*, will also appear in the subsequent explanation as to extra expenditure, another observation is necessary. In one part of the public accounts, 4,507,500*l.* appear to have been received from the trustees, and in another part 2,214,260*l.* appear to have been paid to the same persons; consequently 2,293,240*l.* was received beyond what was paid. In point of fact, the latter sum only was received; and the other sum of 2,214,260*l.* was neither paid over to, nor received back from, the trustees. Its insertion on both sides of the public accounts magnifies both the income and the expenditure of the country by so much above the actual amount of each. The exhibition of this, however, is necessary, in consequence of the financial operation, familiarly known by the name of the 'dead weight annuity,' created in 1822.

We come now to the items forming the extra expenditure, which we stated to amount to 3,572,133*l.*:—

Paid to the Trustees of Naval and Military Pensions, as already explained	£2,214,260
to the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, in repayment of a loan on account of the new street	100,000
for silver for new coinage of Ireland	500,000
for building new churches in Scotland	50,000
to the Bank of England, for unclaimed dividends more than received	49,465
to the Commissioners for the employment of the Poor	125,150
out of consolidated fund in Ireland for public works	533,258
Making the amount of extra expenditure, as already referred to	£3,572,133

It remains to examine what was the actual income, as well as the actual expenditure, for the year 1825. From the items already given, it appears that the excess in the extra sources of income and expenditure will stand thus:—

	Income.	Expenditure.
Received from the Clerk of the Hanaper	£2,000	
Carried forward	£2,000	

Brought

		Income.	Expenditure.
Brought forward . .		£2,000	
Received from Trustees of Naval and Military Pensions	£4,507,500		
Less the sum paid to them .	2,214,260		
Balance actually received		2,293,240	
Paid for public works . .	533,258		
Less repayments back . .	210,389		
Balance actually paid .			£322,869
Received from the East India Company, for pensions and half-pay . . .		60,000	
Received from the Commissioners of the issue of exchequer bills for the employment of the poor . .	208,307		
Less sums paid . . .	125,150		
		83,157	
Received imprests and other monies paid into the Exchequer		220,283	
Paid Royal Exchange Company			100,000
Paid for silver for new coinage			500,000
Paid for building new churches in Scotland			50,000
Paid by Government to parties entitled to unclaimed dividends	322,422		
Less amount paid by the Bank	272,957		
			49,465
Total extra income . . .		£2,658,680	£1,022,334
Less extra expenditure . .		£1,022,334	
ıe real extraordinary income, therefore, is about		£1,636,346	

According to the public accounts submitted in the beginning of is article, the ordinary income from taxes was—

£57,662,821

he extra income from other sources has been shown to be only 2,658,680

So that the actual income was only . . £60,321,501

Whilst

Whilst it appears that the ordinary expenditure was	£59,131,801
And the extraordinary expenses, as we have just shown, were	1,022,334
So that the total actual expenditure was	£60,154,135

And the difference between it and the actual income would be £167,366, as was shown in the first part of these observations.

The actual income being	£60,321,501
From which deduct the excess	167,366
Leaves the actual expenditure	£60,154,135

as already shown; and it is upon data, thus calculated, that the foregoing scale is formed, with as much accuracy as the limits of our work would admit.

APPENDIX, B.

Schedules to be filled up, showing the expenditure of workmen employed in different trades and occupations, at different periods for each trade, so as to show the effect of prosperity and adversity on the comforts of the working classes, as well as the effect of taxation in diminishing these comforts.

ESTIMATE.

Showing the Quantity, Price, and different kinds of Articles consumed, or expense incurred, by a Person employed as , and considered as a rate workman, when his average wages, during the year , were per annum: the lowest rate of wages during the year being per week, and the highest rate per week.

The number of persons in the family was:—

	£.	s.	d.
One Man, whose average wages per annum, in money actually received, amounted to			
One Woman, who during the year contributed by her labour to the annual income			
Children, of whom contributed by labour to the annual income			
The total sum annually received as wages by persons working by the day			
Or the total sum received annually, by persons working by the piece, or task-work			

N.B. When work in the above occupation has been performed by the job, or piece, state the quantity of work generally done by the job, or piece, during a day, week, month, or year, by the person employed in this manner, and the sum of money received by him for

for a given period, as compared with the money received by a person who worked for ordinary daily wages; thus:—

£. s. d.

By the job, or piece, the workman received per day, week, month, or year, working hours daily on an average

By day wages, the workman received for the same period as above, working hours a day, on an average

Those manufactured articles, of which the raw material was imported, are marked thus *.

ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

Quantity.	*Articles produced at home, and consumed as food, &c., in household use.*	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
	Wheat, Oat, Barley, Rye — Bread		
	Wheat, Oat, Barley, Rye — Flour or Meal		
	Potatoes		
	Vegetables of any kind, except Potatoes		
	Cheese		
	Butter		
	Milk		
	Beer, or Malt Liquor of any kind		
	British Spirits of any kind		
	Salt		
	Butcher's Meat of any kind		
	Bacon, or Salted Meat of any kind		
	Fish, salted or fresh		
	Candles		
	*Oil for light		
	Coals, Wood, Peat — or fuel of any kind		
	Soap		
	Starch, or other expenses connected with washing		
	Sundry other expenses connected with cleaning or scouring		
	Total Household Expenses more generally connected with Home Productions		
	Colonial Productions.		
	Sugar		
	Treacle		
	Rum		
	Rice		
	Coffee		
	Indigo for blue in washing		
	Total Household Expenses connected with Colonial Productions		
	Foreign Productions.		
	Tea		
	Brandy		
	Other Articles		
	Total Household Expenses connected with Foreign Productions		
	Total Household Expenses		
	Carried forward		

antity.		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
	Brought forward		
	Expenses for Clothing.		
	Woollen Goods		
	Linen ditto		
	*Cotton ditto		
	Leather ditto		
	Hats and Haberdashery, not included in the preceding charges		
	Total Expense Clothing		
	Wear and Tear of Household Furniture, rated at per cent. on its value		
	Rent of House		
	Total Expense for Food, Clothing, and Lodging		
	Charges connected with sickness		
	Charges connected with the education of the children, or religious instruction		
	Taxes of any kind paid direct to the revenue ..		
	Total Expenditure		
	Total Income		
	Difference		

Average Retail Prices of the Articles during the same year; or the highest and the lowest Prices of each Article.

Article.	Quantity.	Average Retail Price.	Highest Price.	Lowest Price.
		£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Wheat Flour	Per stone of 14lbs. or any other fixed quantity.			

ERRATA.

No. LXVIII, p 514, line 32, for 'monster' read 'monitor.'
In this Number, p. 25, line 6, *dele* 'while.'

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2. *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos que hicieron por Mar los Españoles desde fines del Siglo XV.* De Orden de su Majestad: Madrid, en la Imprenta Real: año de 1825. 2 tom. 4to.

WE conceive we shall be doing our readers some service in laying before them a tolerably full account of the extraordinary historical document, entitled 'Noticias Secretas de América;' since the language in which it is written, and the inconvenient size of the volume, must, for the present at least, confine its circulation to a small portion of those by whom its contents would be most valued.*

Every one who has read Ulloa's Voyage—and who is here that has not?—will be glad to see another work from his pen†—a work too, as we think, of far superior interest, as well as importance, in every point of view. It had long been suspected by literary men, that the authors of the voyage in question had, on their return to Spain, given in a confidential account of the South American administration, but that the ministry of the day had sup-

* We are happy to know that the same gentleman, to whose exertions, personal and pecuniary, we owe the present volume, is now preparing an English version of it.

† Ulloa wrote the narrative parts of the *Voyage*, and the whole of these *Noticias*.

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pressed it as discreditable to their country, and dangerous to the colonies. The Secret Report now before us appears, accordingly, to have lain in the archives of Madrid for more than half a century, till brought to light by the industry of Mr. Barry, who assures us he has printed it verbatim from the official manuscript.

The value of every book of travels depends essentially upon the character of the writer, and this is particularly the case where the work contains, besides matters of fact and mere narration, general reflections suggested on the spot, opinions springing out of incidents, which may not, perhaps, be described, or even alluded to. On this account, we think it of consequence to recal distinctly who the authors of this Report were, and what peculiar opportunities they enjoyed for observing the countries through which they travelled. About the year 1735, various scientific expeditions were undertaken for the purpose of measuring degrees of the meridian in different parts of the globe; and while Maupertuis and others went to the North, Bouguer, Godin, and Condamine employed themselves in Quito, and Ulloa and Juan, the authors of this work, were associated with them. Their geodesical operations were grievously interrupted by the political events of that period; for both the Spanish philosophers were called away from their scientific pursuits by the urgent requisitions of the local authorities in Peru, alarmed to the last degree by the descent of Lord Anson upon their coast. These interruptions, however, had the important effect of enabling them to see the country to much better purpose than they could otherwise have done. The energetic operations of our countrymen, in 1741, kept the whole shores of the Pacific in a state of agitation; and these two officers, apparently the only efficient public men in Spanish America, were hurried about from place to place, as the danger shifted its ground. They were everywhere intrusted with high powers; and, by their knowledge and decision of character, gained a great ascendancy over the minds of the inhabitants. By repeatedly crossing the country at all seasons, and under a great variety of circumstances, they had infinitely better opportunities of seeing the real state of affairs, than if they had merely gone round as Commissioners of Inquiry in a pompous, official style, professedly to investigate abuses, and report upon delinquencies. Their advantages in this respect are well described by themselves, when treating of the Indians.

'The persons who have been commissioned to inquire into these matters, heretofore, have done their business in a very superficial manner; some from want of adequate leisure, or the means in other respects,—too many turned aside from their object by the all-engrossing occupation of making money. These causes did not influence us; the only gain we had in view was information, and the end of

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all our investigations, the truth; and we assert with confidence, that we succeeded as completely as we could have wished. As our travelling party was always small, its appearance never alarmed the Indians, who soon learned that our real wish was to be cordial with them. We always treated them like rational beings, and as members of the same species with ourselves; so that they soon gained confidence in our presence, and communicated their feelings and wishes without reserve. Our payments, also, we took care should always be made with exactness and punctuality, and this being quite unusual, naturally led them to describe th' very different manner in which they had generally been treated by others. These, and many other advantages, we enjoyed for a space of more than nine years of almost continual moving about from one province to another; during which, we had ample opportunities of verifying by actual observation whatever had been reported to us before.'—p. 295.

It is quite evident, then, that these distinguished travellers come before us with very different pretensions from any others, of whose works we had, up to this time, been in possession. There is no other account of South America, with which we are acquainted, that is not more or less open to the suspicion of bias, or to that of having been written without adequate personal knowledge. Such a dark picture, indeed, was generally given in books, not Spanish, of the practices of the Spaniards, that the more reasonable part of European readers were inclined to set down a considerable portion of these shadows to the influence of national prejudice, commercial disappointment,—especially the overflowings of passion caused by the imprisonments, confiscations, and banishments, to which all foreigners were liable, if they presumed to intrude upon the golden markets of the New World. From the slightest suspicion of such, or of any other undue influences, the writers of this work appear to stand entirely free. They were connected with no department of the colonial government; they were no desperate smugglers, engaged in the contraband trade of those coasts; they were no wily traders, stealing into the interior of the country at the imminent risk of their liberty and property; they held high official rank, without being mixed up in any local interests whatever;—they were, besides, men of honourable minds and virtuous habits—possessing great intellectual powers—and well versed in all the European knowledge of their day. It is difficult to imagine, that, employed as they were by the Spanish ministry to examine into, and report upon the state of South America, they could have any motive whatever to make things appear worse than they really were. They must have been aware that any unfavourable statements would be liable to a rigid examination—and would inevitably raise up a host of bitter enemies on both sides of the Atlantic: for any exposition of the abuses in South America, directly calculated to

injure all persons in office there, interfered also, and that most seriously, with the patronage of the men in power at Madrid, and, indeed, with a whole army of jobbers in the Peninsula, who from age to age had considered it their birthright to prey on the vitals of the transatlantic states. Every motive, in short, whether of national prejudice, or of personal interest, must have inclined them to the side of a cautious, rather than an exaggerated statement. Our readers, however, will find it necessary, at least we found it so, to recur perpetually to these circumstances, in order to believe it possible, that in any country, professing Christianity, such a monstrous system as this book exhibits could prevail.

This most important addition to the history of the American continent is written in a simple and pleasing Spanish style—here and there, perhaps, a little long-winded; but always clear, and delightfully unambitious: it abounds in judicious, and, we may say, kindly views of society, and in reflections, evidently suggested by the feelings of the writers, which are not only admirable in themselves, but of great value to the reader;—for it will often happen, that while the most minute and elaborate description fails to convey a lively impression of the scene described, a single touch of a traveller's own feelings, casually dropped in conversation, or hastily jotted in a private journal, at once, through sympathy, kindles the imagination, and transports us to the spot.

The 'Secret Report' is divided into Two Parts;—the First of which is occupied almost entirely in describing the wretched state of defence of the towns along the coast, the unarmed and undisciplined condition of the troops and ships of war,—betraying, in short, the total disorganization into which this department of the colonial government had fallen. These details, though very curious in many respects, and interesting to persons acquainted with the localities, are of no great importance to the general reader. Had Don Antonio de Ulloa, who was captured by the English on his return to Europe, not succeeded in destroying this portion of his papers in the manner described in his Voyage, the liberation of those countries might, we think it far from improbable, have been ante-dated more than half a century.

The Second Part is so crowded with new and interesting matter, that we scarcely know where to commence our extracts, or how, with a due regard to our limits, to give a just conception of this extraordinary exposition. We have perused it several times, and on each occasion with increased surprise; for, with all our previous acquaintance with the subject, drawn from books and from some personal experience, we had no conception of the extent to which the misgovernment of those territories had been carried. The misery inflicted upon the aboriginal tribes was such, that our surprise

surprise is not that their numbers in Peru should have decreased from six millions to half a million of souls, as it appears to have done, but that a single pair should have been left to continue the species. Altogether the picture is so full of injustice and cruelty, and exhibits civilized human nature in a light so much worse than we find it even in savage countries, that were it not for the consciousness that the remorseless tyranny which gave effect to the system is finally overthrown, we should have flung the book away in mere disgust and despair. At present, however, though its perusal, in many places, is very painful, we conceive it to be fraught with instruction to every lover of liberty and justice. In South America, the whole state, from the viceroy downwards, was corrupted to the core, and the most offensively so that portion of the community to which all the rest ought to have looked up for an example. So utterly without principle, indeed, was the whole executive government of the country, that at first sight it strikes us with wonder how it held together from year to year. But one ruling motive to action pervaded all public men's breasts, and this, by keeping every eye directed one way, and every hand engaged in the same task, lent a certain fatal vigour to a system which otherwise must speedily have fallen to pieces. The golden calf certainly was never worshipped with such single-hearted devotion in any other land.

We find it more convenient to depart from the arrangement adopted by the authors, and commence with the sixth chapter of the second part, which treats of the civil and political state of Peru; and shall endeavour, by translating at some places the very words of the writers, and at others by condensing the narration, to convey some idea to our readers of the curious state of things in South America.

'The flagrant abuses,' say our authors, 'which pervaded all classes in Peru, unfortunately took their rise in those sources which ought, according to every principle of good government, to have been the purest; since, if the evil did not, in perfect strictness, originate in the supreme head, it was always sanctioned with so little reserve in that quarter, that the sins of omission were to the full as mischievous to the state. But in the immense majority of cases the viceroys were really the main springs of this system of corruption;—and as Peru unfolded to the view of its governors an unbounded field of wealth and power, there were very few indeed who could resist the temptations offered them. From the moment a viceroy landed, he was treated with much greater state than his own sovereign. Alcaldes crowded round him, proud of being allowed to act as his grooms, and to run by his side on foot holding the bridle of his horse, while regidores and governors of provinces supported over his head a golden canopy.'—p. 452.

The king, it is observed, was placed at such a distance from every

every part of the Indies, that even the direct rays of his influence scarcely shone so far; still less could they operate effectually by reflection. The viceroys, as a matter of course, assumed all the real power, and being, beyond competition, the highest colonial authorities, all the world imitated them. It being seen that, whether to increase their own importance, to fill their coffers, or to serve their friends, they invariably made it a rule to disregard all orders sent out from Spain,—the whole train of government servants, down to the very lowest officer, took upon themselves, in like manner, to put that interpretation upon their instructions which suited their own particular purposes at the moment.—(p. 452.) In this cavalier style even the Audiencias, or courts of justice, disposed not only of the royal mandates, but of those emanating from the viceroy. The only difference appears to have consisted in the degree of politeness with which the disobedience was announced. When the order bore the sign-manual, a sort of Eastern etiquette was observed—the despatch being first pressed to the lips, and then raised over the head, was accompanied by these words:—(p. 445)

'I obey, but shall certainly not execute, it being my intention to protest against these commands.'

Various minute regulations were laid down with respect to the nomination to vacant offices, which were as uniformly disregarded, and each situation given to the person who was willing to pay best: the following anecdote shows the levity with which this sort of profligacy was treated:—

'A suit came before the Audiencia, in which one of the parties well knew he had not the smallest title to success. He, therefore, cast about for the means of disposing the head of the government in his favour, and nothing, he found, could be easier than bribing the viceroy. When the day of trial came, care was taken to instruct the judges, who accordingly gave their votes for the guilty person, with the exception of one, who voted the other way, as his conscience was not so pliable. After the business was over, this judge waited upon the viceroy, to beg pardon for having presumed to differ from such high authority:—"But really the case," he said, "was so very clear, he could not bring himself to be guilty of such flagrant injustice." The viceroy listened attentively, and after assuring him there was nothing in all this to interrupt the good understanding subsisting between them, begged, in a friendly way, to ask whether or not any one had sought to influence his vote by the offer of bribes? The other admitted that some attempts had been made to corrupt him. The viceroy, upon learning the particulars, highly commended such purity and disinterestedness; and presently leading him to another room, in the middle of which stood a large golden fountain heaped up with coins, caskets of gold-dust, and bags of doubloons, told the judge he was not in

in the least surprised that his integrity had stood fast, since it had been assailed only by such petty temptations as a gold snuff-box, and a few candlesticks.'—p. 454.

During the residence of Ulloa and Juan at Panama, they had an opportunity of personally witnessing the extraordinary manner in which justice was thus bought and sold.—'Matters (say they) were here brought to such a pass, that the judges of the Audiencia, or chief court of justice, selected one of their number, a dexterous person, and gave him authority to negotiate with the contending parties as to what amount of bribes they were respectively disposed to give on the occasion. Nothing can be conceived more scandalous; for the decisions, pro and con, were thus fairly put up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. The details of the business were settled in this way:—the managing judge alluded to, first made a bargain with one of the parties, without, however, actually closing the cause; and having now ascertained the extent to which one suitor was inclined to go, proceeded to sound the other in like manner, all the while pretending to be personally interested in favour of the side he happened to be addressing—as a proof of which concern, he betrayed the confidence reposed in him by the other, urging strenuously the offer of a little more, that the voices of the other judges might be secured. When the bidding stopped, the court was assembled, and the decision, as a matter of course, given in favour of the person whose ultimatum had proved the most handsome.'—p. 464. The adroitness of this judicial auctioneer speedily recommended him to the notice of his superiors; he was promoted, in the course of three or four years afterwards, to a higher situation, and of course to more extensive opportunities of peculating.—p. 465.

In most of these anecdotes the men in office are, as might be supposed, the successful tricksters, it being the general custom to pay beforehand; yet sometimes they were outwitted. For example:—

'In the Audiencia of Quito an appeal cause came to be tried, in which the judges had already given their opinions so decidedly in favour of one party, that the other, who had no fortune, was driven to despair. In this extremity a device suggested itself, which he immediately adopted, as a sort of forlorn hope. Being slightly acquainted with the niece of one of the judges, he waited upon the uncle, and said that his sole object in pursuing this cause being the satisfaction of dispossessing his rival of the property so unjustly obtained, he had determined, in the event of a favourable decision, to make over the estate in dispute, unconditionally, to the young lady, his lordship's relative. The worthy judge, who up to this moment had been deaf to all solicitations, now began to listen to reason; and having soon discovered the true merits of the case, hastened to impart a portion of this new light to his brethren on the bench (*á desimpresionar á los demas*). The cause was in consequence examined, re-examined, and at length fully

fully decided in favour of the party who had no sort of right to succeed. As soon as he was fairly in possession of the property by the final judgment of the court, he called once more on his friend, and said he came to beg pardon for breaking his word, but really his circumstances were in such confusion, they did not admit of his paying compliments to young ladies at the expense of funds which were required for himself, and which were now his by legal title. The idle things he had promised, he avowed, were a mere manœuvre to gain his point; assuredly he would, as in duty bound, be most happy, by-and-by, if the estate turned out profitably, to show his gratitude to the judge by some present; but, in the mean time, was extremely sorry to say he had no spare money.'—p. 466.

These anecdotes show the operation of the system, in the quarter where it is most mischievous that corruption should exist; but the same laxity appears to have extended to every department of the government. Our authors enter minutely into many branches of the subject, and, with much good sense, always justify their opinions by incidents which occurred in their presence, or came to them unquestionably authenticated. Everything connected with the custom-house was in a strange state of disorganization—or, to speak more correctly, of organization—since the tarifs and other orders of the state were put aside, and a perfectly regular system of smuggling substituted. The whole of the chapter which treats of this system, called the 'Contrabanda,' is in the highest degree curious, as showing the irrepressible desire of man to possess the good things of this earth, when once he has become acquainted with their use. It is remarkable enough, however, that it never seems for a moment to have occurred to our liberal-minded authors, that the countries through which they were travelling, and where this forced trade was carried on to such an enormous extent, had any right to the benefits of legitimate commerce. They invariably consider this matter, solely as it may or may not affect the revenues of his Catholic Majesty's custom-house; and, without the least remorse, consider all parties who contravene its paramount interests as traitors to their country. The wants and wishes of the population they think nothing of; and instead of rejoicing, as one would imagine it difficult for generous minds like theirs not to do, on seeing the roads lined with droves of mules, transporting the produce of foreign countries to the interior, by whatever means introduced,—they only sigh bitterly over the profusion of bales and boxes which could thus find their way into the very heart even of those districts where the prohibitory regulations were the most rigid. It is, indeed, very curious to think how such men, who must have known by experience that the traffic in question was every way beneficial to the 'abettors, buyers, and receivers,' should never have thought of suggesting some relaxation in those enormous

mous duties and impolitic restrictions on lawful foreign intercourse, which they could not but see were the real causes of that extraordinary extent of contraband trade. But there is nothing more remarkable in the character of the old Spaniard, than this total absence of all feeling for the rights and wishes of his country's colonists: it seems more a part of his nature than an acquired prejudice, for it extends to the most generous individuals. So deeply engrained indeed is this selfishness on the part of the *Madre Patria*, that we are convinced there are scarcely half-a-dozen Spaniards alive, to whose souls the thought of the free commercial intercourse now enjoyed by the South Americans is not more deeply saturated with gall and wormwood, than even that of the political degradation of being dragooned by foreign troops at home.

The next subject which comes to be discussed, is the conduct of the ecclesiastical establishments; and here we feel, with our authors, that the ground is a very delicate one; but, however disagreeable it may be, it is much too important to be passed over: for the influence exerted by the Church of Rome over the manners of South America seems to have been immense; and, indeed, it is more than questionable whether a state of society, so destitute of all right principle of cohesion, could have held together, for any length of time at least, had it not been for the example and support of so large a body of highly disciplined, wealthy, and unprincipled ecclesiastics, armed with the two-edged sword of civil and religious authority.—It is not possible, we fear, by extracts, to give an adequate conception of this singular chapter; but we strongly recommend its perusal to any person who is curious to learn to what extent the profligacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood, in a perfectly unrestricted state, is capable of reaching. The following passage, near the commencement of the chapter, is pretty well for Spaniards, who, it must be recollected, are speaking, not of heretics nor aliens, but of their own church establishment, all the priests of which were their own countrymen:—

'The ecclesiastics of Peru consist of two sets, Seculars and Regulars, or Clergy and Monks; both of which lead such licentious and scandalous lives, that, although human nature is everywhere found to be weak—and in Peru, perhaps, feebler than elsewhere—yet it would seem that even there the priests are determined not to be outdone, but strive to excel every other class of the community in the infamy of their habits (el sobresalir á todos los demas en las pervertidas costumbres de su desarreglada vida); as if incontinence and every other vice ought to be most prominent and effective, in those upon whom the obligations of moral restraint might be expected to be the most binding. Accordingly, the members of all the different religious orders, whose most sacred duty it

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is to correct or prevent the backslidings of human frailty, are, on the contrary, the very worst sinners themselves; doing mischief, not only by the example which they set of every vicious indulgence, but by striving as much as they can to encourage similar wickedness in others.'

'Of all the vices which fatten and flourish in Peru,' say our greatly-shocked authors, 'the most scandalous and extensive is that of concubinage. No class, or even individual person, is exempt from this crying sin. Europeans, Creoles, bachelors, married men, clergymen, and friars —all alike. In short, though a little afraid of being accused of exaggeration, we make no exception to the rule, of which we shall bring forward some examples.'—p. 490.

'Before leaving Cuenca for Quito, upon one occasion, we called at a convent, to take leave of some friars of our acquaintance. On reaching one of the priests' cells, we found there three remarkably pretty girls and one reverend father, while in a bed on one side lay our friend whom we came to visit, senseless in a fit. All the young women, but particularly one of them, were busily employed in fumigating the monk, and using other approved remedies, to bring him to life. On begging to know the cause of all this commotion, we were told, that the girl whom we might observe to be most active in her attentions to the sufferer, was neither more nor less than his mistress. The day before it appeared that this couple had quarrelled, and while the priest was still out of humour with his fair friend, she indiscreetly placed herself before him, when preaching in a neighbouring church. The unexpected sight of the damsel had such an effect in reviving his anger, that he cut short his sermon, fell back in the pulpit, and had not yet recovered the use of his faculties. During our stay, the other friar entertained us with a detailed account of the laborious nature of his various duties, and concluded by telling us, that the second of these young ladies lived under his protection, and the third belonged to the Superior of his order.'—p. 495.

'It happened that a French gentleman of our party, having passed the evening at a fandango in the neighbourhood, fell into conversation with one of the ladies, and about midnight, when the dancing was over, offered his services to see her home. She cheerfully accepted his attentions, and, without any further remark, bent her steps straight to a convent of friars, and rapped at the gate. Her companion was quite thrown out and astounded, but waited to see the end of so strange a proceeding. In a few moments, the porter opened the door, and the lady stepping in, bade him good night, observing, that this was her house. The Frenchman's amazement may be easily conceived, for he had never before witnessed such an adventure; but, ere long, both he and all of us became sufficiently familiar with such things.'—p. 496.

An anecdote is given of an old priest who performed mass in a most patriarchal style, with his fifth mistress seated in the church at the head of a swarm of *his* children most of them *her* seniors, while another of his sons assisted at the altar. (p. 503).

At first sight it seems surprising that the bishops and other high authorities

authorities did not interfere to put a stop to these scandalous abuses—but, as our travellers observe, the evil had, from long use, become so rooted in the system, that it could hardly be weeded out; and, in the second place, the said dignitaries fully participated in the wickedness of the climate. This we learn from the most affecting story told of the treacherous methods used to ruin the daughter of a venerable caciqúe, or Indian chief, at a village in the interior of the country. We regret that the story is too long to translate entire; for it is well told, and, by some of its shocking details, proves even more than it is intended to illustrate; since such circumstances could not possibly have occurred in any society not *totally* demoralized. The Cura, or priest of the parish in question, had, it seems, in vain tried every art to subdue the native purity of this poor girl, who, though an Indian, and consequently despicable in the eyes of a Spaniard, was considered noble in her own nation. At length he devised a stratagem by which he not only overcame her scruples, but averted the indignation of the old cacique. It was pretended that in certain cases the church of Rome did grant permission for the clergy to marry; and the Cura, affecting to be extremely sorry for the wicked attempts he had heretofore made, declared his intention of now marrying the girl, provided he could procure from the bishop of the diocese the necessary dispensation. The poor Indian and his daughter were deceived by these assurances, and saw a courier set off and return with a forged despatch which they were told was the episcopal license. The marriage was accordingly solemnized by one of the assistants, without witnesses or any of the usual formalities, and after this the parties lived together as man and wife. The rest of the cacique's tribe, however, who had been often told that no clergyman could marry, and knew nothing of the mock ceremony, believed, in spite of what was said, that the daughter of their chief had at last fallen a victim to the arts of the priest, and bitterly deplored the degradation to which their race, and the family of their chief in particular, was reduced. In process of time the truth of the case became generally known; the priest, after being punished by a short suspension from his sacerdotal functions, *was removed by his bishop to another living;* the Indian girl and her children were turned adrift on the world; and the unfortunate old cacique died shortly afterwards of a broken heart.—p. 347.

The whole country appears to have groaned under the exactions levied upon it by the innumerable monastic establishments; on these, we have not leisure to enter into details; but there occurs at page 525 a passing remark, which shows the state of public sentiment

timent more clearly, perhaps, than could be done by any express descriptions.

'Whenever such subjects came to be discussed, they were viewed by the inhabitants with great detestation; and at the period when the war broke out with England, people spoke their minds with much freedom. Even the most prudent and best-informed laymen, and sometimes even the secular clergy, declared in our presence, that, provided the free exercise of their religion were guaranteed to them, they would consider it the greatest happiness that the country should be invaded and taken possession of by the English—were it for no other reason but to escape the obligation of paying such inordinate taxes to the convents.'—p. 525.

Although every page of this chapter affords evidence of the infamous character of the friars who swarmed in those regions, no express mention is made of the manner in which the stock was supplied from Spain. This omission is, however, made up by Mr. Barry, who was educated, and has resided great part of his life, in Spain;—and who, it is proper to observe, is of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Missionaries, he tells us, came annually from the different convents of South America to obtain reinforcements in the Peninsula. These recruits were generally the most perverse and stupid members of the Spanish religious houses, who had become a torment to the superior—refractory monks, who refused to conform to the rule of their order—often wretches, who had been expelled from convent after convent, and were now mere outcasts in their province. To such persons nothing could be more fascinating than the description of the licentious manners of their brethren in Peru, and accordingly the recruiting commissary easily filled his roll. When ready to start they were sent on board any ships which happened to be under sailing orders for the colonies; but so great was the repugnance of the captains to take in such a set of miscreants, that the governor was often obliged to force them on board at the point of the bayonet, and it sometimes happened that the departure of vessels was delayed for several months solely to get rid of these passengers. (Note to page 509.)

The only exception to this picture of ecclesiastical depravity in South America occurs in the case of the Jesuits, who really seem to have laboured, with all sincerity, to improve the condition of the natives, and who maintained, if not a perfect purity of manners, certainly such a comparative degree of virtue as gave these able and extraordinary men a great and useful influence. Our personal experience, indeed, of the traces left in those countries of the industry of this singular order had led us to expect that such faithful travellers

travellers as Ulloa and Juan would not fail to do them justice. We have room for only one short extract.

'The order of the Jesuits (they say) was of the highest utility in those countries—they established schools everywhere, and laboured incessantly to instruct the Indians, and improve their condition. They not only taught the doctrine of Christianity, but took care to inspire their pupils with just conceptions of its spirit. These good works were not confined to those parts of the country where they had established colleges; but extended to the most sequestered corners, farthest removed from adventitious assistance, and, under every circumstance, strenuously set their faces against the immoral practices so prevalent in those regions. The libraries of their colleges, the depositories of learning and piety, were open to every one, and in their own persons they were ready at all hours and seasons to perform the offices of charity and religion. In their churches, the service of God was performed in a reverent, decent, dignified manner; and, in short, the establishments of the Jesuits differed, in almost every respect, from those of all the other orders in South America.'

The editor has added, at the end of this chapter, an exceedingly valuable and interesting note about the Jesuits. He contends, with much ingenuity and force of argument, that the expulsion of this singular order of men contributed materially to accelerate the revolution in those countries, by removing the most powerful auxiliary to the blind and brutal despotism of Spain; for the Jesuits, with all their merits as teachers of the Indians, and practisers of external virtue in the midst of universal pollution, were still the most devoted slaves of their king, and might have been depended upon, to the last drop of their blood, in his worst services. We shall translate some passages of this note:—

'The editor's experience of these countries has served to convince him, that the continuation of the Jesuits, in America, might have stopped the revolution, or, at least, have retarded it above a century; or until a more dense population, more extensive knowledge, and other intellectual resources, had enabled them to work out their emancipation with greater unanimity and credit, and at less cost: . . . The influence of the Jesuits, in those countries, may be classed under three heads—in the capitals, and other large cities; in the towns and villages of the interior; and amongst the Indians. In the great cities, they were the absolute rulers of the minds of all the rich and powerful families; for it was only the servants and poor people who went to other convents. The whole of the young men, whom they educated, continued attached to them in a wonderful manner. The decorum of their outward manners, the strict conformity of their maxims with their actual conduct, their knowledge of the world, and the superior intelligence which they possessed over every other class in the country, all taken together, contributed to give them an undisputed ascendancy everywhere; so that, if at any time a faction had arisen against

against the king's authority, it would soon have disappeared at their command. In the towns of the interior, their influence was still more absolute. With respect to the sentiments and conduct of their missions, purely Indian, it is useless to say anything. What would have been the consequence of an attempt to stir up the people in any of those places?—inevitable ruin to the person who dared to interfere. The Indians would have united at their instigation, under the royal standard, not only to resist such attempts, but to repress insurrection in any other quarter. It is needless to show, that the Jesuits would have adhered steadily to the royal cause, for every one knows that the divine right of kings was proverbial amongst them. So that Charles III., by expelling the order, certainly relinquished the securest hold he possessed over the allegiance of his transatlantic dominions.'—p. 512.

The chapter which treats of the jealousy existing between the Peninsular Spaniards and the Creoles, or Spaniards born in the Colonies, presents a strange picture of a country divided against itself. In fact, to this one root may be traced many of those mighty evils, which overshadowed that unhappy land for so long a period. We have already had occasion to remark, what every one, who has seen anything of Spaniards, knows well enough,—that they cannot view with common patience any question which considers the South Americans as entitled to any rights of their own. Accordingly, we find that even these liberal-minded travellers, Ulloa and Juan, who show themselves singularly clear-sighted in everything else, totally mistake the real point of this part of the case. Although, however, they are quite wrong in their reasonings on the subject, nothing can be more faithful than their lively and graphic descriptions of the facts; and every page of this chapter will recal to every South American traveller many scenes, half-pleasant and half-painful at the moment, but pleasant enough to look back to now.

'It is quite enough to be born a Spaniard, or what the natives call a "chapeton," to secure the bitterest hatred of every Creole; and, in like manner, whoever has the fortune to be born in the Indies may reckon, with equal certainty, upon possessing the unremitting enmity of every old Spaniard. This ill-will is of so confirmed a nature, that it far exceeds that of nations actually at war with each other; in that case, occasional cessations of hostilities do occur—but between Peruvians and Spaniards there is no truce; and so far from intermarriages or other intimate connexions allaying these discords, an exactly opposite effect takes place; in proportion as these intimacies are multiplied, the flames of dissension increase; each fresh tie, instead of weakening, only gives new strength to the rancour. The whole land, indeed, is a field of domestic battle; not a spot but has its combat. In the interior, especially, where this intestine war

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is carried on with most vigour, the mass of the inhabitants, who have little or no intercourse with foreigners, may be said to pass their lives in purgatory, many of them in hell, so entirely is everything like peace taken away, and every occurrence made to augment, in one shape or other, the eternal hatred.'—pp. 415, 416.

This is strong language—and we read on with great interest, in hopes of coming to some rational explanation of such a monstrous anomaly in manners; but here disappointment awaited us. It almost always happened, say our authors, that shortly after a Spanish adventurer landed in Peru, (which he commonly did in a very miserable plight,) he got into office, and by thus sharing in the almost entire monopoly of the good things which were going, speedily became rich, and thus made himself an eligible match for the daughters of the noblest families in the country. It appears, accordingly, that persons thus situated found no difficulty in obtaining such alliances, for the ladies of Peru, it is said, always smile most graciously upon those who have most dollars in their pockets, be their birth or other qualifications what they may; and this pecuniary preference, no doubt, was one of the most frequent sources of hostility between the Creoles and Spaniards. But however wealthy or powerful the *chapetones* might become, it was not possible for them, our authors say, to wash out the remembrance of their former beggarly condition; so that this reproach was sure to be flung in their teeth, by their wives, and even by their children, on the slightest provocation. These reproaches, the truth of which formed their sting, were shared by all, or nearly all the other Spaniards on the spot, who, of course, made common cause to resent a common affront, while the Creole friends of the lady ranged themselves on the other side; and thus began a disgraceful fight, never probably to be concluded in the lifetime of either party. We are next informed, that if there be any one point upon which a Creole prides himself beyond everything else, it is the imagined possession of advantages to which, according to the account of these Spaniards, he has not the smallest title; namely, antiquity, nobility, and purity of descent: this ridiculous family pride, it is asserted, encumbers the race at all times, and occupies all their thoughts and words. And lastly, to this inordinate vanity is superadded, we are told, an unconquerable indolence, which enables the Spaniards, by outstripping them in every branch of industry, to gain wealth by trade and agriculture, and thereby to rob them of the smiles of their mercenary countrywomen.

Now this, we believe, is, in so far as it goes, a perfectly true statement; but it is one which treats more of the *how*, than the *why*. The poor Creole, in fact, was obliged, of absolute necessity,

sity, to fall back upon the empty topic of family dignity, solely in consequence of the Spaniards having left him nothing more substantial to occupy his thoughts; and, in like manner, he was indolent, for no other reason than because he was debarred from the privileges of competition. But let us go on with the picture before us.

'From the first dawning of reason in the children which sprung from these marriages, they were taught by their mothers and relations to abominate with all their little hearts and souls every Spaniard whatsoever, their fathers inclusive. As the children grew up, this vindictive feeling increased, so that it was no uncommon thing to hear young Creoles exclaim, "that, if it were possible, they would draw every drop of Spanish blood from their veins, that its current might not contaminate the pure stream they derived from their mother!"'

Our Peninsular authors see nothing but absurdity in this indignant mode of expressing their feelings, and ask whether anything can be more preposterous—since, if the wish expressed could be granted, and the Spanish blood extracted, none could remain but that of Negroes or of Indians. A Spanish comment indeed upon a Creole text!—We find it impossible to insert above a tenth part of the passages we had marked as extracts from this chapter, all tending to show how completely the framework of society was dislocated by these animosities—animosities which, in the opinion of our authors, were well nigh incurable. Here was extremely delicate ground, we admit, for loyal Spaniards to tread; but still we fancy that we can sometimes discover, even in their very guarded writing, a casual expression, implying a conviction that sooner or later some dreadful political catastrophe must occur,—in short that the gangrene which threatened the life of the whole body politic of the empire could be arrested only by an unsparing amputation of one of its most important limbs.

In a note to this chapter, (p. 448,) the editor discusses, with his usual good sense, and that local familiarity with his subject which gives truth and point to all he says, the real causes of this unremitting hatred between the colonies and the mother-country,—causes to which, as he justly observes, Juan and Ulloa could scarcely advert, the essential evil being neither less nor more than the abuse of power by the very persons to whom their report was addressed.

'Every appointment,' he tells us, 'whether in the church, the judicial department, or that of the revenue, in short, every civil as well as military nomination, emanated from the court of Madrid. The ecclesiastical situations, which were immensely numerous and lucrative, were almost in every instance filled by Spaniards; indeed, it was no unusual

unusual thing to see the whole chapter of a diocese, from the bishop to the lowest prebendary, all Europeans. Long before a vacancy occurred in South America, the successor used to be named at Madrid, where he remained ready to start at a moment's warning. In the judicial department, the exclusion of the Creoles was still more rigorous and galling to their feelings. The presidents of the courts, the judges, the fiscals, and other officers of the Audiencias, as well as the governors and magistrates, secretaries and treasurers, were all appointed from home. In the revenue department, the same partial system prevailed to such an extent, that one might fancy the ministry in Madrid believed no Creole could either read or write. Very few, if any natives, were permitted to serve in the regular forces of the country, their rank being limited to a colonelcy in the unembodied militia; which, in fact, was an empty title, as these troops were never called into active service, except in the very rare event of a foreign attack. Among the regular clergy, too, it may well be supposed these jealousies found abundant vent, and the convents became the scenes of furious battles between the friars, who opposed vehemently the election of any native to the situation of provincial or prior.

These evils, bad enough in themselves, were rendered still more irksome to the South Americans by the description of persons sent out. The valet of a secretary of state was pretty sure of being rewarded by an appointment as governor. The brother of any particularly pleasing young lady, who had the good fortune to enjoy the protection of a grandee about court, reckoned with certainty upon being made an intendant. Any shrewd or intriguing sycophant, who, by underhand offices, had contrived to bring about some favourite project, became a regent or a judge. The highly-honoured individual who had the happiness to shave his majesty's beard had always great influence, and was looked upon as a moderate man if he contented himself with naming his son collector of the South American customs. On the other hand, if it happened amongst the grandees that one of the family proved himself unworthy to serve in the army, by running away in battle, or by otherwise disgracing himself, he was forthwith shipped off to the colonies—to command a fort. If any province were afflicted with a stupid, thick-headed ecclesiastic, of whom nothing could be made at home, straightway he was got rid off, by transmuting him into a Peruvian bishop, or at least dean. Incompetency and profligacy, in short, of every description, were the surest roads to promotion in the Indies.

'Taking all these things into consideration,' says the indignant editor, 'is it to be wondered that the Creoles should have been thoroughly disgusted with the Europeans set over them? Or is it not rather matter of astonishment that they should have submitted so long? But they had no one to whom they could complain, they had not energy enough to resist, and their only consolation seems to have consisted in execrating the usurpers of their birthrights.'—p. 448.

The picture drawn by Ulloa and Juan of the civil and eccle-

siastical administration of these colonies, and of the state of domestic society in them, is sufficiently discreditable to the Spanish character, and our readers will scarcely believe it possible that anything much worse remains behind; but this official report shows that the conduct of the Spaniards towards the Creoles might be considered praiseworthy and kind, compared to the treatment which their Indian subjects met with in those unhappy territories. This part of the document is one of great importance, not only in a historical point of view, like most of the passages above referred to, but as touching a great question still before us; for it may be remarked, that we really know as yet very little of the practical effect of the South American revolutions on the condition of the Aborigines, an extensive class of the inhabitants, and interesting to us in many points of view, especially as claiming our compassion for their helplessness and ignorance—They are, in truth, politically speaking, mere children; and it is earnestly to be hoped that this simplicity of character, which, in times past, seems to have made them the easy prey of their rapacious and heartless rulers, will henceforth meet with other treatment. No fewer than five chapters are devoted to this branch of the subject—one which, to ourselves, exceeds in interest any other introduced by the writers, although we are sorry to say that our limits put it quite out of our power to do it justice at present.

'Such is the afflicting nature of this subject,' say our amiable authors, 'that we cannot enter upon it without expressing the deepest compassion for the wretched fate of a people who had no crime but simplicity of heart. This tyranny, under which the Indians have so long groaned, has been produced by the insatiable avarice of the Spaniards, who were not restrained from extorting money by any consideration whatsoever. There were various methods of accomplishing this purpose, the principal one being a capitation-tax of eight dollars per annum on every Indian from the age of eighteen to fifty-five, often collected with great injustice, two or three times over.'—pp. 230—232, 233.

This tribute, however, as it was called, has been already so often described by other authors, that we prefer giving an account of another method of obtaining money from these helpless beings, more cruel, in every respect, than anything we remember to have read of, even in the histories of Asiatic despotism. We allude to what are called, in Spanish, Repartimientos, which might be translated 'forced allotments:' but we shall use the original word in describing the thing itself, which, as far as we know, is of pure Spanish invention, and which, we hope, will never be translated to any other country.

The corregidors, or magistrates, appear to have had almost absolute

absolute power in their respective districts, and they exercised it without scruple or remorse. When first nominated to their situations, they were generally in indigent circumstances; but, as their future fortune was certain, they found no difficulty in procuring credit from the shopkeepers at Lima, who were, in fact, very glad of these opportunities to get rid of their damaged or unsaleable goods. In one way or another, then, the corregidor contrived to carry with him to the interior a large quantity of the worst description of merchandise. As soon as he reached his new station, he commenced his administration, by inspecting in person all the different villages under his orders; and, having called over the names of the Indians, placed against each a certain portion of the goods in question, not only without consulting the wants or wishes of the poor people themselves, but without even letting them know the quantity they were to have forced upon them, or the prices they were to pay. This done, the corregidor passed on to another village—having first handed the list to the cacique, or chief, who read to his fellow-villagers what had been set down against his own name and theirs. As soon as these poor wretches heard the quantity of goods they were to take, and the exorbitant charges, they were thrown into the greatest despair; but all the representations of the cacique, and the lamentations of the people, were of no avail—it signified nothing that the whole village did not contain money enough to make up such a sum, still less did it avail to represent that the things were not such as were wanted,—that they were absolutely useless,—that the cost was enormously greater than had ever been charged for similar articles before. The corregidor turned a deaf ear to all that was said, only insisting resolutely upon the payment being completed, and threatening defaulters with punishments as severe as if the royal tribute had been in arrears. Two years and a half were generally allowed the Indians to make up the whole amount of the exaction.

Besides these regular periodical Repartimientos, the corregidors took care never to visit any village for the purpose of collecting money (and they seldom went for any other purpose) without carrying along with them a stock of goods ready to thrust upon those who might happen to have been the most prompt in their payments. Recourse was not now had to precisely downright violence, as in the first or great Repartimiento, but the corregidors had then studiously contrived to dispose of all their useless articles, and kept back for the secondary occasions such things as were really serviceable to the Indians—and of these they were now allowed to make their own selection; until they had done so, however, not a word was said of the price; to name that, after the things were chosen, was a privilege which every corregidor reserved to himself. It is

needless to say, the Indians were strictly prevented from purchasing anything in other quarters, the only shop in the village being kept by the corregidor.—p. 242.

The absurdity of these Repartimientos equalled their injustice :—

'Of what earthly use,' say the commissioners, 'could a yard or two of velvet or brocade be to a half-naked Indian, employed in digging in the fields or running barefoot by the side of a mule; and who, at the very moment he is driven to his wits' ends to procure the mere necessaries of life, finds himself loaded with a debt of forty or fifty dollars, for a bit of finery which he despises? A poor man, whose highest ambition was, at some future time, to be able to indulge in a pair of the coarsest worsted hose, was obliged to receive half a dozen pairs of silk stockings. Another had spectacles placed by compulsion before eyes, already sufficiently clear to see all the contents of his smoky mud-hut. Some were compelled to encumber themselves with great locks, though the slightest twist of a thong was more than sufficient to secure the access to a hovel, which no mortal would have taken the trouble to enter, had it been left wide open. Indians, who had no beards, and indeed never cut their hair at all, were nevertheless amply supplied with razors. On the same judicious principles, they were never left without stationery, though they could not write a word. Cards and dice, the use of which they could not even conjecture—snuff-boxes, combs—(a comb to an Indian!)—buttons, to those who had no clothes; books, and all sorts of things—the sweepings of the shops in Lima, were forced upon these poor people; articles in every respect unsuited to their tastes, and far beyond their means,—but for all of which they were compelled to pay the corregidor.'—p. 248.

'Such,' say our travellers—after telling some frightful anecdotes of this system,—'such is a fair picture of the administration of the corregidors—fellows whose sole study was to amass wealth at all hazards; and who, at the expiration of their five years, though their salary was not above two or three thousand dollars, generally contrived to carry off two or three hundred times as much; indeed many have been known to clear not less than half a million of dollars!'—p. 254.

In a note by the Editor (p. 254) we have some curious additional remarks, and a notice of the revolt of the famous cacique, Tupac-Amaru, in 1780, in consequence of the tyranny of two corregidors, Aloz and Arriaga, who, by imposing three Repartimientos in one year, in place of one in two years and a half, (the usual infliction,) drove the Indians to despair. They took abundant revenge at the moment, by putting every Spaniard near them to death; but in the end, after a desolating war of three years, sunk, as usual, under European discipline; and the poor chief, Tupac-Amaru, was put to death by his conquerors, in a manner too horrible to describe, being first made to witness the slaughter of his wife and children. This formidable insurrection had the good effect of alarming the government; and from that time the Repartimientos

tinientos were put an end to: but the mita, the tribute, and every other species of tyranny, were maintained to a much later date.

We have scarcely the heart to go on with this story;—the worst parts of it are still to come. Even this *repartimiento* was nothing to the *mita*, or compulsory service of the Indians. Every village was forced to supply annually a given number of hands, for the purpose of being sent to work under the lash in the mines, in the public *haciendas*, or farms, or, which seems to have been the worst fate of all, in the *obrajes*, or manufactories. *Ex facie*, the Indians, who were thus forced from their homes and natural occupations, were by law entitled to their release at the end of the year; but means were always devised by which their slavery became perpetual. A nominal sum, from fourteen to eighteen dollars, was allotted to each labourer, who, for this pretended hire, was bound to work three hundred days in each year, leaving for Sundays and holidays the remaining sixty-five. But the master kept an account of any days lost above this number by sickness or other causes, and the Indian had to make these up by extra work in the following year.—(p. 268.) Of the eighteen dollars mentioned above, eight were at once subtracted to pay the Indian's tribute to the king; from the ten which remained, two and a quarter were still further deducted to pay for his clothes; so that only seven dollars and three-quarters were left for the maintenance of himself and his family, for their clothing, and for the heavy exactions of the church, which were never remitted. Nor was this all; for, the little patch of ground allowed to the Indian, for the cultivation of his maize, being inadequate to raise a sufficient quantity, he was compelled to buy monthly from his master half a fanega more; and as he charged six reals for this, (more than double the proper price,) the wretched Indian's bill at the end of the year, for maize alone, amounted to nine dollars, or one dollar and a quarter more than it was possible for him to gain; so that after labouring for three hundred days in the year exclusively for his master, to say nothing of the culture of his own garden, and having received only a coarse cloth wrapper and twelve fanegas of maize, he found himself in debt a sum which, as he could not discharge it in money, was carried to account of next year's work. In process of time, as it was physically impossible to discharge so many accumulating obligations, &c. the Indian became, to all intents and purposes, a slave for life: and in order to complete the iniquity, the children, being made responsible for the father's debts, were forced to work on, after his death, till these were all discharged, which of course was prevented from ever happening by the same swindling processes. (p. 271.)—When a set of newly-drawn men set out for the *obrajes*, their whole tribe assembled, and, with lamentations solemn and funereal, bade them adieu for ever.

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The Curas now re-appear on the stage. It is well said at the beginning of the third chapter of Part Second, (perhaps the most remarkable in the whole volume,) that after what has been written of the boundless rapacity of the corregidors, the cruelties of the mita, the injustice of the repartimientos, the forcible occupation of the Indian territory, the utter absence of all legal protection in the case of the natives, and the rapid decrease of their over-worked population, it might fairly be supposed that their measure of suffering was full to the brim; but the fact was otherwise: for those persons, whose sacred duty it was to soothe and protect them, used all their authority to augment the hardships of their fate, and thus added intense mental misery to every bodily suffering which human nature could bear.—(p. 334.) From the moment the priest reached his appointed station, he set about screwing out of his flock as large a portion as he could of the little money left by the corregidors. Every device that could be thought of was adopted to multiply saints' days and other festivals, as on these occasions something was always levied for saying mass, for a sermon, for the procession, for incense, for wax candles, and so on: all these fees were demanded in ready money; and when the poor wretches had none, they were stripped of their poultry, eggs, and pigs, and were often left to live upon wild herbs and roots. While the priest in his own person was thus *working* money, as they termed it in mining phraseology, out of the Indian men, an ally, faithful in this matter at least, his concubine, contrived to make no small profit out of their wives and daughters. This she accomplished by getting up a little obraje of her own, where she forced them all to work at her different jobs. One she set to spin, another to sew, a third to weave; while to those who were too infirm for such tasks, she distributed a cock and a hen a-piece, requiring the old women to produce in return so many chickens, at the end of a certain period.—(p. 340.) These private obrajes, be it noted, were sometimes held in the church, and, in order that no time might be lost, the workers were placed with their noisy looms at one end of the holy edifice, while the Señor Cura was saying mass at the other.—(p. 341.) The Indian's lot while alive was no enviable one, and it was not to be expected that he should be much more considered after his death. Accordingly, we find that the body was usually left unburied, to be devoured by vultures and dogs, unless a sufficient sum of money was collected to defray the priest's fees for the funeral. But if there happened to be any property left by the Indian, the priest always contrived to secure the whole of it, to the exclusion of the widow and children; and the manner in which he effected this was of a piece with the rest of the system, for he insisted upon giving the deceased a sumptuous funeral, though directly against the wishes of the survivors, and then

then sent in an all-devouring bill, against which there was no appeal.—p. 341.

In return for this total sacrifice of liberty and fortune, it is triumphantly alleged by Spanish writers, that there was given to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country the inestimable blessing of Christianity; but, alas! it is scarcely possible to imagine a more complete mockery than what was called the conversion of the Indians in South America. Let us listen to the statement of the official report before us:—

'As we have now fully exposed the tyrannical conduct of the priests, as well as the profligacy of their manners, it only remains to describe the nature of the spiritual charge they take of their flocks; and what measures they have adopted for the instruction of the Indians in the principles of Christianity. It has already been mentioned, that just before mass on Sundays a few words of the doctrines of the faith were read. This, we found, was done in the following manner. All the inhabitants of the village, male and female, being assembled in the churchyard—the men on one side, the women on the other—and seated on the grass, the service alluded to began. The person who officiated was not the priest himself, but generally an old blind Indian, maintained for this purpose. Having placed himself in the midst of the congregation, he began to chant certain prayers in a tone between speaking and singing, in which he was followed word for word by his auditors. This service, which was read sometimes in Spanish, (of which these people know not a word,) and sometimes in the Inca language, lasted for about half an hour, *and in this consisted the whole of the Christian instruction given to the natives in South America.* The result was, that an Indian of sixty or seventy years old, knew no more of the matter than a child of as many months. Neither one nor the other, indeed, ever learned a syllable beyond what a parrot might have been equally well taught in the same time. No person was ever catechized, nor was any explanation given of the holy mysteries. In point of fact, the attention of the congregation was solely directed to the music of the chanter's voice, and although they learned to repeat by rote certain phrases, not a single spark of meaning ever entered along with the words. So deplorable indeed was their ignorance, that when we asked them "of whom does the Holy Ghost consist?" they sometimes answered, "the Father," and sometimes said, "The Virgin Mary;" but if interrogated more closely, it became evident they either answered at random, or framed such replies as they fancied would be most acceptable to us. The only two things to which, on these occasions, the priest attended with hearty zeal and diligence were—first, to see that no one came empty-handed; and secondly, to ascertain that the contribution was what it ought to be: these material points settled, he considered the duties of his holy office as fulfilled. After these meetings, the Indians were in the habit of indulging in the most horrible debauchery, and the priests, so far from repressing such scenes, took care to encourage them, solely on account of the gain which they reaped from the meeting.

On

On these occasions the whole party got drunk upon chica, and before the evening was over, fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters, were seen rolling about on the ground indiscriminately.'—p. 350.

'In short,' to adopt the conclusion of these official commissioners, 'if we examine the moral and religious state of the Indians, miscalled converted, we must frankly confess that it is difficult to discover the difference for the better between their condition when first discovered, and that in which we see them at present.'—p. 353.

This is enough, and perhaps it will be thought more than enough, to give our readers an idea of this very singular book. Our extracts from it have been made with perfect fairness; but it may very possibly be remarked, that they are, without exception, unfavourable to the Spaniards. Such is the case; and we must say distinctly that it is not the least striking feature in this report, that while it is singularly minute and circumstantial in all its details, there is not one circumstance recorded to relieve the gloom of all-over-shadowing despotism. In the history of every other country, however barbarously peopled—however despotically governed—there is always something, however small, to cheer the prospect, and to save the national character from absolute degradation; but in South America, by the showing of two Spanish authors of the highest character for knowledge and veracity, whose wish, on every account, it must have been to represent things as favourably as possible, there seems to have been absolutely nothing to set off the general darkness of injustice, rapacity, and cruelty. The personal conduct of the Jesuits may be supposed to form something like an exception, and to a certain extent this is true; but it must be recollected that the whole weight of their extensive authority was directed to the unqualified support of those principles of government which thus afflicted the Spanish colonies during three dark and bloody centuries, and which still oppress the mother-country herself.

It may, perhaps, be asked—why, supposing the melancholy details of this Report to be true, we have taken so much pains to extend their publicity, since the countries to which the book refers have been revolutionized, and a new order of things established? In the first place, we are by no means certain that any important amelioration in the condition of the Indians has taken place; and we are not without hopes that these remarks may have the effect of exciting travellers to investigate a question in every respect important to the well-being of those great countries, and consequently also to us, who are now so intimately connected with them. We think, in the next place, that a thorough insight into the policy of the administration which so long directed the affairs of South America, may afford the means of understanding many anomalies,

anomalies which occur, from time to time, in the government of the New States; and enable our statesmen at home, as well as those persons whose business leads them to establish a personal intercourse with the inhabitants, to make greater allowances for the ignorance and prejudice by which it is quite natural to suppose they must still be distinguished, though the original cause may be gone. They have as yet enjoyed the advantages of freedom for a very short interval, and it is the most unreasonable thing possible to expect that, for one generation at least, there will not be discernible on the modern character many traces of the ancient evils. That the Creoles have already, in many districts at least, greatly improved in manners, and in political sentiment, is most certain; and we know that, in proportion as they have learned to respect themselves, their inbred distrust of strangers has subsided. They can now feel, in some degree, and we believe they really begin to understand, that commercial intercourse may be quite as beneficial to themselves as to the foreigners, who, while they carry away nothing but the superfluous gold and silver, leave more than an equivalent behind. These and a hundred other maxims, in other nations considered the flattest common-places, are, only just beginning to gain admission with the South Americans; but still it frequently happens in those countries, that when foreigners are perplexed by inconsistencies, they are too apt to fancy there is dishonesty, where it is merely ignorance that interrupts business.

The South Americans themselves, also, we are quite sure, will do well to study this volume with care. In many places, it cannot fail to wound their pride; but it may be advantageously used as a sort of mirror, by which they may discover the existence of many spots which no other means could have detected, and thus enable them much sooner to gain the esteem and the confidence of nations, which it ought to be their chief study to conciliate. The example of the contempt and beggary into which their ancient rulers have now fallen, solely by a perseverance in the system which it is the object of this book to expose, ought to act as a fearful warning to them; and though we cannot expect its effect to be as immediate as we could wish, it is certain that their surest course to happiness lies now, and must continue to lie, in steering clear of the political vices so palpably put forward in this report. The South Americans have now an opportunity of retrieving their national character, and this they can only do by proving to the world that heretofore they have been unfairly dealt with, and that the reiterated assertion made by the Spaniards, of their utter incapacity to govern their own country, was a libel devised by a band of oppressors,—not a truth derived from observation of external facts, and, worse still, from the secret sympathies of common blood equally predisposed for slavery. At

At times, indeed, we confess there come over our minds the most painful misgivings on this subject; for the South Americans, in fact, are really Spaniards, let them say what they will;—their language, religion, and manners, as well as their education, moral and political, are all the same; and we should have much greater hopes of them were the reproaches so liberally used by their former masters, as to the contamination of their blood, better founded than any one can take them to be. It is, indeed, impossible to meet a Spaniard, or one of his descendants, without an involuntary feeling of personal regard; there is something so gentle and friendly in his address, with a slight touch of the gracefulness of oriental manners left him by the Moors, that the individual irresistibly engages our good will, and makes us forget those defects in his character which are the real causes of the downfal of his nation. But the South Americans, as well as the Spaniards, are unfortunately destitute of those habits of business which give this country, and North America, so great an ascendancy over the rest of the world: they have a positive delight in procrastination, punctuality is pain to them, and they are almost always more willing to submit to what is disagreeable than to take the trouble of shaking it off. This indolence, however it may have been originally produced, is the real cause of the deep disgrace which has come upon them; and until they spread a great deal more canvass, they must be left, as a matter of course, far astern of other nations. We do not think this is yet properly felt in England, for we hear, in many companies, the most lavish praises of the patience and uncomplaining fortitude with which the refugees from the Peninsula bear their fate. Now, although we should be sorry to say anything to check the tide of public charity which keeps these poor people alive, it is impossible to deny that this very indifference to personal comfort, and respectability of station individually, is the real cause of their national misfortunes. When half a dozen of Spaniards live in a garret in London upon what would not feed a couple of Englishmen, and not only exist but are comfortable, or, at all events, patient and tranquil, they are sustained, we conceive, by exactly the same class of feelings which enables the great mass of their countrymen to bear the tyranny established at home. In the Castilian idiom, this is called pride, or dignity—in English, it is apathy. Let us change places for a moment: suppose as many English refugees in Madrid as there are Spaniards in London:—would they be content to smoke their segars, and say 'Sessa—let the world slide,' were a government like that of Ferdinand VII., and a protecting army like that of the Dauphin, established here?

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At the very time when the Report of Ulloa and Juan was issuing from the London press, a work upon the same subject, with exactly similar pretensions as to authenticity, was making its way into the world in Madrid. The first, however, is edited by, and printed at the expense of, an Englishman; while the other comes forth from the discreet hands of a monk of the order of San Juan, and at the cost of his Catholic Majesty's exchequer.

This work (which is also named at the head of our paper) professes to be a collection of all the voyages and discoveries by sea made by the Spaniards since the close of the fifteenth century; illustrated by documents hitherto unpublished, concerning the nautical history of Spain, and the establishments formed by that nation in the Indies. The introduction, though very dull, is learned, and contains a valuable history of the progress of maritime discovery; and we learn from it that the original papers by which the voyages of Columbus, Cortes, and others are to be accompanied, have been found in the archives of Madrid, and are all forthwith to be printed verbatim, and with the spirit of perfect truth. This being the case, Mr. Barry, it appears, might have saved himself the labour and the expense of printing the 'Noticias Secretas,' as there can be no doubt that the Catholic king's faithful vassal, Don Martin Fernandez de Navarete, is much too candid to refuse to Ulloa and Juan the important illustration which their celebrated voyage receives from the report which we have been discussing, and which of course must pass through his hands. There are, however, certain expressions towards the end of the introduction, which incline us to think that Mr. Barry's copyright will not be invaded by any Spanish pirates.—The sentences which leave this impression upon our minds, and which we would have Mr. Barry consider attentively before he trusts his neck again in Spain, are as follows:—

'By the publication of the works alluded to, the genuine history of the New World will be made known—the truth will stand forth in all its brilliancy, to dispel the clouds of error and of prejudice, and the effects of that mischievous system which falsifies the principles of legitimacy and good order in one quarter of the world, and tramples under foot the most sacred of all rights in another, to the destruction of those maxims of peace, brotherly love, and union, which ought to extend over the whole earth. The Indians in South America will look back with gratitude from those terrible scenes which are now acting around them, to the tender solicitude and the unceasing care with which the kings of Spain always watched over their interests and happiness.'—*Coleccion de los Viages, &c.*

In support of these assertions, we are favoured with the dying speech of *the* Isabella, who, calling her husband and some of her

her sons about her, enjoined them to see that the Indians, after her death, were not treated with injustice or cruelty. We grievously suspect her Most Catholic Majesty's conscience must have been pricking her at that fatal moment, when the immeasurable distance which had heretofore seemed to exist between a throne and a mud-hut, had been narrowed to two small steps. A number of other royal authorities, equally valuable, are cited for the same purpose in this curious introduction; and even Dr. Robertson is dragged in to make out a case. That historian's evidence, however, like that of the prince of all witnesses, his countryman Cuddie Headrig, is but little to the purpose of the interrogators; for he merely says, that, 'in the laws promulgated for the government of the Indians, he could perceive no traces of that cruel system attributed to the Spaniards.' Nothing can be more true; for the 'Leyes de las Indias' are a model of all that is generous—but, in point of fact and practice, they were quite as ineffectual as if their framers had been legislating for the inhabitants of the moon. Then follows a bitter philippic against the Creoles or Spanish Americans, who it seems have been seduced from their allegiance by the fantastical arguments and selfish policy of *trading nations,* whose sophisticated reasonings have plunged them into the lowest state of misery.—(p. cx.) In the enumeration of the various benefits conferred on the inhabitants of South America by the Spaniards, it is pleasant enough to encounter the word *repartimiento.*—(p. cxii.)

Comparisons, our author seems to forget, are as odious in Spanish as in other idioms; yet nothing can be a better proof of his gallantry in the use of his weapons than his daring appeal to the world on the subject of colonization.

'Did the English,' he asks, 'treat the Canadians better than we did the Indians? or were the inhabitants of those colonies now called the United States a bit better off? What was done in Jamaica?—how many millions have fallen victims to powder and cold iron (polvora y hierro) in Hindostan?'

But the most unfortunate use of this argument is where he loses his temper altogether, and roars out, 'Shall we compare Robespierre with Hernan Cortes, and Marat with Pizarro?' Now, for our parts, we see no objection to this comparison, except that the loss is all on the side of the Frenchmen.—We can imagine the delight with which a genuine bigot of the Escurial would listen to the following sentences of page cxiii:—

'It was from this destructive volcano (the French revolution) that those flashes of lightning came forth which dazzled the eyes of Spain, Naples, Piedmont, and Portugal. But this will all pass like a dream, and leave nothing but sorrow and remorse behind. Experience is

is the greatest of all undeceivers; and the day is fast approaching when the veil will be torn from their eyes, and the South Americans will curse, in the bitterness of their hearts, those strangers who have laboured to tyrannize over and impoverish them—especially by the establishment of commercial relations (trafico mercantil), and the introduction of machinery (ingeniosas invenciones); thus separating them from their mother-country, filling them with hatred and vengeance against their European brethren, corrupting their manners, concealing or falsifying the good actions of their ancestors, and all because they well know that a corrupt and effeminate population will be the more easily enslaved.'

This trash is sufficient to show the bitter mortification with which the Spaniards view the rising prosperity of South America, and the obstinacy which makes them still cling to the empty shadow of colonial power. We confess we are not charitable enough to feel any great compassion for their distress upon this occasion; if we regret anything, it is the long forbearance our government displayed in not sooner acknowledging the independence of the countries in question, merely because they conceived that the mother-country ought to lead the way. How different has been the conduct of England from that of Spain, in circumstances precisely similar! When our great American colonies revolted, we certainly endeavoured to subdue them by force of arms, and, fortunately for all parties, we failed; but as soon as the contest became hopeless, though our military hold of the country was still considerable, we at once sent out commissioners to acknowledge the independence of the States;—we shook hands, like generous foes, mutually pleased to end hostilities; and from that hour (for one silly interruption may be easily forgotten) have been useful friends to each other. Spain, however, cannot be made to see the advantages of yielding to this spirit of mutual forgiveness and oblivion; but after being beat out of every corner of the country, and sulkily refusing to enter into any amicable relations, still ministers to her false pride by a pertinacious refusal to acknowledge the independence of immense territories, long since, to all intents and purposes, as free from her influence, as if they had never belonged to her.

We turn, however, from this pettish behaviour, to give it no worse name, to a much more important topic—the probable advancement of the New States in political importance. We have seen what the sons of Englishmen can do when left to themselves in a new country: the experiment remains to be tried with the descendants of Spaniards. Our expectations, we confess, have fluctuated greatly upon this subject. We have sometimes felt serious apprehensions, that their indolence, the spiritless moderation of their wants, and the consequent absence of those influences which

which might have urged them to the acquisition of better habits, will for a long time retard their progress. On the other hand, the possession of political power, and the unrestricted enjoyment of the benefits of commerce, must introduce, we should hope, higher tastes and higher objects of industry and ambition; whilst a free intercourse with foreigners, and the consequent dissemination of the literature of other countries, will extend their knowledge, and improve their manners; and by teaching them that there is no road to national importance but that of public and private virtue, bring them to respect in themselves, and to encourage, for their own sake, those principles of honour, without which their mines of gold and silver, even were they a hundred times richer than they seem to be, would fail to give them the slightest weight in the scale of nations.

We cannot conclude without returning for a moment to the 'Noticias Secretas.'—We do so, for the purpose of expressing our regret that the able and judicious editor has been very sparing of his notes, and our hope that he may be less so when he gives us his English translation of the book. He has, we well know, much to say that would at the present time interest all, and that might perhaps benefit many. That, in his edition of the Spanish Report, he has abstained from any considerable discussions on the present state of the countries to which it refers, was, upon the whole, perhaps, wise; but surely such silence cannot be called for in a book expressly intended for the English public. It is no secret that Mr. Barry (who, being a Catholic, had been educated in Spain, and who had, at an earlier period of life, travelled extensively in the Spanish Colonies) was the person chosen to conduct one of the greatest of the recent schemes for applying English capital to the improvement of the new states; and that in this capacity he made a tour which lasted nearly three years, and embraced almost every district of Spanish America, in which a traveller could consider himself as safe. It is also well known that he has returned home in the full belief, that every attempt on the part of Englishmen to conduct mining speculations, or agricultural speculations, or indeed any speculation whatever, (except a petty business of money dealing in sea-ports may be called one,) in those states, until the governments are more settled than they now are, and the people more unlike their fathers, must be attended with ruinous consequences. In a word, we know (we have, of course, proper authority to make such a statement) that Mr. Barry's opinion on this subject is quite as strong as that of Mr. Miers; and that of Peru, in particular, he speaks altogether as unfavourably as the other does of Chile. We would fain believe, that the view which Mr. Barry takes of these matters is too dark;

dark; and can scarcely doubt that personal disappointments have had some influence in tinging it. But one thing is, we think, clear—Mr. Barry's evidence ought to be given at length: his character as a Catholic will lend it special value on many points; and it is obvious that his perfect previous familiarity with the language and manners, both of Spain and Spanish America, must have given him advantages for observing and understanding the effects of the recent convulsion, very superior to what could have been enjoyed by Mr. Miers, or indeed by any Englishman who has as yet published an account of these revolutionized Colonies.

ART. II.—*Anne Boleyn. A Dramatic Poem. By the* Rev. H. H. Milman, *Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.* London. 1826.

IT is a misfortune for a poet—above all for a tragic poet—to be born after Shakspeare; but it is one that he cannot avoid; nor is the evil entirely, or even chiefly, external. A modern poet is not only subject to comparison with the elder masters of his art, in the mind of his reader; but in the concoction of his plan, and during the composition of his work, he subjects himself to the same comparison, in his own mind. Because Nature has made him a poet, he is not, therefore, to despise the assistance of Art. He who willingly surrenders all acquaintance with the standard of art, must return back to the simplicity of nature; he must depend upon his own powers of production, to excel what powers similar in kind, and, perhaps, superior in degree, successively exerted by variously-gifted individuals, have successfully laboured to establish. Hence, the modern poet naturally refers to the models of which that standard is composed, and either selects from its combinations, or casts his creations in the moulds of theirs, and sometimes attempts both.

The author of 'Anne Boleyn' is an accomplished scholar, and a poet; but his poetry is more artificial than natural: and for his versification he is occasionally indebted both to Shakspeare and Milton. To a comparison with a production of the former, the subject of his present work renders it peculiarly liable; and we think we can perceive that the author of *Anne Boleyn* found it impossible to resist the force of association and the influence of authority. He has four personages, of which the 'mighty master' had already given portraits; and the character of Angelo Caraffa is evidently a substitute for that of Cardinal Wolsey. The difference is small between the two portraits of Henry VIII.; the later is the feebler resemblance—

blance—that is all. Of Gardiner and Cranmer an attempt is made at fuller developement. The remaining characters are constructed upon a principle of contrariety. Shakspeare's Ann Bullen is depicted in the heyday of youth, a triumphant wife, and a happy mother: the Anne Boleyn of our author is a woman of sorrow, and acquainted with grief,—she dies the death of an adulteress, yet innocent of transgression. Angelo Caraffa is differenced from Wolsey by a more marked contrast and opposition. He is the prime agent and motive power of Mr. Milman's poem, and our judgment of its merits must depend upon the way in which this character is delineated and developed. But there is an original sin in the conception: it is entirely imaginary. Shakspeare never makes fictitious characters the prime movers of his historical scenes:—he was content with the truth of history equally as of nature; and more art is shown in bending the stubborn *material* of history to the poet's purpose, than by eking it out with fanciful succedanea. We might prefer a play founded altogether on fiction;—the impression, that the 'pains,' however 'majestic,' were once real, affects some too palpably, and they feel them too grossly, to enjoy the representation with that quiet and purifying consciousness, which attends the perusal of a work of unalloyed imagination, the forms whereof are manifested in 'the purity of the idea.' But, in a series of scenes—whether constituting a 'dramatic poem,' or a 'play'—that distinctly profess to develope a well-known historical event, the prominent introduction of a purely ideal character disturbs our belief, and breaks in upon the unity of the design. Even in epic composition this principle prevails. We look upon all the characters of the Iliad as real; and, in every poetic narrative of an historical event, expect that the author should display some research:—indeed, in numerous instances, poets have been so sensible of what the reader expects in this kind, that they have appended voluminous notes, formally setting forth the authorities for their relations, as if given in evidence before a judge. This, perhaps, is an error on the other side;—but it proves how necessary they found it to create a belief in the facts of their stories, and the *vraisemblance* of their persons; which last is a matter of much greater importance than any question of mere anachronism.

Angelo Caraffa is a Jesuit. The disciples of Ignatius Loyola were not incorporated till about five years after the death of Anne Boleyn: but that is, perhaps, a trifle. The character is an endeavour, says our author, 'to embody that awful spirit of fanaticism—the more awful because strictly conscientious—which was arrayed against our early reformers.' We may readily believe, that the misfortunes of Anne Boleyn were partly occasioned by the secret machinations of the see of Rome; and, with sorrow, accept

accept the character of Angelo Caraffa, as the embodied conscience of that church. He is one who willingly commits the most heinous crimes for conscience' sake—he does evil that good may come. But what is the good proposed? Why, that his church may be catholical in unity—the universal—the only one. Such is his conscience; and such is, or was, the conscience of the church to which he belonged. Such, in truth, is the constitution of the human mind itself: the reason of man almost invariably aspires to the universal and absolute in its ideas of religion, science, morals, legislation. Cardinal Wolsey, on the other hand, may be considered as a symbol of the ambition of his church. Of humble stock—

> ' . . being not propped by ancestry, (whose grace
> Chalks successors their way,) nor called upon
> For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
> To eminent assistants, but spider-like,
> Out of his self-drawing web,
> The force of his own merit made his way'—

he drew together a world of wealth for his own ends—'indeed, to gain the popedom,—and fee his friends in Rome.' He was intent on personal aggrandizement. Angelo Caraffa, on the contrary, is

> ' a noble born
> Of Rome's patrician blood; rich, lettered, versed
> In the affairs of men; no monkish dreamer,
> Hearing heaven's summons in ecstatic vision.'

But he is content that 'on him his father's palace-gates no more shall open—to own no more his proud ancestral name,'—to forego all property even in the coarse and simple weeds he wears,—to annihilate will, passion, affection, love of kindred, nay, his very self, his personal being,—and boasts that on the altar of his God he has laid a noble sacrifice—

> ' a soul
> Conscious it might have compassed empire.'

His utmost ambition is to be, merely

> 'A limb, a nameless limb, of that vast body
> That should o'erspread the world, uncheck'd, untrac'd,
> Like God's own presence, everywhere, yet nowhere—
> The invisible controul, by which Rome rules
> The universal mind of man.'

He explains the principle of action in his following passage:—

> 'God spoke within this heart, but with the voice
> Of stern, deliberate duty, and I rose
> Resolv'd to sail the flood, to tread the fire—
> That's nought—to quench all natural compunction,

To know nor right nor wrong, nor crime, nor virtue,
But as subservient to Rome's cause and Heaven's—
I've school'd my haughty soul to subtlest craft,
I've strung my tender heart to bloodiest havoc;
And stand prepar'd to wear the martyr's flames,
Like nuptial robes; far worse, to drag to the stake
My friend, the brother of my soul—if thus
I sear the hydra heads of heresy.'

Cardinal Wolsey was a 'bold bad man;' his ambition, 'that scarlet sin,' prompted him to remove all obstructions in the way of his preferment, and he is suspected of practising against the Duke of Buckingham.—

'. . . . He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes;'

But not without reason, for if he had faults he had also many virtues:—

'. . . . From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing
He was most princely.'

Such a man is not without a claim upon our sympathies—he is within the sphere of our common humanity. The last acts of his life redeem the preceding. We have often admired the patience which he displays when Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey produce to him—

'. . the grand sum of his sins,
The articles collected from his life;'—

while, in their malice, they exultingly specify the charges against him in the king's possession, he stands in silent endurance, until they leave him with the taunting valediction—

'So fare you well, my *little good* Lord Cardinal;'

—then follows his fine soliloquy, beginning with—

'So farewell to the *little good* you bear me;
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness:
This is the state of man, &c.'——

and the touching dialogue with Cromwell, wherein he tells him, that he has recommended him to the king, and warns him against ambition:—

'By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?'

and

and concludes with—

> '. . . Oh! Cromwell! Cromwell!
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies.'

The circumstances of his death are equally affecting:—

> 'After the stout Earl of Northumberland
> Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
> (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
> He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
> He could not sit his mule.
> At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
> Lodged in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
> With all his convent, honourably received him,
> To whom he gave these words, "O father abbot,
> An old man, broken with the storms of state,
> Is come to lay his weary bones amongst ye;
> Give him a little earth for charity!"
> So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
> Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
> About the hour of eight, (which he himself
> Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
> Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
> He gave his honours to the world again,
> His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.'

Thus it is always with Shakspeare. His worst characters have some claim upon our kindly feelings. Genius is the power of reflecting nature; for genius, as the word imports, is nature. The mind of Shakspeare was as a magic mirror, in which all human nature's possible forms and combinations were present, intuitively and inherently—not conceived—but as connatural portions of his own humanity. Whatever his characters were besides, they were also men. Such they were in the world of his imagination—such they are also in the world of reality. It is this harmony and correspondence, between the world without and the world within, that gives the charm to his productions. His characters are not the mere abstractions of intellect from an understood class or species, but are generated in his own mind, as individuals having personal being there, and are distinctly brought out, not so much as representatives of character in actual nature, as the original productions of a plastic genius, which is also nature, and works like her. This is to be a poet—this is what is meant by a creative imagination. But what is Angelo Caraffa?—an 'airy nothing,' that 'the poet's pen has turned to shape'?—a creature of the poet's imagination? No: Mr. Mil-

man has given us, under this name, only an abstraction produced by the understanding from its historical knowledge,—an intellectual conception embodied by the fancy. His Caraffa is not a Jesuit, but all the Jesuits in one—an impersonated generalization of the order, not the portrait of any particular individual; and of the order, not as composed of men, but of the disciples of Loyola.

With this explanation all the acts ascribed to Angelo are sufficiently intelligible. He serves no king, but the King of kings; or rather the idol of his mind, misnamed from Deity, as embodied in the papal supremacy. This service he pursues through good and evil, and by means in the adoption of which, though evil, his conscience perceives no impropriety. To him the blameless life of Anne Boleyn is no reason why she should not die branded like an adulteress, for her heresy is a germinating seed which includes all crime. 'All sins are in that one—adultery, murder, nought is wanting but desire or meet occasion, and the loose heart gives way.' Touching the king, 'each lustful thought, each murtherous deed, is a new link of the chain to trammel him.' To let slip the tyrant's 'fierce passions, ruthless as the dogs of war,' is the way to compel him ultimately to become a suppliant to the church,—at any rate, 'to brand the heretic cause with shame.' Caraffa makes no scruple of converting the confessional into a political engine. Thus, he induces Lady Rochford, as an expiatory service to the church, to 'scatter hints and seeds of hate in the king's path,' and obtains from her the paper, in Lady Wingfield's hand, afterwards produced on the trial of the queen. But he practises principally with the boy, Mark Smeaton, a singer at the royal chapel, and the queen's musician, whose 'dulcet voice and skilful handling the sweet lute had been famed through Italy.' He persuades him that his minstrelsy may entitle him to peculiar favours from his royal mistress, and takes upon him, as a father to the orphan-youth, to warn him against the bewitching manners of the queen. Having thus brought 'the impossible within the scope of thought,' he afterwards impresses upon his fancy the likelihood of the queen's returning the passion generated by himself in the heart of the poor boy. He engages him, by representing that the desire of the king is only to procure a divorce, to confess a criminal intercourse with the queen, by which the king's purpose will be accomplished. He makes him believe that she, being in consequence reduced in rank and character, may probably return his affection, upon learning that he perpetrated the perjury to give the king another way of effecting his purpose than by her death. He succeeds, and his success conducts to the execution both of the guiltless mistress and the perjured servant. This object the saintly Angelo pursues in a manner the most remorseless, without any compunction; the end

end that he insanely proposes is the glory of God, and he hopes for his reward—in heaven!

There are, however, two instances of natural touches in this character, which we feel pleasure in pointing out. The one is where Caraffa describes the tilt at Greenwich, and his having felt the recollections of his former rank in life throng in upon him.

'. I stood
Within the tilt-yard, not to take delight
Carnal, unpriestly, in the worldly pageant:
Though, Heaven forgive me! when the trumpets blew,
And the lists fell, and knights as brave, and full
Of valour as their steeds of fire, wheel'd forth,
And mov'd, in troops or single, orderly
As youths and maidens in a village dance;
Or shot, like swooping hawks, in straight career,
The old Caraffa rose within my breast—
Struggled my soul with haughty recollections
Of when I rode through the outpoured streets of Rome,
Enamouring all the youth of Italy
With envy of my noble horsemanship.
But I rebuked myself, and thought how Heaven
Had taught me loftier mastery, to rein
And curb, with salutary governance,
The unmanaged souls of men.'

The other is where he soliloquizes before receiving Mark Smeaton's signature to the suborned evidence prepared for production at the trial. He would fain excuse his conduct himself by the following reflections:—

'What if the space of some few mortal lives
Be somewhat shrunk; some eyes untimely closed
On this world's sun; will not ten thousand souls
Live through eternity's unfathomed years,
And a whole nation walk in moral light?
'Tis but the wise relentlessness of heaven.
Doth the dread earthquake feel remorse, that makes
A populous city one vast tomb, where guilt
And innocence lie side by side? Does Pity,
Pale the blue cheek of Pestilence, that blasts
Whole nations? Doth the sweeping deluge pause,
And hold suspended its vast weight of waters,
To give the righteous time to fly the ruin?
The best, the wisest, holiest saints and pontiffs
Have sent fierce war, with undiscerning vengeance,
To waste the heretic's land; for though just Heaven
Turn from the field of carnage—from the city
Made desolate, far rather it beholds them
Than the fierce tossings of the infernal pit,
And hell made rich with everlasting souls.'

And

And when the poor lad is led out to execution, he vows to say masses all his life for the welfare of the soul of his victim.

> ' So on to death, poor youth,—
> —Not abandoned, nor unwept by him
> Whose aid thou scornest now; but thou shalt own
> There, where all motives and all hearts are known.'

Such is the character of this conscientious fanatic; such are all the natural pauses that it permits to interfere with his design, which is, ' to lift the throne of Peter o'er the carnal lords of earth.' He is, as he is made to say, an earthquake—a pestilence—a deluge—that distinguishes not, but goes on in its work of desolation without respect to persons, in the performance of the will and the decree of heaven. Mr. Milman is justified by history in representing such to be the principle of the order of which Angelo describes himself to have been a nameless limb, although he is rather an impersonation of its spirit; but surely no individual of the order ever ' bent each corporal agent' thus into terrible conformity with the rigid ideal; even Loyola himself had, probably,—Aquaviva certainly had,—other elements in his composition, common to him and his fellow men. The character is not natural—it is intellectual. It is an embodiment, by the understanding, of a conception of its own, derived from historical knowledge of the constitution of this order and of the principles of its founder—or rather of his more politic successors. It is not an individual, but a species—not a person, but an abstraction.

Dr. Johnson would, probably, have approved both the conception and execution of this character; at least he praises Shakspeare's characters, upon the ground of their being species, not individuals. Johnson could not, from some strange peculiarity in the constitution of his great mind, perceive the individual traits induced upon the general nature presented by the poet. All the persons of the play of Henry the Eighth are, in a remarkable degree, individuals: this constitutes its greatest charm; though, most likely, it was the thing that occasioned the contemptuous criticism thereon pronounced by our great critic. ' The meek sorrows,' says he, ' and virtuous distress of Katherine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.' We cannot subscribe to this verdict. In our opinion, the genius of Shakspeare is equally exhibited in Cardinal Wolsey; nor is it hidden in Buckingham, notwithstanding the brevity of the part. The speeches of the Duke, as he is led out to execution, are among the most touching in Shakspeare. It must be confessed, that the play is irregular in construction, and the subject deficient in unity; yet great judgment

ment is manifested in its conduct. It was once thought, by those who decided mechanically, according to the unities, that the plays of Shakspeare were deficient in this quality;—that the developement of his plots was carelessly contrived, and the *denouement* defective. But we believe that now as much is allowed to him on the score of art as was always allowed on that of genius—and justly. It would be extraordinary were it otherwise; for the earliest rules of art were derived from the preceding works of original genius; and what should make the work of an original genius of England, in this respect, less worthy than one of Greece, requires explanation. A perfect work of art is one accurately formed upon the model of a previous production of transcendent genius.

How skilful is the opening of the play of 'Henry the Eighth'! We early perceive that the Cardinal is the subject of jealousy in the court. Wolsey enters;—he exchanges disdainful looks with his enemy, but no words, as if it were superfluous for him to speak whose frown was dangerous and might kill; and unbefitting the man who wrote '*Ego et Rex meus.*' He has all the pride, without the power of sovereignty. But such pride is not for a subject. Accordingly, almost immediately afterwards, we have reason to suspect, that 'this pillared firmament is rottenness—this earth's base built on stubble.' The arrest of Buckingham, however, assures us of his possession of power, which is further confirmed when, notwithstanding the charges brought by Queen Katherine against himself, he is still enabled to carry his point against the Duke, triumphs over his enemy, and retains the countenance of the King. The introduction of Queen Katherine in this scene is managed with much art. The examination of the Duke's surveyor is about to commence, but the business is put aside on account of the dignity and importance of the personage entering. We naturally expect that the charges against Wolsey will go hard with him; and we partake his triumph when, notwithstanding the difficulty of his situation, he is successful in his own plans. His ruin, after all, is the effect of inadvertence, and the result of accident. It is at an entertainment given by him that the King first sees Ann Bullen, and the part, though brief, which she plays in this scene, can never be too much admired. All she says is comprised in three half-lines; yet we have a full conception of her manners at once: 'Was he mad, Sir?'—'You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands.'—'You cannot show me.' In 'Anne Boleyn' we remark, that the Queen finds it requisite, after talking for two or three pages, to inform her own brother's wife that her lips are 'laughter-loving.' The Ann Bullen of Shakspeare is not under this necessity—we see the laugh upon her lips. These instances would almost make us doubt the tradition that he never blotted a line. If we are to judge from our modern dramatists, he

he would have to blot many lines to condense the quintessence of a character in about a dozen words. Or they proceed differently. They arrive, perhaps, at the idea by a tedious process of verbosity; and in one or other line out of twenty, the substance of all may be discoverable. His words were consequent upon his ideas. Poetical diction, in his time, had not been formed by precedent, and poetry had but few common-places. He, therefore, could not go versing on in the accustomed phrascology, until he started a thought to redeem the surrounding verbiage. He had not to 'sound on his perilous way;'—he knew the depths and shallows instinctively, without indulging in 'a length of line.'

There is only another scene in which Ann appears—that with the old lady; and it is conducted with exquisite judgment. We will not quote what must be so well known, and within the reach of every Englishman. But we may mention—her pity for the sad estate of the Queen, from whom the King is about to separate—her reflections upon the loss of pomp—the conclusion to which these lead her, and of which her own fate was, ere long, to be another illustration—

> 'Verily,
> I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow—
> I would not be a queen!'

—and the maidenly way in which she receives the first favours from the King, by the hands of the Lord Chamberlain—

> 'Would I had no being
> If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
> To think what follows.'

Shakspeare knew that there was much to redeem in the character of Ann Bullen; he, therefore, very wisely, introduced her but seldom, and in the happiest lights.

Our space will not permit us to trace a comparison between the trial scenes of Queen Katherine in Shakspeare's piece, and Queen Anne in Mr. Milman's. The author, probably, intended no rivalship with Shakspeare; and it is but justice to him to say, that his afflicted princess is produced with much skill and effect. The sorrows of the two ladies are of different kinds: those of Katherine are of a broken heart; but in Anne Boleyn they are the adjuncts of a public execution. There is more poetry in the former; but there is much grandeur in the latter—in the firmness with which the Queen meets her fate—the christian forgiveness that she extends towards her enemies—her well-wishes for the King—and her anxiety for the success of the Protestant cause.

Of the King it is difficult to speak. He was an instrument, in the

the hands of Providence, to bring about an important change: but we must not confound the cause with the agency. The Reformation confers no lustre on Henry VIII., whose appetites were only the accidental occasions of its success at that period, but whose conscientious convictions had neither part nor lot in the matter. Neither, justly, ought any stain to be attributed to the Reformation, from the character or crimes of Henry,—the former moulded under the auspices of another church, and the latter the growth of his own uncontrollable will and arbitrary disposition. But, with his usual tact and feeling, Shakspeare has redeemed the character within the limits of our kindliness. Everywhere he leaves the policy of the King's pretended scruples and actions to be inferred: the mask is never taken off, to expose a naked hypocrite to pure abhorrence. Henry VIII. is, in the play, as he was in life, *above* suspicion and exposure. This task was reserved to history. His behaviour respecting Cranmer, in the last act, is such as to command our admiration and applause; and we part, not only on good terms with the King, but well satisfied with the result of the marriage, by whatever means effected.

The comparison instituted between the Anne Boleyn of our author and the Henry VIII. of Shakspeare has, we confess, more reference to the former as a play, than as a dramatic poem. On the other hand, however, it is to be remarked, that the play of Henry VIII. is characterized by very little action, and the passion is of a subdued and meditative cast; and it may be looked upon, both in its subject and its construction, as a sort of dramatic poem, not, surely, less poetical, although a little more dramatic, than most of the productions published of late years under this denomination. But, as Shakspeare's piece certainly was written for representation, Mr. Milman has a right to demand that the different intentions of the authors, and the different natures of their productions, should be duly considered. Anne Boleyn was not designed for representation, and depends, for praise or censure, rather upon its abstract poetical merits, than its dramatic pretensions: all this we admit. The comparison that we have made may not, however, we would hope, be entirely without advantage; it may at least direct attention to principles, elicited by force of the collision, the observance of which may be beneficial. The performance of an inferior mind would have been inadequate for such a purpose; and we are happy in being able to accomplish our object by means of a work of considerable ingenuity and merit, adorned with great splendour of versification, and much opulence of poetical diction.

The 'dramatic poem' is a modern species of composition, which has sprung up amongst us in consequence of the degraded state of our theatre,—which is, again, consequent upon, or productive of,

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the decline of dramatic genius in this country. We pretend not to inquire which is the cause, which the effect; it is probable that there has been an alternate action and reaction, and that either, at different periods, may have been both cause and effect. Whatever was the original occasion, it is notorious that our recent men of genius have not written for the stage. We do not think that there *is* a want of dramatic genius: indeed there is a manifest preference for that form of composition; and, in some instances, the spirit has not been neglected. This spirit has, however, been most evident in works not assuming the corresponding form; and the authors of these appear, to us, to have proceeded upon an erroneous principle. Writing for the closet, and not for the stage, they commence their work with a decided determination to violate all the proprieties of the theatre, and make it as unfit for representation as possible—as if there were so wide a distinction between what was intended to be read, and what was intended to be acted, that an acting play never could be readable, nor a readable production endured upon the boards. The fact is clearly otherwise. We believe that most readers of taste acknowledge, that the plays of Shakspeare are better for the closet than the stage: yet how fit are they for the stage! At the same time it is observable, that his best plays are the most difficult of representation—not, however, from any dramatic defect in themselves, but from the general inefficiency of the *corps-du-théâtre* to represent any play that is not expressly written to suit the peculiar genius, or knack, of the different performers, and the strength or weakness of the company. The necessity of doing this, we are aware, is uncongenial with a great dramatic effort, and precludes the possibility of one being made with an immediate view to representation. Such another tragedy as Lear, it is obvious, would be written in vain with any such view. Yet surely it would not be impossible to compose a dramatic poem upon the model of Othello, Hamlet, Lear, or any other play of Shakspeare, that we would rather read than see,—thus preserving the dramatic spirit as well as the form. But our writers, under the title of a dramatic poem, divide a didactic essay into dialogue, and, giving themselves no trouble to create in their own minds the idea of human character and passion, content themselves with defining the outlines of an abstract or general notion of historical persons or events, interrupted with luxuriant descriptions of scenery and climate, and digressions of fanciful extravagance or impertinence. In all this, there is frequently much talent displayed. But we read without emotion: we shed no tears, because the writer shed none;—we feel no sympathy, because he felt no sorrow. Let this, then, be 'reformed altogether.' Let the taste of an audience at a theatre be what it will—the inefficiency of the company what it may—and the defects of management what they must;—but there

there can be no reason for an author who does not intend to subject himself to the ordeal of these predicaments, so to write that the best-instructed audience, the most efficient actors, and the most accomplished management, could not, for a moment, entertain his production. Rather let it be these external conditions that are faulty, than the intrinsic arrangement and contents of the poem. A 'dramatic poem' need not be less dramatic because it is poetical, and will not, assuredly, be less poetical because it is dramatic. Witness Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear! A few works written upon this principle would be sure to find readers,—would secure a permanent place in the literature of the country,—and might render it necessary for the conductors of our theatres to turn their attention to the higher interests of the drama. At any rate the attempt is worth making; and we know few who might make it with better hopes of success than the author of 'Fazio,' in the strength of his manhood.

ART. III.—1. *Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia, including a Tour in the Crimea and the Passage of the Caucasus; with Observations on the State of the Rabbinical and Karaite Jews, &c.* By E. Henderson, Author of Iceland, &c. London. 1826.

2. *Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale, et particulièrement dans les Provinces situées au-delà du Caucase, fait depuis* 1820 *jusqu'en* 1824. Par le Chevalier Gamba, Consul du Roi à Tiflis. A Paris. 1826.

THERE are but few persons who, having read Dr. Henderson's Tour round Iceland, will not expect to find both instruction and entertainment in whatever may proceed from the same pen. We are inclined to think, however, that the general reader's interest may be somewhat damped in the perusal of his present volume, by its long and frequent digressions on bible societies and their proceedings, minute criticisms on scriptural translations, and dissertations on the religious creeds and conduct of the numerous sectaries of every denomination—Christian, Jew, Mahomedan, and Pagan,—which are met with in various parts of the almost interminable dominions of Russia.—There are other reasons why this performance of Dr. Henderson should be less entertaining than the former. In Russia he travelled over the great distance of nine thousand versts (about six thousand eight hundred miles) in eleven months, passing in rapid succession through various tribes, nations, and languages. He had to attend, and to assist in establishing, auxiliary bible associations in the capitals of no less than thirty of the Russian governments;

governments; and this business alone may well be supposed to have occupied so large a portion of his time and thoughts, as to leave, comparatively speaking, scanty opportunities for inquiries of a general kind; whereas in Iceland his undivided and concentrated attention was directed to one small island, curious in its structure and natural phenoména, inhabited by one people, of simple habits and manners, speaking one language and professing one religious belief. Perhaps, also, an interval of nine or ten years, spent mostly in devising, and executing plans for the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, may, in some degree, have diminished the traveller's ardour for secular pursuits.

The volume before us is, notwithstanding all these circumstances, a highly curious one; and contains much matter that the scholar, the theologian, and the antiquarian, on the one hand, and the candid political student on the other, will not fail to appreciate.

The mission, of which Dr. Henderson now gives an account, originated in the favour with which the late Emperor Alexander was inclined to regard all efforts for the distribution of the Scriptures among the numerous nations scattered over his territories. This pious work he encouraged not only by pecuniary contributions, but by placing at the head of the society established for the purpose, his minister for ecclesiastical affairs and national instruction, the Prince Galitzin. It seems that this good man had not long filled the situation of president ere he became the object of a deadly hatred on the part of the Jesuits. By their agents in Russia, and through the instrumentality—so at least Dr. Henderson distinctly says—of certain leading politicians at the conferences of Laybach and Verona, those ambitious priests did all in their power to impress the mind of Alexander with a conviction, 'that bible societies are politically dangerous.' In this object they partly succeeded. The proceedings of the Bible Society began, and have continued, to be strictly watched; but Mr. Henderson informs his readers, that 'the most rigid scrutiny in regard to the conspirators, proved that not one individual who took any part in the affairs of that institution, was, in any way, implicated in the late plot against the government.'—It would indeed be highly disgraceful were these institutions to dabble in any way in politics; and of any such tamperings we entirely acquit *Dr. Henderson;* whose sole object appears to be the extension of that faith which, by promoting civilization, inculcating principles of pure morality, and infusing a spirit of benevolence among men, throws to an immeasurable distance all other systems of religion which the world ever saw. But we shall not, on the present occasion, indulge in political speculations: intending to confine ourselves principally to the information which the volumes on our table afford as to some of the most strange and picturesque sects and tribes dispersed throughout

throughout the Russian dominions, and to a few remarks on Georgia.

In February 1821, Dr. Henderson, in company with Mr. Paterson, set out from St. Petersburgh, on his way towards Moscow. On approaching the city of Novogorod, whose imposing appearance, in the distant view of its churches and spires, upwards of sixty in number, forcibly attracts the attention of a stranger, our travellers felt satisfied that the brilliant and animated descriptions, which have been given of the ancient extent and grandeur of this old metropolis of Slavonia, are by no means exaggerated; a place 'which once,' says our author, 'acquired such a tremendous importance, that the saying became proverbial—"Who can withstand God and great Novogorod?"' Its serious political influence in Moscovite affairs was only annihilated in 1578, when the iron sceptre of Ivan Vasilivitch almost levelled it with the ground, at a time when it is said to have contained nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants: its present population, including the military, does not exceed fifteen thousand. The cathedral church of St. Sophia, founded in 988, is still standing; many curious antiquities are preserved in it; and among others, some of Grecian workmanship; and the library is said to contain a number of Greek manuscripts, chiefly relating to ecclesiastical matters, and also two Slavonic MSS. of the four gospels of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The city contains three principal elementary institutions for the education of youth, a spiritual academy, a public school for the citizens in general, and another for the military. A few years ago the secular schools are stated not to have contained more than two hundred scholars; at present the number amounts to nine hundred, all of whom receive a free education. At the monastery of St. Anthony, on the right bank of the Volchof, is an academy of three hundred students, of whom one hundred and sixty have free board as well as education; the rest pay about 3*l.* sterling a-year: they are divided into three classes, philological, philosophical, and theological.*

Not far from this, at one of the post-houses, kept by Russian peasants, who furnish horses for travellers, the host was so eager to peruse a Slavonic New Testament which our author put into his hand, that he sat up most of the night reading it aloud; and this, though it interrupted the sleep of our travellers, afforded them unspeakable delight, as an early instance of that avidity with which,

* Dr. Henderson was here informed of a circumstance which may be deemed rather curious. Near the banks of the Ladoga, a number of coins have lately been dug up, bearing inscriptions of Cufic characters, and among them one with the Latin inscription, 'Ethelred Rex Anglorum,' which he thinks might probably have been part of the *Danengeld* levied by the Danes on England, and conveyed through channels of commerce to this remote quarter.

as they afterwards found to be the case, the Russian peasantry in general read the Scriptures: the poor man's joy on his being told the book was his own, is said to have been indescribable; and such was his feeling of gratitude, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be prevailed on to accept any remuneration for the trouble and expense of accommodating his guests. As a contrast to the conduct of this poor man, we give the following account of their reception at Krestzi by the wife of one of those 'dissenters from the old faith,' named *Staroværtzi*, who are as averse from having any concerns with the members of the orthodox Greek church, as the ancient Jews were from having any 'dealings with the Samaritans.'

'One of our number happening to have metal buttons on his travelling coat, and another having a tobacco-pipe in his hand, the prejudices of the mistress of the house were alarmed to such a degree, that all the arguments we could use were insufficient to prevail on her to make ready some dinner for us. When compelled to do any service of this kind, to such as are not of their own sect, they consider themselves bound to destroy the utensils used on the occasion; to prevent which loss, those who are more exposed to the intrusion of strangers, generally keep a set of profane vessels for the purpose. As the proprietor of the house we had entered appeared to be in affluent circumstances, it is not improbable that he might have furnished it with something of the kind; but the tobacco-pipe proved an insuperable obstacle to their use. So great, too, is the aversion of this people to snuff, that if a box happen to have been laid on a table belonging to them, the part on which it lay must be planed out before it can be appropriated to any further use. They live in a state of complete separation from the church; only they cannot marry without a license from the priest, for which they are sometimes obliged to pay a great sum of money. The sacrament, as it is usually called, they never celebrate; and baptism is only administered to such as are near death, on the principle adopted by some in the early ages of the church, that such as relapse, after receiving this rite, are cut off from all hopes of salvation.'—p. 26.

At a place called Vodova, our travellers met with another religious sect, named *Bezpopootchini*, or the 'Priestless:' their village had recently been burnt down by lightning, or, as they said, 'burnt by the will of God.' It seems they have a superstitious fancy, (which, our author says, prevails also in some parts of Germany,) that milk alone will quench fires kindled by lightning; and the consequence is, as may well be supposed, 'it not unfrequently happens that, when this is resorted to instead of a plentiful supply of water, whole villages are consumed, and the inhabitants reduced to circumstances of great misery.'

The town of Tver is estimated to contain a population of twenty thousand souls. It is considered one of the finest towns in the empire for its squares and edifices. 'It has a beautiful cathedral

cathedral of Gothic architecture, twenty-eight churches, three monasteries, a magnificent palace, and other public buildings, which altogether give the town a very imposing and agreeable appearance.' Here, too, the public seminaries for the education of youth correspond with the wealth and extent of the place.

Moscow has so often been described that we must pass over what Mr. Henderson says of this splendid city, and its richly-decorated churches, in one of which,—the cathedral of the Assumption,—he was told 'that the French, in 1812, erected a furnace at one end of the church in which they were proceeding to melt all the candlesticks, and other articles of gold and silver which they could collect, but being surprised in the very act by the sound of a retreat, they made off with as many articles as they could carry, but were stopped by the Cossacks, who recovered to the amount of eighteen and a half poods of gold (six hundred and sixty-six pounds weight English), and three hundred and twenty poods of silver (five thousand five hundred and twenty pounds.') In this, and in the cathedral of the Archangel Michael, are deposited many curious and valuable antiquities and Greek MSS.; and a still greater number in the library of the Holy Synod and the patriarchal residence. In the great hall of the latter, Dr. Henderson attended the preparation of the holy oil, which is conducted with much ceremony every third or fourth year, and with such ingredients only as are prescribed by the Levitical law. We must also pass over two chapters of seventy or eighty pages on the origin of the Slavonic people, their name, language, and alphabet, with an account of the various editions of the Slavonic bible, and the Russian versions of the Scriptures. These chapters, we doubt not, will deeply interest many readers; but to examine them critically, nay, even to give a mere abstract of them, would occupy a larger space than we can at present afford.

Our author pauses at Maloi Jaroslavitz, which, says he, 'will ever be memorable in the annals of Europe, as the spot where Napoleon lost his first battle on the disastrous retreat from Moscow.' This unfortunate town was successively taken and retaken *seven* times in the course of three days. It was at a short distance from this place, and on the bank of the *Louja*, that Buonaparte, according to Ségur, took refuge in the habitation of a weaver—an old, crazy, filthy, wooden hut; in a dirty, dark room of which, partitioned off by a cloth, this singular man abandoned himself to a state of despondency as soon as he was made fully sensible of the unassailable nature of the Russian position. Here he is said to have spent the night in great agitation—now rising, now lying down again, and calling out incessantly,—yet not a single word would he utter to those about him.

Proceeding towards Tula, and passing one of the estates of the

the Princess Galitzin, of Moscow, the only people observed at work were females; some breaking hemp, some mending the roads, and others managing the plough. 'More robust pictures of health,' says our author, 'we never recollect to have seen in any country.' Tula has been called, and Mr. Henderson says not unaptly, the *Sheffield of Russia*—we have even heard it called the *Birmingham;* but it is little deserving of either appellation. Excepting the imperial manufactory of small arms, which is under the superintendance of an Englishman of the name of Jones, and in which it is said upwards of nine thousand people are generally employed, the manufacture of other species of hardware would be nothing thought of, even in one of the villages appended to the two English towns above mentioned. It is but recently that coal has been discovered in the neighbourhood; and that is so mixed with pyrites, as to be unfit to be used in the manufacture of iron. Tula, however, is a thriving place, and the valley in which it is situated is beautiful. It has an excellent gymnasium, containing two hundred and fifteen scholars; a Lancasterian school, and a spiritual academy, affording instruction to nearly six hundred students. Everywhere, as our travellers proceeded southerly, they observed that new buildings had been erected for the increased population, and improvements of various kinds were obvious. Among other matters, the state of the roads, that first and most essential point, seems to have been receiving much attention. 'These,' they tell us,

'were also improved, and we had now a fair specimen of their size, which is such as necessarily fills a foreigner with surprise. They are formed by digging six ditches, that run parallel with each other, and leave intermediate spaces, the middle one of which is about *forty* feet in breadth, and is appropriated for the use of the military, the posts, and travellers. On either side of this is a fine walk, lined on both sides with a row of young trees, which, when grown, will afford an excellent shelter from the rays of the sun; and without the walks are two ordinary-sized roads for the boors, carriers, &c. Having been once made, the roads in Russia are maintained at little comparative expense, as they consist merely of the soil, which is either sand or a kind of hardened turf; and excepting some places where the wet is collected, afford the most agreeable and easy travelling of any in the world. That between the two capitals used to be extremely bad, as, indeed, part of it still is, consisting of planks or branches of trees, laid across the road; but a fine *chaussée*, almost equal to any in Europe, is now forming, which will greatly facilitate the intercourse between those large cities.'—*Henderson*, p. 146.

At Orel the Bishop Jonah entered cordially into the views of our travellers. He informed them that the number of churches in his diocese amounted to nearly nine hundred; but that, from extreme poverty, few of the priests were in possession of copies of the

the Holy Scriptures,—indeed that some of them were so poor that they had never, at one time, in the whole course of their lives, had so much as six rubles (about five shillings) in their possession; and yet, at every town Dr. Henderson visited in this district, hundreds of youths were found in training for the church. There was present, however, at the committee of the Bible Society, one venerable priest, turned of ninety years, who had not only the desire, but the means of doing good. He has sometimes at his house three hundred poor persons, entirely dependant on him for their subsistence; 'he reads and expounds the Bible to them, prays with them, and endeavours, by personal conversation, to direct their attention to the "bread of life," and the infinitely important concerns of eternity.' Every morning at four o'clock, this good old patriarch is, we are told, to be regularly found at his devotions in the church, and not even the rigours of a Russian winter are able to cool his zeal.—In walking the streets of Orel, our travellers were struck by the appearance of a large house, the windows of which were secured by iron bars, and filled with the heads of females, whose demeanour induced the strangers to suppose them confined in a house of correction. It was found, on mentioning the circumstance to the bishop, that these ladies belonged to a theatrical band, supported by one of the nobility; and 'our mistake,' says Dr. Henderson, 'wonderfully pleased his eminence, as it furnished him with an additional argument on the demoralizing tendency of the stage.'

At Bielgorod, or the 'White Town,' a spectacle presented itself to our travellers, which, they tell us, quite overpowered their feelings. 'At an early hour, the people who had collected from all parts of the government, and many of them from the governments adjacent, began to assemble in and around the cathedral; and after mass had been performed by the bishop, and an oration pronounced by one of the priests, an image of the saint, whose festival they were celebrating, was taken down from its niche, to be carried in solemn procession to a monastery at the distance of about thirty versts, where it was to remain during the fair about to be held in that place. Some of the priests, dressed in robes of yellow silk, embroidered with gold, carried a copy of the Gospels, richly gilt, and thickly studded with gems; others the banners; numbers supported crosses of silver and gold; and, last of all, followed the image, placed in a large ark, or car, borne upon the shoulders of four of the priests. As the procession entered the grand square in the middle of the town, it was joined by the pilgrims, to the number of twenty thousand, who all moved forward, with sticks or branches of trees elevated in the air; and on their leaving the town, an immense cloud of dust, carried up into the atmosphere, marked the direction in which they proceeded.'—*Henderson*, pp. 155, 156.

Leaving the government of Kursk, our travellers entered the

luxuriant pasture-grounds of the Ukraine, or Malo-Russia (Little Russia), which supply the markets of Petersburgh, Moscow, and other great towns of the empire with cattle. 'The Malo-Russians,' says Dr. Henderson, 'seem more disposed to cultivate the comforts of life than the generality of their neighbours; their manners are simpler and their morals more incorrupt, and a considerable degree of mental cultivation is discoverable in their ordinary intercourse.' The country they inhabit has always been described as the finest portion of the Russian dominions, and our travellers seem to have found it so. 'The large herds that were grazing in every direction; the peasants engaged in agricultural pursuits; the number of carriers passing on the road; and the constant succession of hill and dale, with beautiful copses of different sizes, afforded altogether an interesting and delightful prospect.' The scene, however, was entirely changed when they passed through Valki, and entered *Little Tartary* by a breach in an earthen wall, erected in former days as a defence against the Tartars. It was eight feet high and twelve thick, and is said to run, from south-west to north-east, to the distance of more than five hundred miles. Here every vestige of wood had disappeared, and that vast *steppe* commences, which stretches, without interruption, to the Palus Mæotis, the Black Sea, and the mountains of the Caucasus, and from the Austrian frontiers to the grand Uralian chain. 'To whatever side we turned,' says Mr. Henderson, 'nothing presented itself to our view but sepulchral heights, and the remains of ancient camps and intrenchments, so that we literally travelled over an immense *Aceldama*, the awful memento of human depravity.' It is remarkable enough that the sepulchral mounds, scattered in such profusion over these regions, run in an eastern direction, exactly in the line in which the Tartar hordes pursued their way into Europe; and they bear precisely the same character on the Jenesei that they exhibit in Russia.

At Pultowa, where Charles the Twelfth fought the disastrous battle which obliged him to abandon his brave but vanquished warriors, and take refuge in the dominions of the Grand Signior, our travellers visited the large tumulus which perpetuates the memory of this event. It is a mound of earth, twenty-five feet high by one hundred in circumference round the base. The inhabitants are said to repair to it annually, to celebrate the victory of the Russians, and charitably to perform at the same time a mass for the souls of the slain.

Tchernigof is but a miserable town. 'The population amounts to upwards of seven thousand, among whom is a considerable number of Jews, a poor, ragged, miserable-looking set of human beings as are to be seen anywhere in the world. During our stay here, the musquitoes

quitoes began to be very troublesome, and the atmosphere was exceedingly oppressive, Fahrenheit's thermometer being from 80° to 84° in the shade. Towards evening the inhabitants repaired in great numbers to the Diesna, where they sought for a temporary relief beneath the cooling stream—men, women, and children plunging into it indiscriminately in a state of complete nudity.'—p. 172.

Dr. Henderson's account of the catacombs of Kief is curious enough, but too detailed to admit of our making any intelligible extract. In one of the little chambers of these subterranean labyrinths, was pointed out to our travellers, through a small aperture, either the mummy or the effigy of a rigorous ascetic, of the name of John. This John, says the legend, constructed his own dormitory, and after building himself in by a wall, with this single small aperture, he interred himself up to the waist, and in this posture performed his devotions, till death found and left him in possession of his grave. Kief is full of 'holy places;' it is to the Russians what Jerusalem was to the Israelites; on which account pilgrims are said to resort to it annually, to the amount of about fifty thousand, many of them even from Kamstchatka, and other distant regions of Siberia. Its fixed population is supposed to be about twenty-five thousand. Another object which claims the attention of the traveller at Kief, is a fine monument, raised, by order of his late Imperial Majesty Alexander, over the fountain in which the children of Vladimir the Great, when he became a Christian, were baptized in the year 989.

'It was near this spot that the general baptism of the Russians took place, the same year. On the preceding day, the idols had been either broken in pieces or burnt, and Perun, the chief of the gods, a huge monstrous piece of wood, with a head of massive silver, and a beard of gold, had been tied to the tail of a horse, and drawn to one of the highest precipices, whence it was thrown into the Dnieper Whatever violence was thus offered to the objects of idolatrous worship, it does not appear that any coercive measures were employed to induce the people to submit to baptism. They flocked in crowds to the margin of the Dnieper, to which Vladimir and the Greek priests repaired in solemn procession, and, on a sign being given, the whole multitude plunged into the river, the adults standing up to the breast and neck in the water, while such as had infants supported them above it in their arms.'—*Henderson*, p. 191.

Jitomir in Volhinia is stated to contain about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly ten thousand are the descendants of Abraham, who, notwithstanding, were eager to receive copies of the Hebrew New Testament, and appeared to read the gospels with avidity. Even the Rabbis called for Testaments, and entered with apparent interest into an argument on the sufferings of the Messiah. In another town of this province, Bereditchef,

it is said there are upwards of ten thousand Jews, many of whom have contributed to the funds of its Auxiliary Bible Society by their voluntary subscriptions, and evinced an equal anxiety to obtain copies of the New Testament. The town of Dabno is chiefly inhabited by Jews, the number of whom is estimated at more than ten thousand, and many of them appeared to be in affluent circumstances. The Hebrew population subject to the Russian sceptre is stated by Dr. Henderson as being little short of two millions; Dr. Lyall, in his 'Military Colonies of Russia,' makes the number amount only to five hundred thousand. Whether either of them, or which, is right, we pretend not to determine. It is certain, however, that the Jews swarm in every part of Poland; where, by their activity and industry, they have nearly gained a monopoly of everything: they rent the estates of the nobility and gentry; farm the public taxes; manage the distilleries; keep the inns and brandy-shops; and almost the whole of the wholesale and retail trade is in their hands. In short Poland may be considered, and, indeed, is called, the Paradise of Jews. The following is a striking picture of these Polish Israelites. Dr. Henderson's pen bears the strongest testimony to the truth of some performances of Mr. Allan's pencil, the excellence of which as works of art attracted much notice a few years ago at Somerset House.

'The Polish Jew is generally of a pale and sallow complexion, the features small, and the hair, which is mostly black, is suffered to hang in ringlets over the shoulders; a fine beard, covering the chin, finishes the oriental character of the Jewish physiognomy. But few of the Jews enjoy a robust and healthy constitution; an evil resulting from a combination of physical and moral causes, such as early marriage, innutritious food, the filthiness of their domestic habits, and the perpetual mental anxiety, which is so strikingly depicted in their countenance, and forms the most onerous part of the curse of the Almighty to which they are subject in their dispersion. Their breath is absolutely intolerable; and the offensive odour of their apartments is such, that I have been more than once obliged to break off interesting discussions with their Rabbins, in order to obtain a fresh supply of rarefied air.

'Their dress commonly consists of a linen shirt and drawers, over which is thrown a long black robe, fastened in front by silver clasps, and hanging loose about the legs. They wear no handkerchief about their neck, and cover the head with a fur cap, and sometimes with a round broad-brimmed hat. In their walk, the Jews discover great eagerness, and are continually hurrying towards some object of gain, with their arms thrown back, and dangling as if loose at the shoulder.

'They generally marry at thirteen and fourteen years of age, and the females still younger. I have heard of a Rabbi who was disposing of

of his household, preparatory to his departure for Palestine, that gave one of his daughters in marriage, who had but just completed her ninth year. As a necessary consequence of this early marriage, it often happens that the young couple are unable to provide for themselves, and, indeed, altogether incapable, from youth and inexperience, of managing the common concerns of domestic economy. They are, therefore, often obliged to take up their abode at first in the house of the husband's father, except he be in reduced circumstances, and the father of the bride be better able to support them. The young husband pursues the study of the Talmud, or endeavours to make his way in the world by the varied arts of petty traffic, for which this people are so notorious. It is asserted to be no uncommon thing among the Jews for a father to choose for his son's wife some young girl who may happen to be agreeable to himself, and with whom he may live on terms of incestuous familiarity during the period of his son's minority.

'Comparatively few of the Jews learn any trade, and most of those attempts which have been made to accustom them to agricultural habits have proved abortive. Some of those who are in circumstances of affluence, possess houses and other immoveable property; but the great mass of the people seem destined to sit loose from every local tie, and are waiting with anxious expectation for the arrival of the period, when, in pursuance of the Divine promise, they shall be restored to, what they still consider, *their own land*. Their attachment, indeed, to Palestine is unconquerable; and it forms an article of their popular belief, that, die where they may, their bodies will all be raised there at the end of the world. They believe, however, that such as die in foreign parts are doomed to perform the *Gilgul Mehiloth* (גלגול מהילות), or trundling passage through subterraneous caverns, till they reach the place of "their fathers' sepulchres;" on which account, numbers sell all their effects, and proceed thither in their lifetime, or remove to some of the adjacent countries, that they may either spare themselves this toil, or, at least, reduce the awkward and troublesome passage within the shortest possible limits. Instances have been known of their embalming the bodies of their dead, and sending them to Palestine by sea; and in such veneration do they hold the earth that was trodden by their ancient patriarchs, that many of the rich Jews procure a quantity of it, which they employ in consecrating the ground in which the bodies of their deceased relatives are interred.'—*Henderson*, p. 222-225.

He adds—'The love of money, which is the root of all evil, is the predominating vice of the posterity of Abraham. Everything is estimated by this standard. If you point out to a Jew an exquisite piece of workmanship, he instantly discovers the ruling bias of his mind, by asking—not, who was the artificer, or how it was executed; but, what did it cost? If he sees a statue, instead of his attention being called forth in admiration of its beauty, it is exclusively confined to the golden inscription—calculating how many ducats it would bring him, if placed at his disposal, instead of being fixed to the stone, where, in his opinion, its place might have been equally well supplied by iron.

'Their

'Their habits of illicit and unrighteous trade are proverbial. No means are regarded as sinful, that promise to secure the acquirement of money: cheating, lying, stealing, and even murder, if the persons on whom they are practised be not Jews, are hallowed by the sanctions of the rabbins. They make a point of stealing from a Christian, whenever they have the smallest prospect of escaping with impunity. Nor is this pilfering disposition confined to the more abject and wretched part of the community; the well-dressed Jew is not unfrequently a thief in disguise—flattering himself with the hope, that his superior appearance will make him pass without suspicion.'—p. 229.

The Jews have imported with them into the western world many of the superstitions of the east. One of their sects, named the *Chasidim*, or 'Pietists,' are not only the bitterest and most bigoted enemies of the Christian religion, but are also at enmity with all other Jews. 'To their rabbins, whom they honour with the name of *Zadiks*, or "Righteous," they pay almost divine homage. The extravagance of their gestures during their public service, entitles them to the appellation of the "Jewish Jumpers." Working themselves up into ecstasies, they break out into fits of laughter, clap their hands, jump up and down the synagogue in the most frantic manner, and, turning their faces towards heaven, they clench their fists, and, as it were, dare the Almighty to withhold from them the objects of their requests. This sect has so increased of late years, that in Russian Poland, and European Turkey, it is reported to exceed in number that of the Rabbinists in these parts.'—*Henderson*, pp. 235, 236.

Within a few hours' ride of the town of Jassy, a scene of a novel and motley description was presented to the view of our travellers. 'Wallachians, Moldavians, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, and Gipsies, to the number of twenty thousand, of every rank and condition in life, were in the act of emigrating from the principality of Moldavia, in order to escape the vengeance of the Turks,' in consequence of the late insurrection. This crowd was collected together at the quarantine of Skulani, on the left bank of the Prut, and occupied a space of several miles, which was surrounded by a cordon of soldiers. Within the circle were tents and carriages of all descriptions, with men, women, children, horses, cows, sheep, goats, dogs, swine, cats, and, in short, says Dr. Henderson, 'everything the poor emigrants could take along with them from their natal country.' On the opposite bank were many thousands more, striving who should first get into the ferry-boats. At Kishenef the travellers saw large numbers of gipsies, who inhabit a particular part of the town: these people, it is pleasant and also surprising to hear, reside in decent houses; they observe cleanliness, and their females are adorned with a profusion of trinkets; to this place, also, numbers of a poorer description had just fled from Turkish vengeance.—Among the emigrants on the Prut was Daniel, the Metropolitan

Metropolitan of Adrianople, a man who is described as of very short stature, and of a lively, active, and pious turn of mind. On learning the execution by the Turks of the Constantinopolitan Patriarch Gregory, Daniel conceived his turn might be the next; but so closely were the Greeks of that city watched, that the only mode left for him to effect his escape, was to suffer himself to be headed up in an empty cask, which was put into a cart, amidst hogsheads of wine destined to the coast of the Euxine; and in this style the little bishop was jolted about for three days, before he could be safely shipped to Russia.

Having passed through Bender and Tiraspol, our travellers entered the extensive *steppe* between the Dniester and the Bog, where the only objects that relieved the dreariness of the scenery were a number of sculptured monuments, erected as way-marks, at irregular distances on both sides of the road. 'They consist of large male and female images, hewn in stone, whose physiognomy, shape, and costume, evidently prove them to be designed to represent a people of Mongolian origin. They are executed with considerable taste, the features, limbs and ornaments being all distinctly marked. Some of them are erect, and others in a sitting posture. They hold with both hands, in front of their body, a small box or pot, and are generally raised to some height above the stone forming the pedestal by which they are supported. They were found on the tumuli, which are scattered all over the steppe, and are, in every respect, the same with those described by Pallas, of which we had afterwards numerous specimens in our progress through ancient Scythia. The fact that these regions were inundated in the thirteenth century by the Mongolian hordes, under Dchingis Khan, might naturally suggest the idea that these monuments are to be ascribed to that period: but this hypothesis is overthrown by the mention made of their existence by Ammianus Marcellinus, a writer of the fourth century, whose observation, that the features they exhibited were of the same cast with those of the Huns (Χουνοι), forces upon us the conclusion that they were erected by the Mongolian tribes distinguished by that name, which were driven over the Volga by the Sien-pi, in the year 374, and spread alarm through all the nations inhabiting the eastern frontiers of the Roman empire.'—*Henderson*, pp. 267, 268.

Odessa is too well known to require any particular description here. Under the fostering hand of the Duke of Richelieu, it has grown, in the space of thirty years, from a miserable Tartar village to a splendid town, containing, among meaner houses, at least two thousand stone edifices, and forty thousand inhabitants. The streets are mostly paved; but the squares and market-places in wet weather, by the trampling of the numerous oxen which bring down the grain of Poland, become a complete mire. 'It was truly amusing to see,' says Dr. Henderson, 'in the centre of a town, exhibiting such a dis-

a display of modern elegance, what is called, in North Britain, a *peat-moss*, the accumulated mud having been all regularly cut and stacked up to dry, exactly like peat in the midst of a morass. Nothing but the healthiness of the situation could have justified the removal of the former commercial stations of Tagaurog and Kherson to Odessa, which has no river, but lies midway between the mouths of two rivers, the Dniester and the Dnieper; while both Akkerman, near the former, and Otchakof on the latter, directly command an extensive inland navigation. The town of Kherson, on the Liman (estuary) of the Dnieper, was said to be inconvenient and unhealthy; and if so, it was right to remove the admiralty establishment to the new town of Nicolaief, at the junction of the Ingul and the Bog, where the admiral of the Black Sea has his residence, and not at Sebastopol (Aktiar), the station of the Black Sea fleet. Near the junction of the Bog with the Liman of the Dnieper, are still to be seen the ruins of the ancient town of Olbiopolis, mentioned by Herodotus, and also by Strabo, as being a great emporium of trade. It must have been a place rich in learning too, if it be true, as has been said, that, in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, the inhabitants were accustomed to read the works of Plato, and that many of them knew the Iliad by heart.

About four miles to the north of Kherson, are seen standing on the level *steppe* two brick pyramids and a few graves. The one pyramid is the monument of the illustrious Howard, who, after travelling over a space of fifty thousand miles, to investigate and relieve the sufferings of humanity, fell a victim, near this place, to his unremitting exertions in this benevolent cause. It was his anxious desire that this sequestered spot should receive his mortal remains, and that neither monument nor inscription, but simply a sun-dial, should be placed over his grave. The second pyramid is said to have been raised over the grave of a Frenchman who revered his memory, and wished to be buried by his side. That of the philanthropist, it seems, could only be distinguished by some admirer having cut into the bricks the words '*Vixit propter alios.*' The late Emperor of Russia, however, has caused a handsome cenotaph to be erected to his memory in the vicinity of Kherson, in the form of an obelisk, of white free-stone, thirty feet high, surrounded by a wall, within which is planted a row of Lombardy poplars. On the pedestal is an inscription, in Russian characters, 'Howard. Died January 20th, 1790, aged sixty-five;' and, in accordance with the request of the good man, a sun-dial is represented near the summit of the obelisk.

Our travellers now crossed the deep ditch, and passed the gate which opens into the Tauridean peninsula,—the Crimea. The modern name, Perekop, signifying, in the Russian language, a ditch

ditch or fosse, was substituted for the Tartar *Orkapi*, which, Dr. Henderson says, denotes the 'gate of the neck or isthmus.' The late Bishop Heber, who furnished so many valuable notes to Dr. Clarke's account of Russia, deceived by the French appearance of the word, translates *Orkapi* into 'Golden gate;' the bishop observed that the epithet 'golden' signifies *royal* in the eastern world; and this is true enough; but the Tartar word for *gold* is not, says Dr. Henderson, *or*, but *altun*. The principal town on the Crimea is Akmetchet, or the 'White mosque,' containing a population of eighteen thousand souls. Farther south is the town of *Baghtchisarai*, or the 'Paradisaical palace'—rather, we should say, the 'Palace of gardens'—the ancient residence of the Tartar Khans. Here, says Dr. Henderson,—'every thing around us inspired the mind with ideas and feelings altogether novel, and more resembling those produced by reading the airy fictions of romance, than any we had ever experienced in contemplating the objects of natural or artificial reality. The transition was nearly as great as that a person would be conscious of could he be transported in a moment from any European town, and set down in the midst of Bokhara or Sarmacand—so completely did every object wear an Asiatic appearance.'—p. 296.

With the exception of a few Greeks and Armenians, this town is wholly inhabited by Tartars and Jews, amounting together to about nine thousand souls. Dr. Henderson visited the principal of its thirty-three mosques, at the evening-service of the Tartars, of which he speaks in the following favourable terms:—

'The Tartars all sat on their heels in the oriental manner, while the Mollah recited to them certain Surahs, or chapters of the Koran; and when he came to the end of a section, or where any direct reference was made to the object of worship, they bowed themselves twice, so as to touch the ground with their foreheads. During prayer they covered their faces with both hands, following the Mollah with low and solemn sighs, manifesting throughout the most profound reverence and veneration. Much has been said in defence of pompous and splendid forms of worship, and many have insisted on their absolute necessity in order to interest the vulgar; but I will venture to affirm, that all the dazzling splendour of external ceremonies, superadded to the Christian system, never produced a solemnity to be compared with that resulting from the simple adoration here exhibited in a Mohammedan mosque; every sense seemed closed against earthly objects, and a high degree of self-annihilation appeared to inspire the mind of every worshipper. How humbling the reflection, that so little real devotion, and so feeble a sense of the presence of the great Jehovah, is often to be found in assemblies professing to worship him in spirit and truth!'—*Henderson*, pp. 202, 203.

Our travellers had long regarded with pleasing anticipations, the opportunity of obtaining a personal interview with the *Karaite* Jews, who inhabit an ancient fortress, situated on the summit of

of a steep rock, at the distance of a few miles from Baghtchisarai; it is now named Djufut-Kalé, or the Jews' Fort:—

'The antiquity of the sect, the reasonableness of their grounds of separation from the great body of the Jewish people, their purely oriental habits, the little intercourse that any of the learned in Europe have had with them, and the fact, long known yet but little investigated, that they possessed the books of the Old Testament in a peculiar dialect of the Tartar language: all tended to excite our curiosity, and render them the subject of Biblical and literary research.'—p. 306.

Peysonel, in his 'Commerce of the Black Sea,' states, that a tradition obtained among this small community of Israelites, that their ancestors inhabited the city of Bokhara, in Great Tartary, and accompanied the Tartars in their memorable expedition into Europe. No such tradition, however, has reached the present generation; they have never heard that any bond of union ever existed between their ancestors and the Bokharian Jews; nor are there now, to their knowledge, any Karaim in that part of the world. The only traditionary account among them is, that their forefathers came from Damascus, and settled where they themselves now live, about five hundred years ago, under the protection of the Khans of the Crimea. Dr. Henderson enters into a learned and critical discussion on the points of doctrine, in which they differ from other sects of the progeny of Abraham, and of their translation of the Tartar Targum, in which we shall not attempt to follow him, more especially as, in our review of Dr. Clarke's book,* the reader may find an account of this extraordinary sect, who have been not improperly styled the 'Protestants of Judaism,' not materially different from that given by our author; but we cannot omit his testimony to their exemplary character:—

'The *Karaim* are free from many of the superstitions to be found among the Jews in general, such as the transmigration of souls, the power of talismans, &c.; and, as might naturally be expected from their principles, the standard and tone of morals which their general deportment exhibits, is quite of a different stamp from those of the *Rabbinists*. In their persons they are tidy; their domestic discipline and arrangements are correct and exemplary; and their dealings with others are characterized by probity and integrity. It is one of their favourite maxims, that "Those things which a man is not willing to receive himself, it is not right for him to do to his brethren,"—a maxim literally corresponding with that which our Lord pronounces to be the sum of what the law and prophets taught as the duty of man to man.—Matt. vii. 12. How far the *Karaim* act up to this principle, may be ascertained by the fact, that they are universally respected by all who know them; and I never yet heard any person speak ill of them, except he

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was

was a bigoted adherent of the Talmud. In the south of Russia, where they are best known, their conduct is proverbial; and I cannot place it in a stronger light than by recording the testimony borne to it by a Polish gentleman in Dubno, who informed me that, while the other Jews resident in Lutsk are continually embroiled in suits at law, and require the utmost vigilance on the part of the police, there is not on record a single instance of prosecution against the Karaim for the space of several hundred years, during which they have been settled in that place!'—*Henderson*, pp. 322, 323.

Leaving the Crimea, our travellers proceeded along a narrow and sandy isthmus, which separates the Palus Mæotis, or sea of Azof, on its western side, from the 'Putrid Lake,' called by the Tartars 'Tchuvash Dengiz.' The waters of the latter are stagnant, impregnated with salt, and give out a disagreeable and insalubrious smell. The narrow isthmus, which separates the two waters, is two days' journey in length, during which not a human habitation occurs, except two or three post stations. At the northern extremity of this isthmus, a deep strait connects the Palus Mæotis with the Putrid Lake. A little to the northward, and between the River Moloshnaia and the Sea of Azof, are colonies of Nogai Tartars, who, till within these few years, led a life corresponding with that of the Nomadic Scythians, as described by Herodotus, when they were spread over the steppes on the northern shores of the Mæotis. They are descendants of that great body of Asiatic Tartars which passed into the west under Gengis Khan: in the wars of the south of Russia, they had been forced across the Kuban into the regions of Caucasus, from whence, being plundered and annoyed by the warlike and predatory Circassians, they were glad to return and submit to the Russian sceptre, in the year 1791. Various attempts were made to establish villages for their accommodation, but it was not till 1808 that they could be prevailed on to discontinue that erratic mode of life to which they had always been accustomed—dwelling in tents, and moving their flocks and herds from place to place according as pasturage and water rendered change necessary. By persuasion, however, and the adoption of regulations which were in accordance with their feelings—such as the appointment of Elders, and of their own Kadis or Judges—the Russian authorities so far succeeded, that, towards the end of 1812, villages began to rise on the *steppe*, and in a short time the whole population was brought into a settled and orderly state of society. In 1818, the number of both sexes amounted to thirty-two thousand, distributed into seventy-three villages, each of which had its own duly-elected magistrate.

On the right bank of the Moloshnaia, or Milky River, is established

established a sect of dissenters, who have been called Russian Quakers, and who, indeed, call themselves *Wrestlers with the Spirit*. They exclude all external rites and ceremonies; all their knowledge is traditionary. They told our travellers, who offered them copies of the Scriptures, that they had no occasion for the gift; they had the Bible in their hearts—the light thus imparted was sufficient—they needed nothing more. A striking contrast to these conceited and repulsive sectarians was found on the opposite side of the river, in the settlements of the Mennonites, whose industrious habits, and the neatness of their villages, (amounting to thirty-three in number, and containing about eight thousand inhabitants,) made our travellers fancy almost that they were in the heart of Prussia.

'The Mennonites in this quarter are descendants of those to whom Frederick the Great granted peculiar privileges on the banks of the Vistula, in East Prussia, where they were raised, by the blessing of God on their industry, and the sobriety of their habits of life, to circumstances of prosperity and ease. Here they remained till the year 1805, when the Prussian government found it necessary to raise a powerful army against the French, and, contrary to their well-known principle of non-resistance, proceeded to enrol them among the new conscripts. On refusing to comply with the order, they were informed that there was no other alternative but to sell their property, pay ten per cent. of their capital, and leave the country. The only country to which they could flee as an asylum was Russia; and accordingly, in the above-mentioned year, disposing of all their immovable property, they quitted Germany; and taking along with them the greater part of their live stock, they arrived in these regions, where they had the most liberal grant of land, and privileges allowed them by the Russian government.'—*Henderson*, p. 387.

Contiguous to these worthy Mennonites were found no fewer than twenty-one colonies of other Germans, partly Protestants and partly Catholics, consisting of four hundred and eighty-six families; and there are five hundred families of emigrants from Wirtemberg, not far off, all of them apparently dwelling together in a state of the utmost harmony.

The number of immense tumuli which were scattered over this *steppe* led our travellers to conclude that they had before their eyes the spot which, according to Herodotus, was held sacred among the Scythians, as the place of interment for their kings. 'They may be about twenty feet high, and two hundred in circumference. If they be indeed the identical sepulchres, their enormous appearance still bears testimony to the barbarous rites of Paganism at that distant period of time. On the death of any of their kings, his body was instantly embalmed, and sent round to all the nations of Scythian origin, each of which, in its turn, conveyed it, in solemn procession,

procession, to the others, till, after having gone round them all, it was conveyed to the vicinity of the Gerrhus, where a large square pit was dug, in which was deposited not only the royal corpse, but also the golden goblets used at the royal table, the ministers of the king, his principal wife, and his horse, all of whom were slain on the occasion. A great quantity of earth was then heaped over the whole, till it became an immense tumulus, the size of which was still augmented by a fresh accession of earth the following year.'—p. 391.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Dr. Henderson in his route through Tcherkask, nor to notice any part of his account of the Don Cossacks, of whose history and manners many details will be found in one of our early Numbers.* Neither shall we think it necessary to accompany him along the north-west shores of the Caspian to Mosdoff, and from thence across the Caucasus to Teflis, as his remarks on these interesting countries are rather jejune, and the pages he gives to them chiefly occupied with the condition of missions, the merits of translations of the Scriptures, and dissertations on Biblical literature. We wish, moreover, to preserve room for a more copious guide in these southern parts of the Russian empire, whose work stands second at the head of this Article. We shall therefore take leave of Dr. Henderson, after briefly noticing some two or three societies, whom a community of feeling on matters of religion has collected together, under a government which has at least this merit, that all opinions, however extravagant, are not only tolerated by it, but protected.

At Sarepta, on the Volga, is an establishment of Moravian Brethren, founded in the year 1765, by the special favour of the Empress Catharine. A mineral spring at a short distance from the settlement soon became a source of great prosperity to this society, in consequence of the increased number of visitors which now frequented it in search of health, and the improved accommodations which the brethren had the good sense to supply. Several companies of brethren and sisters joined the original settlers, and the establishment grew rapidly under their hands, far, indeed, beyond what had originally been projected. 'They accordingly erected dwelling-houses, mills, tanneries, and distilleries; planted orchards, vineyards, and culinary gardens; and brought into operation an extensive system of agriculture. The town is regularly laid out, according to the plan of the Brethren's towns in Germany, with wide streets; a fine large square, with a fountain in the centre; a capacious place of worship; the houses belonging to the elders, the unmarried brethren, sisters, and widows, and those occupied by the different families, together with the workshops for the different handi-

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crafts

crafts carried on in the place. Fine tall poplars line the streets, and ornament the square; and the vineyards and gardens give it an appearance most enchanting to the eye that has been accustomed to wander in vain in quest of a single bush for hundreds of versts in the surrounding steppe.'—*Henderson*, p. 411.

We are grieved to find, from a note of the author, that this flourishing settlement has, since his visit, been almost entirely destroyed by fire. As to their missionary efforts, for the conversion of the Pagan Calmucks in their vicinity, our traveller describes the Sarepta mission as having been wholly unproductive;—with the exception of a few young girls, who 'gave encouraging evidences of a work of the spirit of God in their souls,' they did not appear to have made any converts.

At the foot of one of the Caucasian ridges, a little to the westward of Georgievsk, is situated the 'Scotch Colony' of *Karass*. This mission was established by Messrs. Brunton and Paterson, in 1802, since which time it has been joined by several German settlers, and the whole are protected from the depredations of the mountaineers by a party of Cossacks. The object seems to have been the conversion of the Mahommedan Tartars, in which, it is admitted, no progress has as yet been made. One reason of this failure, Dr. Henderson supposes, is the missionaries' ignorance of the Arabic language, and consequent want of a critical knowledge of the Koran. 'What,' says he, 'should we think of a Mahommedan Effendi, who should settle in any part of Scotland, and attempt to convince the inhabitants that the doctrines of the Bible were false, and yet know nothing of the languages in which it was written?' One of the missionaries, however,—he exempts from this censure. Before Mr. Henry Brunton had been two years at Karass, he, we are told, was able to undertake the translation of the New Testament into the Turkish language; and the extraordinary difficulties he had to encounter could only, says the writer, have been overcome by 'that Divine Agent who worketh inwardly in his servants.'

'The place at which he was stationed, the character of the surrounding tribes, the unsettled state of public affairs, the distance to which the missionaries were removed from the necessary materials of typographical labour, the embarrassments in which they were frequently involved, and the limited and continually interrupted intervals of time which could be devoted to the work, all tend to excite our admiration of the manner of its execution. The houses erected in the colony were by no means of a substantial or comfortable nature; and the printing-office, in particular, was so superficially constructed, that during the frost in winter, a trough of water, used for wetting the paper, though placed close to the stove, froze into a solid mass in the course of twenty-four hours, and all the iron-work of the press

press was white with frost. The cold prevented the ink from spreading properly, owing to which, and similar causes, the execution of the press-work was very indifferent. Being often alarmed by the Tcherkessians, the missionaries were obliged to secure the types by interring them. Add to this, that the workmen were continually changing, so that they never rose higher than learners; and it may safely be affirmed, that there never was an edition of the New Testament, or of any other book, carried through the press under such a multitude of untoward circumstances.'—*Henderson*, pp. 422, 423.

While we are ready to admire the perseverance of the good man who had to struggle against these difficulties, we cannot but feel a something like mortification, that so much labour should have been thrown away, and that Mr. Brunton's ingenuity should not have been exercised on matters that would have been more useful to himself and to society at large. His version, if it was worthy of being printed at all, might have been printed elsewhere; and to attempt anything of the kind at Karass was about as wise a scheme, as it would be to rear silk-worms at Inverness.—Another branch of the same mission is resident among the Ingush, a numerous tribe beyond the Terek, inhabiting the deep valleys of the mountains behind Vladikavkaz. These are represented by Mr. Blythe, the missionary, as an extraordinary people; they believe in the existence of a God, as a pure spirit, whom they call Dallé; in a plurality of demons, who sometimes assume a visible shape, and appear as armed men, with their feet inverted; in the immortality of the soul; the resurrection of the body; and the temporary punishment of the wicked in a future state. From the great veneration in which they hold the ruins of churches and monasteries in the Caucasus, and their adoration of the images which are still visible on their walls, it is supposed they are the descendants of the early Georgian Christians. Gamba, following Klaproth, says they are not Mussulmans and have ceased to be Christians, though they retain certain ceremonies adopted at the time of the celebrated Thamar, Queen of Georgia, who reigned in the year 1198. All these authors give the Ingush an excellent character for industry and intelligence. They always go armed, and for the protection of their villages against the incursions of the Kabardian mountaineers, they have built, at short intervals, castles or 'towers of defence,' the entrances to which are, as in our Martello towers, near the summit, and reached by means of a ladder, which can be drawn up so as to cut off all communication. These towers are kept well stored with stones and other missiles.—But foreign feuds are not all they have;—there are frequent broils among the people themselves, and they practise a bloody revenge of personal injuries.

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'The missionaries were acquainted with a young man of an amiable disposition, who was worn down almost to a skeleton, by the constant dread in which he lived, of having avenged upon him a murder committed by his father before he was born. He can reckon up more than a hundred persons who consider themselves bound to take away his life, whenever a favourable opportunity shall present itself. There is scarcely a house in which there is not one implicated in something of this nature, on which account they never appear without a loaded gun and sword. They also wear a shield, made of wood or strong leather, and surrounded on the outside with iron, in the use of which they are very expert.'—*Henderson*, p. 485.

Mr. Blythe, it seems, had made great progress in the Ingush dialect, and, what was still better, had succeeded completely in gaining the esteem and affection of these poor people; but he had scarcely been there a year, when he unexpectedly received orders from the governor-general to quit the place. No reason is assigned for this interruption of missionary intercourse—a thing unusual in any portion of the Russian empire; and Dr. Henderson speaks with great indignation against the man who could thus wilfully shut the door through which the gospel was about to enter, to deliver the poor benighted Ingush from all the horrors of their pagan state. We cannot, however, help suspecting that there was some very sufficient reason for this act of the Russian government—an act which is to be lamented on more grounds than Dr. Henderson would perhaps deign to consider, if it be true, as Guldenstaedt states, that a person who is venerated as a kind of Ingush high priest, has 'his habitation in the mountains, near an ancient stone church, said to be adorned with various statues and inscriptions;' and that 'under the church is a vault that contains certain old books, which, however, no one ever attempts to approach.'

In the vicinity of Tetlis is a colony of German Millenarians, who, in the years 1816 and 1817, emigrated chiefly from Würtemburg, influenced, as it is said, by the conviction that the second coming of Christ, and the millennium, were near at hand. It seems that an author, of the name of Stilling, whose works are said to be much read in that part of Germany, had stated that the countries near the Caspian Sea are those wherein Christ's visible reign will begin; and these poor deluded fanatics, taking this in a literal sense, being joined by some adventurers of a depraved character, whose only expectation was that of leading an easy life without working, assembled together, and set out by the Donau, on their way to Odessa. At their first outset they are supposed to have amounted to fifteen hundred families; but about two-thirds died on the Donau and in the quarantines, of the ague or plague;

plague; and it is stated that, long before reaching Odessa, the union of the remnant was broken by internal dissensions. Some of the leading men considered that the nearer they got to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, the sooner they would experience the blessings of the millennium,—which, say they, will certainly commence in the year 1836. Others, again, were of a different opinion; but equally certain that something disastrous was about to happen to this globe of ours—nothing short of a second deluge—this party thought the grand object should be to settle as near as possible to Mount Ararat, on the summit of which the faithful and chosen Stillingites might save themselves. As Georgia was well situated to answer the purposes of both sets of seers, the whole band set out from Odessa to cross the Caucasus, and seven villages in Georgia are now occupied by the few survivors of this crazy expedition.

Some of these details are deplorable enough; but sheer imbecility of intellect is often as pregnant with extraordinary freaks as the most distorted imagination; and while on the subject of sectarians, we may just mention one story which is not found in Dr. Henderson's book, and which would have furnished an admirable addition to the catalogue of Russian enormities recorded by the two disappointed and irascible travellers, the Doctors Clarke and Lyall. We give it, as we find it, in the words of the Chevalier Gamba, who, after speaking of the Russian dissenters, says,—

'Mais quelle distance entre la vie d'anchorète des Raskolniks, entre cette exaltation qui détermine à l'abstinence de tous les plaisirs, et le fanaticisme horrible qui a réuni en une secte nouvelle des hommes qui consentent à une entière mutilation! Cette secte, dont la création ne date que de peu d'années, a fait des progrès bien au-delà de ce qu'on pourroit croire. Ma plume se refuse à tracer les détails des cérémonies qui accompagnent un si affreux sacrifice. D'ordinaire, une vieille femme est chargée des fonctions de sacrificateur: cependant ces sectaires, conservant quelques sentimens d'humanité au milieu de leur barbarie, sont parvenus à éviter qu'aucun danger n'accompagne cette mutilation.

'Il paroît qu'ils fondent leur doctrine sur un verset de l'Evangile qui dit que si votre œil vous donne une mauvaise pensée, vous devez l'arracher; et sur une passage de la Bible, où il est question du bonheur des eunuques. Un homme digne de toute confiance me disoit qu'ayant demandé à un employé de la chancellerie d'Odessa, qui faisoit partie de cette secte, comment il avoit pu se porter à un attentat si douloureux sur lui-même, celui-ci répondit avec un sourire effrayant: "vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que de chasser l'esprit malin." On a voulu, il y a environ huit ans, punir ces sectaires par l'exil en Sibérie: chacun d'eux a envié le martyre, et il a fallu fermer les yeux sur une secte dont la publicité pouvoit favoriser les progrès déjà trop étendus, surtout parmi les marins de la flotte impériale.'—*Gamba*, ii. pp. 418, 419.

This Chevalier Gamba, consul to the king of France at Teflis, having

having turned his thoughts, as all French consuls feel themselves in duty bound to do, to the manner in which the commercial interests of France may be best promoted, at the expense of all other nations, but more especially of England, conceived a plan, which is developed in an introduction of fifty pages, and by which the old story of the arbitrary dominion of the seas exercised by Great Britain, and her monopoly of the trade with India, are to be at once annihilated. We pass over his nonsense about the dominion of the seas; and with regard to the other point, we suspect he will not find it so very easy of accomplishment as he seems willing to persuade himself. His first postulate is, that all the great powers of Europe shall bind themselves, by a solemn treaty, not of an 'armed,' but a 'pacific neutrality,' by which the general interests of this 'vast commerce' are to be secured. This being accomplished, the next step is, to destroy the monopoly of the 'vast commerce' between Europe and Asia now possessed by Great Britain; to which end the confederated powers are to re-establish the ancient intercourse and stations between these two parts of the world, as they existed before the discovery of America and the Cape of Good Hope. We could tell M. Gamba, that if the execution of his first project be politically and morally improbable, that of the second is physically impossible. We could show him, were it worth the while, that a single Indiaman, of twelve hundred tons burden, will bring from India or China to the Thames, in less time and at less expense, a greater quantity of merchandise than twelve thousand mules, donkies, and dromedaries would carry, in many parts of his land-journey, for a single week; and that looking to the five or six months' travelling over rugged and barren mountains and naked sandy plains,—what with the additional beasts for the drivers, the sore backs, the deaths, and the relays,—it may well be doubted whether three times twelve thousand might not be required to transport a single ship's cargo of goods from India or China, by land, (throwing him the navigation of the Caspian and Black Seas into the bargain,) to the capital of France; for—be it noted—a part of the Chevalier's plan is to avoid the Persian Gulph and the Mediterranean in time of war, as not being *maria clausa*—and therefore not quite secure from the molestation of the unconscionable power which holds the 'dominion.' But, in fact, this project of the consul is a story as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was tried and failed in the reign of Peter the Great, by Captain Elton and Jonas Hanway, men far superior, in every respect, to M. le Chevalier Gamba.—That Russia might profit, as undoubtedly she will, and, in fact, has partially done, by a commerce of this kind, is obvious enough. The possession of nearly the whole of the eastern coast

of

of the Euxine, and the western coast of the Caspian,—the magnificent rivers which flow into them through the heart and centre of her own dominions,—with the occupation, also, of the whole interjacent country between those seas,—these give her advantages such as no other European nation can expect to enjoy.

An ukase of the late Emperor Alexander, of October, 1821, which opens Georgia to foreigners as well as Russians, with certain privileges and immunities, M. Gamba more than insinuates was grounded on his project. That sovereign, indeed, appears to have been so much caught by it, that he made the author a grant of a large tract of land on the banks of the Phasis, where he intends to plant vineyards, and improve the wines of Georgia. An order was also despatched to Admiral Greig, who commands the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, to convey the consul and his suite, in a ship of war, from Odessa to Redoute-Kalé, on the western coast of that sea, by which he had an opportunity of seeing and making excursions into the countries of the Abassians, the Mingrelians or Colchians, and the Immeritians, all bordering on that coast. From Redoute-Kalé he proceeded to Kotais, in Immeritia, and from thence visited the banks of the Phasis and various parts of the ancient Colchos. His residence at Teflis gave him opportunities of seeing most of the provinces of Georgia, and on his return to France he skirted the western shore of the Caspian, from Bakou to Astracan. M. Gamba, is but a superficial observer; and, modestly enough, he apologizes for his deficiency in geology and natural history, and in the various languages spoken in Georgia. Still we may perhaps glean something from his two bulky volumes relating to this latest acquisition of the crown of Russia.

On his visit to the banks of the Phasis, now one dense forest, the Chevalier feels that he is treading heroic earth, and accordingly thinks it right to talk of Jason, and Alexander, and Mithridates. We are not surprised at this: we know from experience how wide a difference there will always be, in point of feeling, between the mind of a traveller on such classic ground as that of Colchos and Iberia, and of another who may be doomed to 'plod his weary way' through the back-woods of America. The objects may be the same in both—forests, rivers, mountains—more sublime, probably, in the latter than in the former country; but when the eye once becomes satiated, as it soon does with the most magnificent monotony, all that remains is drearily barren,—making no appeal to any memory either of deeds worthy to be written, or of writings worthy to be read; whereas, in the other case, every step the traveller takes calls up recollections which transport him back to those happy days, when the young imagination fed itself on

such stories as the flight and subsequent sufferings of Phryxus, the fate of poor Helle, the adventures and exploits of Jason to recover the Golden Fleece, the magic cauldron of Medea, and the rejuvenescence of Æson. It can scarcely be doubted, that most of these venerable fables have their foundation in facts; and we could wish that some Œdipus, among the idle sons of the Cam or the Isis, would seriously set about expounding—what we think has not yet been satisfactorily done—these mystic tales of 'hoar antiquity.' Mr. Marsden, in one of his valuable notes on Marco Polo, says, 'I have long entertained the idea, and hope it will not be thought an extravagant one, that the Golden Fleece, which Jason and his companions, in the Argo, are said to have brought away from Colchos and exhibited in Greece, was a cargo, or perhaps only a *specimen*, of rich, golden-coloured raw silk, in the *hank*, which might, figuratively, be termed a *fleece*, because, like the wool of the sheep, it was to be twisted into thread, and woven into cloth.' This is ingenious enough, and we have but two objections to urge against it. The first is, that Phryxus carried away the ram with the golden fleece *from* Greece, and that Jason only went to *fetch it back* again: the second is, that *silk* continued to be unknown to the Greeks, and even to the Romans, nearly a thousand years after the Argonautic expedition. Gibbon, following Strabo, supposes that the Colchians were in the habit of fishing up gold particles by means of sheep-skins, which is but a puerile suggestion, and open to objections of the kind just stated.

M. Gamba just hints at the possibility of the Argonauts having first brought into the Western World from the banks of the Phasis, whose name it bears, that beautiful bird which is now so abundant in our copses, contributing to the amusement and the luxury of one class of society, and unhappily the innocent cause of demoralizing another. The forests of Colchos and Iberia still swarm with the common pheasant (Phasianus Colchicus), and the large turkey-pheasant (Ph. Gallipavonis), but not, as stated, with the golden pheasant, that species being a native, exclusively, of China. The usual mode of taking these birds by the present race of Mingrelians, or Colchians, is with the falcon, which may have accompanied the introduction of the former into the western world. The vine, as M. Chaptal supposes, was brought originally from Iberia into Greece. It is still found in its wild and native state in all the forests of ancient Colchos, climbing to the tops of the loftiest trees. If the celebrated chemist be correct, we see no reason why this delicious fruit might not have been transplanted at least as early as the pheasant into Greece; and if so, what charm more potent than the fermented juice of the grape could Medea have employed to invigorate the limbs and exhilarate the spirits

spirits of old Æson? It would appear, from the Iliad, that some three or four hundred years after the Argonautic expedition, wine was common enough in Greece.—We may here observe, that the modern Georgians (under which term we mean to include the Colchians, Iberians, and Albanians) are in the habit of doing ample justice to their wines, which, according to M. Gamba, are by no means of an indifferent quality. 'The consumption of wine in Georgia,' he says, 'and above all at Teflis, is considerable, I may even say, prodigious. From the artisan to the prince, the ordinary allowance of a Georgian is a *tonque* per day;' that is, a full gallon, the cost of which is from a halfpenny to sixpence or sevenpence a quart, according to the quality.

The wreck of walls and fortresses commanding the passes, and perched on the summits of the mountain ridges of the great Caucasian chain; the remains of bridges in the streams of the Phasis, the Kour, the Terek, and the Aragvi, or Aragua; the ruins of palaces, churches, baths, &c., in the midst of which are discovered, from time to time, medals of Medes, Parthians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, (Gamba, tom. ii. p. 259,)—attest the various nations that have been in possession of Georgia in ancient times. The Consul thus describes one extraordinary monument—

'About five versts from the post of Dzeyam is seen the column of Chamkor; it is placed outside the boundary of the fortress, and remarkable by the boldness of its elevation and solidity. It may be compared to Trajan's column at Rome. It is of red brick, laid in the most regular manner in courses, and corresponding perpendicularly the one with the other. Its base, which is square, is fifteen feet wide each side, and twelve feet high. Upon this base stands the column, whose diameter is about twelve feet; its height about one hundred and eighty feet. The stairs wind round a double spiral, but so decayed as not to be ascended without great danger. They lead to a gallery surrounding the column, at the distance of forty feet from the top. The origin is lost in the night of time; it is ascribed to Alexander, king of Macedon. It is surrounded on all sides with ruins more or less considerable. In olden time, no doubt, a population, rich, active, and powerful, occupied the territory at present covered with demolished buildings, in the midst of which wander, during the winter, a few Tartar Nomades.'—*Gamba*, tom. ii. p. 245.

M. Gamba quotes a passage of Gibbon, taken from Strabo, the accuracy of which, he says, he cannot confirm, as, indeed, it would be most surprising if he could. 'From the Iberian Caucasus,' says the historian, 'the most lofty and craggy mountains of Asia, the Phasis descends with such oblique vehemence, that, in a short space, it is traversed by one hundred and twenty bridges.'* But in making

* Decline and Fall, vol. vii. p. 219.

this

this quotation, he adds to it, what is *not* in Gibbon—'pour en rompre l'impétuosité;' as if bridges were thrown across torrents to check their impetuosity, instead of furnishing the means to cross them.

Georgia may be considered as one of the most interesting countries on the globe;—we include under this name the whole territory between the summit ridge of the Caucasian chain of mountains and the river Araxes, or Arras, on the Caspian side, and the redoubt of St. Nicholas, some twenty miles below the mouth of the Phasis, on the side of the Euxine, and all that lies within these limits between the two seas; and also the two provinces of Daghestan and Shirwan, formerly belonging to Persia, but now held by Russia, partly by conquest and partly by cession. While Georgia maintained a nominal independence, it was not only kept in a state of perpetual internal warfare by the violence of its numerous khans, or princes, but subject to the frequent inroads of the Persians on the one hand, and the Turks on the other—it was, in fact, entirely open to the southward; but the great Caucasian ridge, stretching north-west and south-east between the two seas, had always proved a complete barrier against the Tartar hordes on the north, and might also have successfully resisted the Russian arms, had there been anything like a common interest among the chiefs, and a disposition to support the king and the integrity of the country. There are, in fact, two practicable passes only across the Caucasus—that of Dariel, about the centre of the ridge, the Porta-Caucasia of the ancients; and that of Derbent, between one of the spurs of the Great Chain and the Caspian—the Porta-Caspia—across which a wall was built of four or five miles in length, passable only through a strong iron folding-gate.

The pass of Dariel is a narrow defile, bordered by almost perpendicular cheeks of rock, and five or six miles in extent. Sir R. Porter says, 'The chasm rises from the river's (Terek) brink upwards of a thousand feet. Its sides are broken into cliffs and projections, dark and frowning—so high, so close, so overhanging, that even at mid-day the whole is covered with a shadow bordering on twi light.' Sometimes these cheeks give way, or an avalanche of ice and snow descends from the Kasbeck, in either of which cases the road becomes impassable, and the Terek below is choked up, and the valley inundated. The summit of this defile is a little beyond Kobi, where a large cross gives the name of *Kristowaja-gara* to a ridge, the height of which is estimated by Mr. Henderson at seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. He found it in the month of November covered with deep snow. The Russians have chains of posts the whole way from Dariel, without

without which it would not be safe to cross the Caucasus, on account of a numerous tribe of mountaineers, named Ossetes, or Ossetinians, whose dwellings are perched on the craggy cliffs, and who are still in the practice of plundering solitary travellers, and carrying off those for whom they expect a large ransom, like the Italian banditti. Indeed, as it is, the caravans still pass in large convoys at stated periods, and passengers are escorted generally by parties of Cossacks. Formerly these Ossetinians are said to have been in the habit of seizing the unwary traveller, by throwing from their lurking-places the noose of a rope, like the *lasso* used by the Gauchos to catch their wild horses on the Pampas. The Russians have somewhat civilized these people in the neighbourhood of the Caucasian pass, near the summit of which there is now an establishment, supported by the late Alexander, and intrusted to Ossetinians, for the reception of winter travellers, who may be caught by snow-storms, like that of the mountain of St. Bernard in Switzerland.

Close to the westward of the pass rises in magnificent grandeur the Kasbeck mountain, whose summit has never yet been reached, but whose height has been estimated by Englehardt and Parrot, who in vain attempted to ascend it, at fourteen thousand four hundred feet above the level of the Black Sea. Farther to the westward, and about half way between that sea and the last-named mountain, is the celebrated Elbourz, whose height is supposed to be about sixteen thousand feet. 'The Snæfell and Oræfa Yökuls,' says Henderson, 'whose size I had admired as stupendous, because they far exceeded anything I had previously seen, sunk in the remembrance into mere pigmies in comparison of the gigantic king of the Caucasian range.' The summit is cleft into two peaks, which, as the Armenians say, was occasioned by the keel of the ark grazing it on its passage to Ararat. The Persians consider the Alburs (the sublime, the shining) as the highest and most ancient of all mountains in the world:—'the throne of Ormuzd; the mount of the congregation of the celestial spirits; the pure region of light; where there is neither enemy, darkness, nor death; but where all is light, peace, and felicity.' It was on this mountain that Zoroaster received the law, (as Moses did on Mount Sinai,) and to which he afterwards retired, to spend the remainder of his existence in the contemplative vision of the Supreme. Our modern travellers have been less fortunate than this ancient sage, as every attempt to reach the summit of Elbourz, as of Kasbeck, has hitherto proved abortive, chiefly, we believe, from the savage disposition of the barbarous tribes which dwell in the lower regions and around its base.

Very false notions have prevailed as to the wall at Derbent, through which

which was the Porta-Caspia; some making this Gog and Magog to stretch along the whole range of the Caucasus. 'According to a recent description,' says Gibbon, 'huge stones, seven feet thick, and twenty-one feet in length or height, are artificially joined without iron or cement, to compose a wall which runs above *three hundred miles* from the shores of Derbent, over the hills, and through the valleys of Daghestan and Georgia.' The Czar Peter caused it to be measured on taking possession of Derbent, and found it precisely what that accurate but much-abused old traveller, Marco Polo, had stated it to be some five hundred years ago—namely, four miles! Gamba says, he saw one valve of the great iron gate that of old closed the passage of this wall, at the monastery of Gaelath, near Kotais, whither it had been carried as a trophy by David, king of Immeritia, who took Derbent by assault. It measured seven feet in width, and fourteen in height; and was composed of twenty bars, placed perpendicularly and crossed by seven others, which were again covered with thin plates of iron, and on these were the remains of inscriptions, but in what language M. Gamba does not inform us; he says, however, that the door bore the character of a high antiquity.

Little was known of the Caucasian nations till the Empress Catherine sent Guldenstaed to traverse these wild regions, trace the rivers to their sources, make astronomical observations, examine the natural history of the country, and collect vocabularies of all the dialects he might meet with. He enumerates seven distinct nations, divided into numerous tribes, each speaking its own dialect; and among other things he brings away an extract from a manuscript chronicle in the Georgian language, compiled by order of Vachtung, a late sovereign of Georgia, from the monastery of Galati, near Cotais, (the same where the French Consul met with the iron door.) Gamba, alluding to this MS., is pleased to observe, that 'without admitting the existence of Karthos, who lived six generations after Noah, of his son Miskhethos, and their descendants, it is enough to recognise for the first king of Georgia, P'harnavaz, of Schinak'hartli, who lived shortly after the invasion of Alexander the Great, to be satisfied that this kingdom is one of the most ancient of the globe.' The document in question is undoubtedly a fabrication. We know, however, that the *kingdom* of Georgia was conquered by Nouchirvan, in the reign of Justinian; became a portion of the empire of Mahmoud the Gasnavide; was invaded by Alep Arselan; ravaged by Tamerlane; conquered by Tamasp; reconquered from the Turks by Shah-Abbas:—that although thus, by turns, overrun and pillaged by Turks, Tartars, Persians, it never wholly lost its independence, but preserved itself as a kingdom nearly two thousand years;

years; and, what is still more to its honour, that it preserved its ancient faith in Christianity for fourteen hundred years, in the midst of countries entirely devoted to the religion of Mahomet. Heraclius, who had proclaimed himself king of Georgia, after struggling during his whole reign against the invasions of the Persians, placed his kingdom under the protection of Catherine; and his son George made a cession of his states to the Emperor Paul. At the death of George, it was deemed expedient for the tranquillity of the country to remove his widow Mary to Moscow; but towards this high-spirited dame, it was necessary to proceed with caution and great delicacy. General Lazareff, a Georgian, and her supposed lover, was pitched upon as the most proper person to make the proposal. Mary, fixing her eyes steadily upon him, said, 'Lazareff, forget not that you are my subject, and don't suffer yourself to repeat to me so hateful a proposal, or I shall know how to punish you for it.' The general persisted in his entreaties, and in an instant Mary drew her *quindjal*, or dagger, (a kind of Roman sword which all Georgians wear in the belt,) and laid him dead at her feet. Alexander, the brother of George, fled from the country, and is supposed to be one of those who encouraged Abbas Meerza to commence hostilities with Russia.

The late Emperor Alexander had no little difficulty in preserving tranquillity among the motley population whom he had to govern to the southward of Caucasus. He found it expedient to grant to the Persian khans of Daghustan and Shirvan, and to the native princes, the enjoyment of their former privileges, and, indeed, to change little in their ancient laws and customs,—except that it was necessary to restrain them from the brutal practices of selling their children to the Turks and Persians, and of executing summary vengeance on their vassals by mutilation or death. A few, and they were but few, examples of wholesome severity did not prevent vast immigrations into Georgia. M. Gamba states that, in the year 1820 alone, not less than seven thousand Persian families crossed the boundary, to whom it was intended to assign lands; and Turks and Armenians are to this hour in the constant practice of coming over and placing themselves under the protection of the Russian government. The Circassians, however, on the northern side of the Caucasus, are accused of still bringing up their sons and daughters for the slave-market, though it is done by stealth; M. Gamba tells one story of a Circassian selling his father to an Armenian for a sack of salt; and it appears from the following, which he gives on the authority of a one-eyed porter to a mosque, that Alexander's laws have not as yet put a total stop to the practice of mutilation.

'This

'This Tartar was one of the officers of the late Khan of Ghendje's palace, of which he had the general superintendence. According to the custom of all the palaces of the East, the officers who cross the courts are required to walk with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their hands across the breast. One day this unhappy wretch, having inadvertently lifted his eyes toward the apartments, perceived the Khan, and near him one of his wives. He was called before his master, and asked, in a severe tone, with which of his eyes he had seen the sultaness? he replied, with the right eye. The Khan immediately ordered it to be plucked out, which did not however prevent him from remaining attached to the person of the Khan, and continuing his functions till the death of his master.'—*Gamba*, tom. ii. p. 251.

The Persians, it is well known, think no more of plucking out an eye, than we in Europe do of extracting a tooth.

The whole country of Georgia is so beautifully diversified with grand mountain-scenery, gradually spreading out into hill and dale, that some of the old travellers fancied they had discovered in it the Garden of Eden. The climate is equally favourable to the growth of fruits, grain, and esculent plants, and to the human constitution. The sky is almost always clear and serene, the rain being chiefly confined to thirty or forty days in the year. In summer, on the plains, the thermometer usually stands about 78° to 84°, rising occasionally to 90°. The winter there scarcely continues two months, during which the thermometer seldom descends below 40°; however, every possible degree of temperature, down to perpetual frost, may be had on the sloping spurs of the Caucasus. The hills and the ravines are covered with the finest forests of oak, beech, elm, chestnut, walnut, ash, and lime trees; many of them entwined by vines growing perfectly wild, and loaded with vast quantities of the finest grapes. Most of the cultivated fruits of Europe, as apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, and cherries, are found growing in the forests in a state of nature. The black and white mulberry grow without culture; and Iberia was famed for its silk long before this valuable article was brought into Italy by the two Persian monks, in the reign of Justinian. Cotton and flax grow spontaneously on the plains near the Caspian; and rice, wheat, barley, millet, sesamum, and madder are raised with very little culture. The pasturage of the valleys is excellent; and the rivers are full of fish, but being mostly mountain-torrents, are unfit for internal navigation. Honey of the finest kind is collected from bees' nests in the crevices of rocks and hollow trees, and their wax supplies no inconsiderable article of trade. In short, nature seems to have lavished on this favoured country all that can contribute to the comfort and

happiness

happiness of a peaceable and industrious population. Wild animals are not so numerous as might be expected; but as every man goes armed, they have always met an enemy in every native. There are, however, on the plains and in the vallies, deer and antelopes; and in the woods and ravines, wolves, foxes, jackals, bears, wild hogs, and a species of wild goat, which the Chevalier Gamba calls *Touri*—but the print of which, in his 'Atlas,' is like nothing, we humbly guess, that ever was created, approaching more to an ass with two short horns and *one* ear, than to a goat. All the drawings, are, in fact, evidently of Parisian manufacture; and all the fanciful figures of men and women are thrown into theatrical attitudes. It is evident, indeed, that M. Gamba cannot draw a line; but a Frenchman's travels would be nothing without an 'Atlas.'

It is impossible to form a conjecture as to the amount of population to the southward of the Caucasus. It has been loosely stated as something about half a million, exclusive of sixty or seventy thousand Russian troops. Under the mild government of Russia, it will no doubt rapidly increase. Before Georgia was annexed to this crown, the population was kept sorely down by the constant dissensions of the chiefs—for those idle, arrogant, and ferocious beings, possessed of unlimited power over the lives and properties of their vassals, chose to be constantly at war with each other, chiefly with a view to the making of prisoners for the Persian and Turkish slave-markets. The incursions of the Persians, moreover, utterly desolated, from time to time, the provinces on that frontier. It has been stated that Abbas the Great, as he is called, carried off at one time no less than eighty thousand families: this is, no doubt, seventy thousand more than the actual number; but the case was bad enough without exaggeration. All these drawbacks on population have for some years ceased, and the measures which the late Emperor adopted for the encouragement of commerce and agriculture, by his ukase of 1821, is said to have already produced the most beneficial effects. The capital, Teflis, which before was a mean and dirty town, is now rising, according to M. Gamba, into a splendid city; the generals, the native princes, the rich Armenians, all striving who shall build the most magnificent houses: they are constructing these, as well as their public bazars, caravanseras, hospitals, barracks, and buildings for the civil and military administrations, on a grand scale, and according to a fixed plan; the commerce of the town is rapidly on the increase, and its population, which, in the year 1820, was only twenty-four thousand, had risen in 1825 to thirty-three thousand souls.

The Chevalier Gamba assures us, that the beauty for which the

the Georgian women have been long celebrated is by no means over-rated; that their regular features and symmetry of form might have served as the model from which the Grecian artists have produced their finest statues. 'It is in the adjacent climates of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Circassia,' says Gibbon, 'that nature has placed, at least to our eyes, the model of beauty, in the shape of the limbs, the colour of the skin, the symmetry of the features, and the expression of the countenance; the men,' he adds, 'are formed for action, the women for love.' Yet, if we may believe Herodotus, the natives, in his time, were dark-complexioned (μελανχρόες) and had crisp, curling hair (οὐλοτρίχες); such is the change produced by the mixture of nations and the slow but most powerful influence of climate. The ladies of Georgia, however, not satisfied with those lovely tints which nature has bestowed upon them, have recourse to the odious use of paint. One of their great luxuries is the bath, which they enjoy in perfection at Teflis, where artificial excavations in the rock, situated in deep caverns, are supplied with natural warm water. Here, says an intelligent and entertaining writer,* the Georgian ladies devote a whole day in every week to these baths, and not unfrequently pass a whole night in them; it it here that, reclining in luxurious ease upon their couches, they amuse themselves by staining their hair and their nails; and here also they paint their faces red and white, and, above all, torture themselves to make the eyebrows join,—for that Anacreontic charm is absolutely essential in a Georgian beauty. M. Gamba informs us, that the Armenian girls marry at the early age of twelve; he adds, that formerly they were married before they reached the age of ten; but that this was done by their parents to prevent their being demanded by the princes of Georgia either for their own, or for sale to the Persian, harems, as married women were not in request in either of these.

On the Consul's return to France, along the western shores of the Caspian Sea, he notices a circumstance which shows how cautious we ought to be in rejecting as fabulous what we are pleased to deem improbable. Plutarch, in his life of Pompey, says, 'After this action (with the Albanians), Pompey designed to make his way to the Caspian Sea, and march by its coast into Hyrcania; but he found the number of venomous serpents so troublesome, that he was forced to return, when three days' march would have carried him as far as he proposed.'† Now this place answers exactly to the *steppe* of Moghan, to the

* *Lettres sur la Caucase et la Georgie. Translated from the German of Madame Freygan.*

† Langhorne's Plutarch, vol. iv. p. 80.

southward

southward of the Kour, and upon the shore of the Caspian, respecting which M. Gamba says,—

'The general opinion in the country is, that in the months of June, July, and August, the *steppe* or plain of Moghan is so much covered with snakes, that men and horses cannot cross it without the greatest danger; during the rest of the year the snakes retire into the earth and the crevices of the rocks. When the General Zuboff was about to attack Salian, his army encamped about the end of autumn, 1800, and passed the winter on the plain of Moghan. The soldiers, in digging the ground to pitch their tents, were constantly turning up snakes in a state of torpor, &c.'—*Gamba*, tom. ii. p. 285.

We may remark, also, that Mr. Freygan, on his mission from Teflis to Tabreez, passed near some hills bordering the plain to the westward, one of which was named 'the hill of serpents;' observing, 'the inhabitants dare not go near it, on account of the numbers of these reptiles.'

M. Gamba visited Bakou, in the vicinity of which are found those naphtha pits, which afford to the inhabitants an inexhaustible article of commerce, and of which not less than from seven to eight million pounds weight are annually consumed by Russia and Persia. This naphtha is used to light their houses, to grease the wooden axles of their carriages, and as paint, to preserve different kinds of wood-work; and the Georgians smear it over the sheep and goat-skins in which they keep their wine. At a little distance from the town is an ancient monastery, wherein a few of the disciples of Zoroaster, and two or three miserable Hindoos, are still to be seen adoring the All-holy Flame which is supposed to have been lighted at the creation of the world, and will continue till 'time shall be no more.' At the four corners of a large altar, chimneys or tubes of a considerable height carry the inflammable gas up into the air, where it is ignited, and a flame issues something like what we have in our own streets, burning continually, night and day. These gaseous lights, and the naphtha pits of Bakou, have been so often described, that we deem it unnecessary to enter upon any detailed account of them.*—In the consul's progress through Daghestan he found the country well covered with Tartar villages, the inhabitants apparently in easy circumstances, and possessing vast herds of horses and cattle. He was told that in this province, at certain seasons, great numbers of horses die suddenly—from eating, as it is supposed, a particular plant, which M. Gamba has understood to be the *absinthium ponticum*. When the Russians marched an army into Bakou, they lost in one night two hundred and

* Hanway, and more recently, the writer of '*Lettres sur la Caucase et la Georgie*,' give interesting details of these fires, 'that are never quenched.'

fifty

fifty of the horses employed in dragging their artillery. The plant is said to produce no ill effects on sheep and horned cattle. Silk, cotton, rice, sesamum, and madder, are the chief articles of produce. The forest-trees are small and stunted. The province of Kouba is said to contain sixty thousand souls, many of them Jews, who are here cultivators of the land, of good character, and in good circumstances. In most parts of Georgia these people can scarcely be said to exist, their place being supplied by Armenians.—The town of Kouba has about five thousand inhabitants, of which the Tartars and Armenians are the most numerous. This town and the country to the northward are so extremely unhealthy, that one-fourth of the Cossack soldiers stationed there are said to perish annually from the effects of the malaria.—Of the seven or eight thousand inhabitants of the ancient city of Derbent, which is supposed to have been built by Alexander, or some of his successors, two-thirds are said to be Persians, the rest Jews, Armenians, and Arabs. From hence to the Terek, the surface is diversified with hill and dale, and the fine plains are covered with the flocks and herds of the Tartars. A singular fact is mentioned, which we recollect to have read of elsewhere, we think in Guldenstaedt. Near the Soulak, and in a valley of the Caucasus are found, says our author,

'two beautiful villages inhabited by a people, active, industrious, sober, laborious, rich, independent; and whose manners and religion have no relation to those of the other nations by whom they are surrounded. They were generally supposed to be the descendants of a colony of Moravian brethren, which induced the Moravians of Sarepta to send thither, some thirty years ago, a deputation of three persons, to fraternise with them; but whether the report was incorrectly stated, or whether the two or three generations that had passed away since the date of their retreat among those mountains had no longer left any trace of their original language, origin, and religion, the deputies returned with the conviction that there was no similitude whatever between them and these people.'—*Gamba*, tom. ii. p. 370.

Kislar, near the mouth of the Terek, is said to be a handsome city, inhabited chiefly by Armenians. It is unhealthy, on account of the delta of alluvium deposited by the river; but the neighbouring country is beautiful and well cultivated. The vineyards, from which good wine is made, the mulberry-plantations to feed the silk-worms, and the numerous orchards of fruit-trees, are all enclosed within fences. But from this place to Astracan is one dead flat, for about two hundred miles, composed of sandy deserts, creeks running inland from the Caspian, swamps, and morasses, without a tree or a bush—where nothing interrupts the line of the horizon except here and there perhaps the solitary hut of a fisherman, or the

the tents of some roving Tartars. It seems to be precisely that kind of country which is described by Della Cella as surrounding the Great Syrtis in Africa. It has all the appearance of having been at some time or other covered by the waters of the Caspian. Pallas and Gmelin, indeed, were strongly disposed to think that the Caspian must at one time have communicated with the sea of Azof—and said, none could think otherwise who looked to the low and sandy plain that stretches between the two seas, its saline plants, its soil impregnated with salt, and the abundance of shells peculiar to the Caspian Sea. If the union in question ever existed, however, it must have been at a period antecedent to all history; for Herodotus describes these regions just as we now find them. Nothing, we believe, but damming up the Strait of Constantinople could unite the Caspian and the Black Sea; and this would do more than that—it would convert the great southern *steppe* of Russia into one vast ocean.

Various conjectures concerning the Caspian have, in ancient as well as modern times, exercised the ingenuity of man. It was thought by the ancients, who were little acquainted with the effect produced by evaporation,* that a sea into which the waters of the mighty Volga, the Kuma, the Terek, the Cyrus or Kour, the Oural, and various minor streams, were constantly pouring, would necessarily overflow the low and flat parts of the surrounding country, unless there were some outlet for the water to escape; and thus, although Herodotus had given a sufficiently accurate description of the Caspian as an inland sea, unconnected with any other,† yet Strabo, five hundred years afterwards, was persuaded that it communicated with the Northern Ocean by a narrow strait: Pliny, indeed, adopted the same opinion, and it prevailed even in the days of Justinian. In more modern times, the Caspian has been supposed by some to be connected with the Palus Mœotis, by others with the Persian Gulf, and by a third set again with the Black Sea, by subterraneous passages: we have been told that at the mouth which is supposed to open in the last-mentioned sea, is found a species of sea-weed that grows only on the shores of the Caspian; and the same thing has been said of leaves and branches of plants appearing at certain seasons in the Persian Gulf, that grow only on the southern shores of the Caspian near Ghilan and Mazanderan.‡ The Black Sea theorists add that, near the Cas-

* The same opinion prevailed in more modern times. 'Considering,' says Herbert, 'how that these mighty rivers are incessantly vomiting their full-gorged watery stomachs into it (the Caspian), in reason it may be granted, that it would overflow its banks, did it not as well empty as receive; for that is but a weak assertion that the sun attracts equally by vapours to that excess of water which is poured in.'—*Herbert's Travels.*

† *Herod. Clio.*

‡ The voyagers Struys and P. Avril, and also Kœmpfer, suppose these gulfs of communication to exist.

pian

pian vortex of this supposed passage, a species of fish is caught peculiar to the Euxine. Even Gibbon, in describing the shores of the Phasis, talks of 'the hollowness of the ground appearing to indicate the subterraneous channels between the Euxine and the Caspian.' There is a story which has run the round of the geographical dictionaries, and is erroneously attributed in them to Athanasius Kircher, which says that, in olden time, a fish was taken from the Caspian Sea with a golden ring about its tail, whereupon men read this inscription—'Mithridates mihi dabat in urbe Sinope libertatem et hoc donum.' Such a story might well be considered worthy of Kircher, a man of much learning but small sense, and strangely deficient in the faculty of discriminating truth from fiction. He has, however, fables enough of his own, and should not be saddled with this story; though, indeed, he borrows a legend not unlike it from Abulhassen, showing how a certain bashaw of Suez, having caught a dolphin of monstrous size, fixed a plate of brass to the *branchiæ* of the animal, with this inscription in Arabic letters—'Amed Abdalla Bassa Suez tibi vitam unà cum hoc munere donavit, anno Hegiræ, 720'—and how this same dolphin was afterwards caught near Damietta, in the Mediterranean.*

Dismissing these puerilities, we may observe that, according to a very general opinion, the waters of the Caspian have long been on the decrease: and this on the whole accords with the observation of the Chevalier Gamba—who mentions some facts that give colour to another idea, namely, that there are certain periodical *variations* in the increase and decrease of its waters. He tells us that, no longer ago than four years, vessels drawing eighteen feet water navigated places which at present will admit of none drawing more than fifteen; that, not many years ago, the walls of Bakou were washed by the waves of the Caspian, from which they are now so distant, that the imperial navy no longer frequents as usual that bay,† but anchors at the island of Sara; that new islands, one of them several miles in length, have appeared at a distance from the western shore. We are further informed that, about a century ago, at the mouth of the Terek, there was a town on an island in the sea, of the name of Toumin, which is at present covered by the waves; but the most extraordinary statement, and that which would prove the 'variations' in the increase and decrease of the Caspian beyond a doubt, if true, is, that some time ago there appeared above the surface of the water, more than two versts from the shore, the summit of a building,

* *Ath. Kircheri Mundus Subterraneus, lib* ii. *cap.* 13.

† It is stated by Hanway, that in his time (now nearly eighty years ago) 'ships can be moored head and stern *forty fathoms off shore.*'

the

the lower parts of which have by degrees emerged from the water to such an extent that the edifice is now ascertained to have been a vast caravansera. How greatly it is to be regretted that, during M. Gamba's stay at Bakou, a fever, which had seized his son and his interpreter, should have prevented him from obtaining ocular proof of the existence of 'le caravanserail découvert par les eaux, et les îles nouvelles'! Of the existence of the former of them we must take leave to express our doubt, till the information comes in a less questionable shape: we suspect it is nothing more than the repetition of an old story told to Jonas Hanway, that 'the tops of houses might yet be seen where the water is several feet deep.' And as to the *islands*, here the explanation is easy enough, when we remember the shifting and accumulation of the vast quantities of mud and sand brought down by the Volga, the Oural, and other large rivers, and the violent storms that sometimes agitate the Caspian Sea. It may, too, happen,—nay, undoubtedly does happen, that the quantity of water thrown in by these rivers in different years, and the quantity of the evaporation, are not so nicely balanced as to preserve the surface at one uniform level; as, indeed, is proved by the fact of that level being highest in winter, or early spring, when the evaporation is least, and the influx of water greatest; and lowest in dry summers like that which is just passed, when the evaporation is greatest and the influx of water least.

But we believe we have exhausted our limits. If any one should think it impossible, that forty thousand persons, of forty different modes of faith—Jews, Christians, Mahomedans, and Pagans—ever could be found living together under the same government, and in the same town, each worshipping the Deity after his own manner, all tolerated, nay protected, by one presiding nation, and all tolerating each other, without hatred, or malice, or uncharitableness, on the score of their respective religious opinions—let the sceptic go to Astrachan. He will there find Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Hindoos, Calmucks, Cossacks, Mongols, Chinese, Bucharians, Turcomans, Poles, Germans, Italians; in short, representatives of every nation and every horde, from the wildest steppe of Asia to the most civilized kingdoms of Europe—and among the rest, three English, or rather Scotch families, sent by the Bible Society of London to convert the Bucharians, Calmucks, &c., to the Christian faith. 'For this end,' says M. Gamba, 'they distribute Bibles translated into the languages of these different peoples; but the greater number, unable to read, can make no use of them, and those who can read are hardly disposed to change their creed for a religion deprived of all ceremony and exterior worship.' Mr. Henderson says, in substance, nearly the same thing:—'Sometimes they found

few of the inhabitants at home; at others, those whom they did meet would scarcely listen to them. Sometimes they treated their message with mockery and scorn, hooted them with the utmost rudeness, and ordered them away.' And yet it is stated by both our authors, that these Scotch families inhabit, (we need not say at whose expense,) 'beyond comparison, the best-looking house in Astrachan!'*—Nobody can attach importance to the coldness with which professed proselyte-makers may happen to be received anywhere. But perhaps we ought to distinguish from the state of general harmony we have been applauding, two sects of Christians—the Rascolnicks, a kind of Russian Roundheads, and the Roman Catholics, whose priests are here, as they too often are elsewhere, ignorant, bigoted, and intolerant. Both these sects bear a hatred, *plusquam theologicum*, towards the established Greek church.

We cannot conclude without saying that the perusal of these two works, from the pens of two apparently impartial and dispassionate men, who have no grievances to complain of, no angry and disappointed feelings to gratify, no favour to ask or expect, and, in short, no other objects in view than the promulgation of truth, (always excepting that little share of vanity which attaches, more or less, to authorship,) must, we think, leave on the mind of the dispassionate reader an impression eminently favourable to the character of the Russian government. So little does there appear of the exercise of what Englishmen think of when they hear the mention of *despotic* power—jealousy, and unnecessary interference in private concerns—that, on the contrary, a spirit of forbearance, of kindness, and consideration, is everywhere manifested towards those who have sought protection under the imperial crown—whether it be to those hordes of barbarians which, in thousands and tens of thousands, have intruded themselves, most inconveniently sometimes, into parts of the Russian territory already occupied by Russian subjects, or to those restless and infatuated beings, whom disordered imaginations concerning points of religion would not permit to remain quiet in more civilized countries.

The government of Russia is no doubt arbitrary and despotic; but, as in Denmark, where the subjects are almost proverbially happy, the despotism is a mitigated and a mild one. It is one also in which the abuse of power carries with it its own corrective. Much unquestionably depends on the personal character of the sovereign; but he cannot, if so inclined, long play the tyrant with impunity. A Russian of high rank, being present at a conversation in England, which turned upon the unceremonious manner in which they get rid of an obnoxious autocrat in Russia,

* This useless mission, we believe, has since been abandoned.

is said to have *sottovoce* observed, 'It is very natural for you to disapprove of it; but *we* consider it as our *Magna Charta.*' Russia has shown, indeed, that she has no wish, like the two great Mahomedan states of Turkey and Persia, to keep her subjects in a state of hopeless slavery and stupid ignorance: she is, on the contrary, proceeding, with a rapidity that could hardly be expected, to alleviate, with the view of eventually abolishing, the one—and, with a liberality almost unexampled, to afford the means of enlightening the other, by the endowing of free schools for the children of the poorer citizens and the military, in every city and town throughout the empire—while excellent seminaries for the higher classes, at which the superior branches of education may be had at a trifling cost, are also to be found everywhere encouraged and protected by the government. The spiritual schools, as Mr. Henderson calls those for the education of the clergy, are perhaps too numerous and educate too many students. The papas, or parish priests, are miserably poor, and the number of churches is far beyond what can be required for the purposes of religion. It can scarcely be necessary, for instance, that a town of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants, not half of them Russians, should have fifty or sixty churches, and yet such is often the case. There is nothing, perhaps, more detrimental to the cause of true religion than to see its teachers degraded in their circumstances below the bulk of their fellow-citizens, whom it is their office to instruct. The same remark as to numbers may be applied to the military schools, as means for recruiting the army. In fact, the church and the army of Russia absorb a far larger portion of the population than sound policy would seem to warrant; and the stop which has been put to General Aratcheef's plans of military colonization would appear to show, that—in regard to one of these departments, at least—the imperial government have perceived, and are anxious to amend, the evil.

Art. IV.—1. *English Synonymes discriminated.* By W. Taylor, jun., of Norwich. 12mo. London. 1813. pp. 294.

2. *English Synonymes explained in Alphabetical Order; with copious Illustrations and Examples, drawn from the best Writers.* By George Crabb, A.M., &c. 8vo. London. Third Edition. 1824. pp. 813.

THE field of synonymy, in England, has been but little cultivated; it displays, indeed, few flowers, and, it may be thought, promises still fewer fruits to repay the cultivator; but a nicer examination will prove that the flowers, like those of the grass-

tribe, though little showy, cover the germs of most important fruits. For all the finer and more complicated classes of ideas—for all of sentiment and ratiocination—mind can only look into mind through the medium of language. Nor is this a general medium for the purpose of general intuition, but a collection of media called words, each of which is appropriate to some one idea, or corporate set of ideas, whose unaltered image that medium alone is formed precisely to transmit. The image conveyed through any of the other media would be dimmed, distorted, multiplied, magnified, or diminished, and the purpose of language not only frustrated but perverted. Now the object of synonymy is to collect sets of media, or of words, which have such a general resemblance as frequently to be interchanged and misapplied; then to assort them, and stamp each respectively with the mark of its intellectual correlative. Were this generally effected, and the use of it generally adopted, it is not possible to convey any idea of the consequent rapidity and forcible impression in mental communication, and of the reflex influence of these on the precision and energy of thought itself, that would follow. To expect the full accomplishment of this, even in one country, would resemble the scheme of an English bishop for counteracting the curse of Babel, by the establishment of an universal language. Yet the present uniform systems of musical and arithmetical notation adopted throughout Europe, may teach us to hope for *partial* success, and encourage us to fix our attention upon a good to to which, though unattainable absolutely, we certainly may *approximate*.—'Come gli arcieri prudenti, a' quali parendo il luogo dove dissegnano ferire troppo lontano, e conoscendo fino à quanto arriva la virtù del loro arco, pongono la mira assai più alto che il luogo destinato, non per aggiungere con la lor forza, ò freccia, à tanta altezza, ma per potere, con l' aiuto di sì alta mira, pervenire al disegno loro.'

In proportion to the advancement of society in science, arts, literature, and general refinement, the task of the synonymist becomes more difficult, but at the same time more requisite, for the growing complication of ideas increases as much the danger of confusing as the difficulty of unravelling them. In the early stages of society, combinations are few and language scant; principally, too, limited to sensible objects, their qualities and effects. The labour of a synonymist would be very slight among a people like those noticed by Locke, having no names for numbers exceeding five; or among those other American tribes so little skilled in the use of language as to have encumbered themselves with the word *poetarrarorenconröac* to express the number *three*. But as civilization

civilization proceeds, and language becomes copious, if some general writers of pre-eminent fame, or philologer of acknowledged authority, do not arise to fix a standard, there is great danger, from laxity in the application of words—the fruit of ignorance, negligence, and caprice—that they may gradually contract more and more vagueness of import. The excess to which the unchecked use of redundancy tends, may be imagined from what the Arabian authors tell us, as a boast, of their tongue. The lexicographer Mohammedes Al-Firauzabadius reckoned above fourscore names for *honey*, and a thousand for a *sword;* and Ebn Khalawih composed one volume on the two hundred words expressing *serpent*, and another on the five hundred signifying a *lion*. The influence of language is wholly dependent on association; the liveliness, therefore, with which any given idea is excited by any given word is (the force of impression remaining the same) proportioned to the frequency and uniformity with which that word and that idea have been conjunctively presented to the mind. But when either has been often seen with other associates, the appearance of the one does not necessarily suggest the individual image of the other, but only an indefinite notion of the kind of company we have been accustomed to see it in. It is this progress to indistinctness, through the multiplicity of relations in which words are used, that debars later authors from that pith and raciness of style peculiar to the early writers of a nation; when the currency of language, yet fresh from the mint, presents the image as distinct as the superscription is legible.

Much has been already done to fix the English language; and complete fixity is now all that it requires. The original copiousness of our Saxon was for centuries increased by importations from the continent, and enriched from the treasures of Greece and Rome, till English, thus formed, became fully competent to express all that antiquity had conceived, or the improvements, refinements, and abstractions of modern times could suggest. Shakspeare and Jonson in dramas, and Bacon in essays, that 'came home to men's business and bosoms,' had familiarized to the popular mind and ear this language, in all its richness, indigenous and exotic. Milton had proved it equal to the most sublime conceptions; and Addison and his contemporary essayists, by sliding into the discussion of common topics the concentrated phrascology of the language of abstraction, gave dignity and elevation to general style, and tuned the public ear to the perception of harmony in prose. To this latter object, Addison, in particular, too often sacrificed condensation and precision, and polished, and rounded, and enfeebled his periods by tautology and periphrastic diffuseness.

diffuseness. Johnson marked the error, and corrected it, as such errors often are corrected, by an opposite excess, by a cumbrous ponderosity, and measured formality of diction; with which, however, his later writings are infinitely less chargeable than the earlier. His celebrity in other respects obtained him imitators in this, who moved heavily and stiffly, like heroes in armour; strong they might be, but quite devoid of grace, and, if employed in the common concerns of life, not a little ridiculous. But these affectations have now passed away, and writers are generally contented simply to apply their own powers and those of the language, according to the occasion, and find that they may be strong or familiar, yet not stiff or coarse, and elegant without imbecility. The temporary evil produced by Johnson's style, and by the pigmies who stretched their limbs into distortion to tread in the giant's footsteps, was amply compensated by his 'Dictionary of the English Language;' which exhibiting, at one view, the *resources* of the language, and the *uses* which our best writers had made of them, has checked the impertinence of innovation, and saved us from the apprehension that the glories of Shakspeare and of Milton can ever suffer the eclipse of an obsolete phraseology—an eclipse that would, for future generations, intercept a splendour which the faint sparklings of any novelty of diction could but ill supply. The next great assistant in the fixing of our English, was Mr. Horne Tooke, 'who has let in a light,' as Darwin has observed, 'upon the chaos of etymology,' and displayed the wonders of the *formation* of language. Every one was aware of the important offices which the particles of every language perform, and that on the proper application of these depend much of the force and perspicuity of style. Some etymologists both of England and Germany had made insulated discoveries, or hazarded sweeping conjectures; but no one previous to Tooke had ever generalized, as a principle, the tracing of these supposed arbitrary signs to a radical meaning, which might enable us to judge on the propriety or impropriety of their variously ramified applications. This task he was enabled to perform, and to prove that our particles, which had been imagined to have 'no meaning in themselves,' and yet to exercise an overruling influence on the meaning of every sentence wherein they were employed, were, in fact, but contracted *forms* of certain nouns, or verbs, yet to be found in their verbal and nominal use, in some of those Teutonic sources, from which the main stream of our present English flows. He has thus shown that these inflexible parts, the doctrine of which may be considered as the osteology of language, are no anomalous substances in the body, but of the same materials as the most flexible parts; and, in truth,

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only some of these ossified by frequent use, and now forming the fulcrums on which those that continue flexible rest, and through which their connexions with each other are maintained.

We are inclined, then, to consider the English language as having attained that fulness of maturity, which leaves no wish for increase, but only anxiety for preservation. As helps to this we have the various *acceptations*, in which every word has been used by approved writers, collected in a dictionary, such as, perhaps, no other language could ever boast; and we have a new guide for the theory and use of language, exemplifying his principles by applying them to our own tongue. The attempts of Mr. Richardson to correct the etymological and chronological part of Dr. Johnson's labours shall, ere long, form the subject of a separate article in our pages. But even were all that Mr. Richardson thinks he can do done, one thing would still be wanting to prevent the language from perishing by its own luxuriance; namely, a complete dictionary of synonymes, which, besides explaining the meaning of words, separately considered, should collect and compare such as, having some generic ideas in common, have been sometimes indiscriminately used by our best writers, but yet have qualities and powers peculiar to each, and rendering each, as we before observed, the only appropriate medium for transmitting, unaltered, into one mind, the image existing in another. In this part of philology our literature is deficient, not only in proportion to the importance of the subject, but to the advancement of our continental competitors. The French led the way in this delicate investigation with considerable credit, and have been followed by the Germans with characteristic industry, sagacity, and voluminousness; whilst in England, previous to the publications now under consideration, we know only of two works professedly on the subject, and neither of these much calculated either to improve the language or support the literary character of the nation.

After the Abbé Girard had called the attention of Europe to the subject of synonymes, nearly half a century elapsed before the appearance of any English treatise. At length, in 1766, came forth a work on English synonymes, by the multifarious Dr. Trusler—him, whom, among his other various callings, Cowper describes as one, who

> 'Grinds divinity of other days
> Down into modern use; transforms old print
> To ziz-zag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
> Of gallery critics by a thousand arts....
> Grand caterer, and dry-nurse of the church!'

He was one of those superficial writers, whom the booksellers employ

employ to compile books for superficial readers. Skimming all subjects, without diving into any, it was mere chance whether what he collected were cream or scum. Of synonymes he seems to have known enough to be aware that skimming would not do, and therefore he boldly published, as English, all the articles in Girard's work, for which he could find parallel phrases in his own tongue, and to which the reasonings and distinctions of the ingenious Frenchman appeared in any degree applicable. In his preface he modestly acknowledges, that 'some part' of the work is thus translated, 'but the rest (says he) the reader will find to be new.' This 'rest' is fortunately a very small part of the whole; for when the Doctor throws away his crutch, his lameness is conspicuous. The translation, however, is in general well executed; and the adaptation of Girard's distinctions to English phraseology is managed with considerable nicety; so that in many of our abstract terms, derived, in common with the French, from the Greek or Latin, Trusler may be consulted with advantage; and he has been so both by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Crabb. Voltaire censured Tasso for presenting, at the commencement of his Gerusalemme, the image of a sick child; but what would the squeamish critic have said to poor Trusler—who selects for the first article of his book, by way of regale to the reader, the title 'Sweat and Perspiration'? This beginning, however, need not alarm; no, nor even the reverend Doctor's unlucky translation of the Frenchman's *l'on* when he says, 'WE *mask* ourselves to go to a ball; WE *disguise* ourselves to bring about an *intrigue*.' The book is both modest and cleanly.

We cannot bestow this commendation, without sundry exceptions, on the next treatise which discussed the subject of English synonymes, though that was from the hand of a lady. This work was entitled

'British Synonymy: or, an Attempt at regulating the choice of Words in familiar Conversation: inscribed, with sentiments of gratitude and respect, to such of her foreign friends as have made English Literature their peculiar study, by Hester Lynch Piozzi.'

In two octavo volumes!—'An exchequer of words! and, I think, no other treasure.' A more affected modesty to deprecate the dangers of authorship, a more anxious disclaiming of all erudition, and a more laborious ostentation of the little possessed, have seldom been exhibited together. She is ambitious of uniting to the characters of wit and gaiety, supposed to be proper to her own sex, those acquirements which more frequently distinguish the other. But her liveliness degenerates into flippancy, and her learning is, as Boswell tells us Johnson described it, 'that of a school-

school-boy in one of the lower forms.' It must be confessed it is the reader's fault, if he be disappointed in the book; for the preface gives a very fair notice and specimen of what he is to expect. We are there promised

'a book for a parlour-window, and acknowledging itself unworthy of a place on a library-shelf.'

And find it gravely laid down, that

'We must not retard our progress with studied definitions of every quality coming under consideration, or even by very long descriptions of the same, either by their adjuncts or causes; for although every definition is, *generice*, a description, yet we all see that every description is not definitive. And although the *final cause* of definition is to fix the true and adequate meaning of words, or terms, without knowledge of which we stir not a step in logic: yet *here* we must not suffer ourselves to be so detained, as synonymy has more to do with eloquence than truth.'

Accordingly, we have Mrs. Piozzi's *own* use of the words which are introduced, set forth in anecdotes, or observations on any thing but synonymy; from these, in the place of definitions, we are to collect the accurate meanings of each, more distinctly, it is to be presumed, than from the equally irrelevant writings of any other author. The book is professedly intended for foreigners, and they only, we hope, will learn from it to 'lay words on a parallel line together;' to say, 'rascality and waggish frauds are not quite synonymous, *I think*;' that 'a soul levigated by prosperity soon mounts into airiness of temper;' and that 'a Briton's rights render him superior to every other countryman.' Nor will English women, we trust, learn of her, sentimentally to 'sigh for the introduction into social life' of the word 'blunt,' to express 'a dull fellow'—nor, with another kind of sentimentality, maintain that

'the sports of the field' (that is, the tormenting and killing of animals for sport) 'are the only diversions, properly so called, that are at once natural and rational for *humanity* to exult in, as *lords* of the creation.'

Thus does Johnson's 'lively lady' prattle away through two octavo volumes; and the reader may judge how far these were calculated to improve the philology of Britain.

The next publication on English synonymes was the work which stands first at the head of our paper. It is just the *kind* of work wanted—just what we have described as a desideratum in our literature—if its extent were at all proportioned to the copiousness of our language: in its present state it supplies rather a specimen of what we want, than the want itself. The author has said in his preface, that 'if invited by the public patronage, he should occasionally continue the task of definition.' We regret that

that Mr. Taylor has not received the invitation; and we presume to think, that this neglect proceeds, from want, not of relish, but of information, on the part of the public. The book appeared in too unassuming a form to attract attention;—in these days of royal octavo and imperial quarto, a little modest duodecimo is too often overlaid, or slips unseen among the crowd.

We object to the title—'English Synonymes discriminated.' Trusler has better described the purpose of his own book and Mr. Taylor's—'The Distinction between Words *esteemed* synonymous.' Mr. Taylor, indeed, has rendered the components συν and ονομα, a 'fellow name,' and defined synonymes to be words 'allied in signification;' but this is a laxity of construction, which, though it may plead the example of several writers in different languages, is unsanctioned by the lexicographers of any; because, though it might supply a term for *alliance* in signification, it would deprive us of an exclusively appropriate term for *identity* of signification.

Mr. Taylor has properly insisted on etymology as the great assistant in developing the radical meaning of a word; thence deducing the collateral ramifications, it explains how these have, first, naturally sprung from the constitutional habit of the root; or, secondly, been forcibly twisted; or, thirdly, capriciously distorted into their present forms. Examples best elucidate such observations; but the first of these classes can scarcely need one. Of the second class, Mr. Taylor's distinction of 'to *affront* and to *insult*' may serve as a specimen.

'*To affront* is to strike at the forehead;—*to insult* is to jump upon. The one is the hostile pantomime of an angry equal; the other of a contemptuous superior.'

It is the happy progress of civilization that has twisted these words, from their original import of actual violence, to that of the gestures, or even expressions, which had been associated with that violence, or with the feelings once inciting to it. It is pleasant thus to contemplate, in the history of words, the gradual control of law, the consequent softening-down of the asperities of individual character, and the general amelioration of society. Of the third class of derivatives we have examples both in grave and ludicrous subjects. We have classical authority for *shill-i-shall-i* and *quandary*, as well as for *dilemma*. The derivation of the first is capricious and obvious enough. The second is from the French *qu'en dirai?* what shall I say about it?—(Johnson has spoiled it by adding the pronoun, qu'en dirai-*je?* which was unnecessary to the construction of the old French.)—Philosophers of the Cynic school acknowledge themselves immediately derived from a Greek dog; and lawyers talk of the writ Refalo, the name of which is compounded

compounded of the incipient syllables of the first three words of the writ, *Recordari facias loquelam.* These whimseys of language are noticed to show the necessity of etymological investigation for estimating the force of words; and they may also show the necessity of etymologists not depending wholly on the knowledge of words in their radical acceptation, but acquainting themselves with the history of their changes; always bearing in mind what etymologists commonly forget, that custom is the law of language, etymology but the commentary, enabling us more clearly to ascertain what the law of custom is. Mr. Taylor affords a specimen of this forgetfulness in telling us, that 'a *broad family* would be as sound an expression as a *large family*,' because he conjectures that *broad* is etymologically connected with *breed.*

This error, too, pervades the whole of Horne Tooke's admirable work, so happily denominated Επεα Πτεροεντα, and so conceitedly 'Diversions of Purley.' But in him it is not only the source of false reasoning, but the vehicle of personal spleen, of party politics, and of causticity of temper, thus embalmed, with all their foulness, in a book which must live while language lasts.* A citation may be necessary to justify such censure; and it will also elucidate the tendency of that too rigid adherence to etymology which we wish to expose.

'Johnson is as bold and profuse in assertion as he is shy and sparing in explanation. He says that *right* means "true:" again, that it means "passing true judgment;" and "*passing a judgment according to the truth of things:*" again that it means "*happy:*" and again, that it means "*perpendicular:*" and again, that it means "*in a great degree.*" —All false, absurd, and impossible.'—*Tooke*, vol. ii. p. 5. 4th ed.

And in the next page he adds,

'but seek no farther for intelligence in that quarter; where nothing but fraud, and cant, and folly, is to be found: misleading, mischievous folly; because it has a sham appearance of labour, learning, and piety.'

And all this because Johnson had not confined himself to the radical meaning of *right*, which Tooke had discovered to be derived from *rectum*, that which is ruled or ordered; though Johnson had '*explained*' his '*bold and profuse assertions*' by neither '*shy*' nor '*sparing*' citations from Locke, Shakspeare, Addison, Bacon, &c. and though his professed object was to explain how words were used by writers generally allowed to be of good authority, not merely how they were originally employed.

* We are glad to learn that a publication is in forwardness, of a single octavo volume, in which all the etymological information of Tooke's two quartos will be comprised; but excluding the needless multiplicity of examples elucidating the same point; and wholly omitting every trait of personal virulence or political animosity. Horne Tooke's book in its original shape will always keep its place in our libraries; but an abridgment of this sort will be extremely useful for our schools.

The

The same overweening love of etymology is not unfrequent in Mr. Taylor, though exhibited in a different form from that here exemplified;—namely, in attempting distinctions between words which have in reality no currency in England, but proceed only from the mint of his own imagination, as in the article 'numerous and numerose.'

'The Latin word *numerus* (he rightly says) signifies not only number but measure: it is applied both to arithmetical and syllabic reckoning. In the one sense it is *Englished* by the substantive *number*, in the other sense by the substantive numerus; "the adjective of *number* is *numerous*, the adjective of *numerus* is *numerose*."'

Now, this is not explaining synonymes, but creating them by his own authority, and without the plea of necessity; for instead of this awkward distinction among the similar endings of numer*us*, numer*ose*, and numer*ous*, we have already *rhythm* and *rhythmical*, to express either the measured melody of verse or the cadence of harmonic prose. Mr. Taylor's fancies are sometimes so pretty, that we regret to find them only fancies; and sometimes so whimsical, that we regret they were ever produced.

'Path (he observes) is a footway, where one paddeth;' (by the way he does not here avail himself, as usual, of his northern learning; for he supposes path derived from 'some etymon left by the Romans in Britain,' whereas it is the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon *petthian*, worn with the feet). '*Track*,' he says, 'is from the Italian traccia, a hunter's term for the line of footsteps left on the ground by game; the *temporary* path of an animal:' '*road* is a horse-way, ground ridden upon;' and a 'street is a paved road (via *lapidibus* strata), which being most frequent in towns, the word commonly suggests a road passing between rows of houses:' hence 'we say the *track* of purity, as if its vestiges were narrow, and evanescent; the *path* of virtue, as if it were trudged in only by humble natures, the *road* to power, as if those were lordly mounted who attempt it; and the *streets* of libertinism, as if where men are crowded, vice is welcome.'

What pity that all this pretty appropriation of phrase has no sanction from the common law (the only law) of language! This is not to direct us to the *proper* way, but so to cover all with flowers, that we cannot distinctly discern the direction of any. That Mr. Taylor, in common with other etymologists, should sometimes be pleased with an ingenious conjecture of his own, to a degree in which the reader cannot sympathize, is not to be wondered at; but we do wonder that such self-complacency should have led him to a forgetfulness, not merely of delicacy, but of decency, in discussing one of his articles. In works of anatomy, or metaphysics, where *every* object of physiological research may be expected to be adduced, the reader has no right

to

to complain of the introduction of *any* topic necessary to the elucidation of these important subjects; but, while following an author in the department of the belles lettres, to come suddenly on the grossest filth, is like meeting with sewers in a public garden. We hope Mr. Taylor will expunge the passage to which we allude, in his next edition; or, if he think the conjecture too important to be suppressed, let him veil it in the obscurity of a dead language, that may show there is something which ought to be concealed, and that those, only, who seek, may find. We could wish also to see the next edition purified from some blemishes of affected phraseology; such as 'a shire of the heavens,' 'habituality,' 'actuality,' 'spokenness,' 'maw-wallop,' &c. A writer of real elegance and learning should leave petty singularities to those who are at a loss for any distinction. Nor would we have him waste his powers in correcting the blunders of the illiterate in explaining the difference between *vein* and *artery*; *human* and *humane*; *sumptuous* and *sumptuary*; *astronomy* and *astrology*; *general* and *universal*; *lie* and *lay*, &c.: this is the business of the pedagogue; and it is trenching on the province of the lexicographer to define *envoy*, *president*, *plenipotentiary* and *ambassador*; *ambrosia* and *nectar*; *print*, *cut*, *copper-plate*, &c. The office of the synonymist is not to expose the gross errors of the ignorant, but to fix the vagueness of classic composition. And for this office Mr. Taylor seems well qualified, by a nicely discriminating perception of the shades of meaning superinduced by custom, even where the ground of etymology is the same; and by a competent knowledge of languages where their assistance is required—especially of those northern dialects which form the warp and the woof of English, and on which the flowers of Greece and Rome have been embroidered. In our own tongue he is master of all its powers; truly conveying that strong and distinct view of objects to others, in which his perspicacity exhibits them to himself. A few examples will justify our opinion, and entertain our readers.

'To *uncover*, to *discover*, to *detect*: to uncover is Saxon, to discover is French, and to detect is Latin, for the same action of removing a cover; but to *uncover* is merely to take off the covering; to *discover* is to lay bare that which was covered; and to *detect* is to lay bare that which the covering was to have concealed. To uncover a bed: to discover a person in the bed: to detect a person who ought not to be in the bed.'

'*Effective*, *efficient*, *efficacious*; *effectual*. Causes, which have usually a share in producing a given effect, are called effective; which have actually a share, are called efficient; which have a large share, are called *efficacious*; which have a decisive share, are called *effectual*.'

These

These are examples of just distinction, where etymology, alone, would have produced nothing but confusion. The following are examples where etymology alone could have enabled the author to have so accurately estimated the relative forces of the words

'*Distinction, diversity, difference, discrimination:*—separation, by the touch (*dis* and *tango*) makes a distinction; by turning apart (*dis* and *verto*) makes a diversity; by carrying asunder (*dis* and *fero*) makes a difference; by affixing a mark (*dis* and *crimen*) makes a discrimination. Distinction, therefore, is applied to delicate variations; diversity to glaring contrasts; difference to hostile unlikeness; and discrimination to formal criticism.'

'*Attractions, allurements.* Attractions draw (*ad* and *trahere*), allurements beckon (*ad* and *leurrer*), toward the possessor: attractions are natural, and allurements are contrived, invitations. The attractions of beauty. The allurements of coquetry.'

When etymology gives no light of its own, it may reflect it from history:—

'To *recall*, to *repeal*, to *revoke*, to *call back*. To *recall* is English, to *repeal* is French (rappeler), and to *revoke* is Latin (revocare), for the same idea to *call back*. Our conversation is English; we *recall* our directions to servants, and other family arrangements. Our laws are French; we *repeal* acts of parliament, and exiles of the state. Our oratory is Latin; we *revoke* a panegyric, a denunciation, a promise, or a threat. To repeal is legally, and to revoke is solemnly, to recall. We *recall* things, we *call back* persons.'

The reader, while admitting the general accuracy of this comparative statement, will probably have observed how etymology has misled the author, in saying we 'repeal exiles of the state;' for though some of our old writers, who affected learned diction, (and one of the most notorious of these was Shakspeare,) may be cited in defence of the expression, yet it is not modern English. And though the last-quoted distinction be generally just, it ought to have been qualified: for though we usually recall things, we sometimes recall a messenger; and though we usually call back persons, we sometimes call back a promise or assertion. Of the terse distinctions of Mr. Taylor we must confine ourselves to one example:—

'*Honour, glory, fame.* A love of honour is the pursuit of that contiguous praise which raises us in the value of those with whom we associate: a love of glory is the pursuit of that diffusive praise which raises us in the value of the community to which we belong: a love of fame is the pursuit of that lasting praise which raises us in the value of successive generations of men. The voice of honour is loud sounding; of glory, far sounding; of fame, long sounding.'

Mr. Taylor has contrived, by elegant ingenuity of illustration, sometimes to clothe even the dry bones of philology with beauty. The

The following is given to exemplify the distinction of 'clock and dial,' (which, by-the-bye, a synonymist had nothing to do with,) but would have served better to elucidate the difference of annalist and historian :—

'The annalist Muratori resembles a clock; always exact, distinct, complete; his chapter finishes when the year strikes; and he points out the little or the great figures in the area with an equally gradual impartiality. The historian Roscoe has illustrated, but flattered the Medici; his pen, like the gnomon of a sun-dial, notices no hours but the serene.'

We could, with pleasure to ourselves and our readers, multiply our extracts from this work; but we must recollect that another yet claims our attention; and conclude by expressing our hope that Mr. Taylor may be induced to apply, to the further illustration of British synonymy, the powers which so eminently qualify him for the task; and that he will consider as proofs of our admiration of those powers the hints we have presumed to give for their still more successful application.

After having said so much, we are almost afraid to enter on Mr. Crabb's volume of eight hundred double-columned, large-octavo pages; but the general subject has already been discussed; and we have only to notice how far we think this author has succeeded, or failed, in accomplishing what we have stated to be, in our opinion, the business of the synonymist. The preface teaches us to expect something very superior; the reason assigned for undertaking the subject being, that 'we have not a single writer who has treated it in a scientific manner adequate to its importance.'

What the *scientific* manner of synonymy is Mr. Crabb has not directly informed us; nor have we been able to collect it from his practice. If alphabetical order be considered as a scientific arrangement, it is one of the most incommodious that could have been devised; for instead of a general alphabetical index, referring at once to the page where each word may be found, we must turn through the bulky volume, till the word is found in all the dignity of Roman capitals—PREMEDITATION, for example; and when found, another set of capitals is referred to in another part of the volume, FORETHOUGHT: there we are sent to seek FORECAST; and at FORECAST we are desired to consult FORESIGHT; and after being thus bandied about, we are at length favoured with the author's sentiments on PREMEDITATION. Besides this inconvenience in consultation, is that of useless enormity of bulk: frequently, for instance, more than half a column is occupied by these lines of Roman capitals; and how often these *referees* may become *referors* is alarming to consider. We have heard of an apothecary, in whom the business was hereditary, boasting to his father

father of the cure he had wrought on an opulent patient. 'You managed him very ill,' said the father: 'Nay, sir, but the patient is cured:' 'Yes, but you cured him with a few sixpenny boluses, instead of a score, or two, of half-crown draughts.' Now we think Mr. Crabb may have benefited by a lesson of this kind from some bookseller. Whether we are to attribute to that, or to his own natural prolixity, the style of his derivations, we are at a loss to decide; but certainly they very much resemble a boy's parsing at school. The reader shall judge:—

'Antipathy; in French, *antipathie;* Latin, *antipathia;* Greek, *αντιπαθεια*, compounded of *αντι*, against, and *παθεια*, feeling, signifies a feeling against.' 'Spacious, in French, *spacieux;* Latin, *spatiosus*, comes from *spatium*, a space, implying the quality of having space;' and the implication certainly *is* very direct. But this kind of prolixity is tolerable, compared with that of the copious illustrations of his own, which he has deemed requisite to be added to 'examples drawn from the best writers.' For he tells us, in the preface, that he should have considered 'his work but half completed, had he made it a mere register of verbal distinctions.' And, accordingly, full one-half of it is a register of the opinions, religious, moral, and political, of Mr. George Crabb; and the student of English philology must expend his money, and his time, to weary himself with all the trite remarks and stale declamations, which the political events and religious dissensions of the last thirty years have suggested to a very ordinary mind. The pages swarm with such sentences, for the existence of which, as of some tribes of insects, no object is apparent but the multiplication of their kind. The citation of authorities shows a great extent of reading; especially as we are assured, that 'the selection has been made by an actual perusal of the authors, without the assistance of Johnson's Dictionary;'—a boast, which claims credit for industry at the expense of judgment, as *his* would do, who should vaunt his knowledge of the stars, and disclaim the use of the telescope. To justify fully what we have said, by quotation, would be to incur, by prolixity of our own, the censure we have passed on another: but we will take one example, because it is short, and comprehensively bad; only too short, even with Mr. Crabb's powers, to give a fair specimen of his wonted wearisomeness. Thus, then, we have, in a list of synonymes, the almost antithetical words, '*defensible* and *defensive:*' we have been previously referred for the etymology to *defend*, which refers us to *apologise*, where we are told, that defend is, 'in French, *défendre;* Latin, *defensus*, participle of defendo, compounded of *de* and *fendo*, to keep, or ward off.' Then, for the explanation, we are told,

'Defensible is employed for the thing that is defended; defensive for the

the thing that defends. An opinion, or a line of conduct, is defensible; a weapon, or a military operation, is defensive. The defensible is opposed to the indefensible, and the defensive to the offensive. It is the height of folly to attempt to *defend* that which is *indefensible*: it is sometimes prudent to act on the *defensive*, when we are not in a condition to commence the *offensive*.'

Then follow a citation from Blackstone, and another from Burke; and then, 'DEFENSIVE, *v.* DEFENSIBLE.'—Of a truth 'Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing; more than any man in all Venice.'

As an etymologist, Mr. Crabb seems to have some dictionary-knowledge of many languages; but to be quite unacquainted with the philosophy, or history even, of language in general. He will dig deep in the soils of *Italy*, *Greece*, &c., for the root of an English word, which may be seen running along the surface of its native Saxon bed;—where, even if this author found it, he would consider it as an exotic imported from the south; though the early stream of emigration had been as constantly and conspicuously from the north, as that of the aurora borealis itself. Mr. Crabb is entirely ignorant of the *sort* of light which the languages of classic antiquity and the Gothic dialects have in recent times been made to throw *upon each other*. With him *pull* is derived 'from *pello* (its exact opposite), to thrust,' and had any one suggested the Saxon *pullian*, Mr. Crabb would probably have derived that from *pello* too. Again: 'need, in German *noth*, is probably from the Greek αναγκη, necessity;' not from *nydde*, Saxon, compelled—*need*, Saxon, necessity. This deficiency in etymological knowledge leads, of course, to ridiculous extravagance of conjecture, and false estimates of the power of words. 'Heed, in German hüthen,' (*hedan*, Saxon) 'in all probability comes from vito *and* video.' *Become* (*cweman*, Saxon, to please) is 'from coming in its place'—and comely (from the same *cweman*) is 'from come, like, coming as one would have it.' Choak (kuak, Gothic, the throat, as we have throttle, to collar, &c.) is with our author 'probably a variation of *cheek*, in Saxon *ceac*, because strangulation is effected by a compression of the throat under *the cheek bone*.' We have the following elegantly grammatical account under the article 'to admit, allow, permit, suffer, tolerate.' 'The actions denoted by the *three first* are more or less voluntary; those of the *two last* are *involuntary*.'

And the very authority he cites, 'no man ought to be tolerated in, &c. Steele'—shows that Steele considered the act as optional. But this contradiction of Mr. Crabb's assertions, made by Mr. Crabb's own authorities, is very frequent. Having derived 'Cast from *casus*,' fallen, he of course tells us, that 'cast requires no

particular effort;' and deriving *inroad* from *in* and *road*, he considers *inroad* as made with an intention to 'occupy' as well as 'invade;' but as the word really comes from *in* and *ride*, there is no kind of invasion that less includes the idea of occupation. And if Mr. Crabb would have condescended to consult 'Johnson's Dictionary,' he might, in these instances, as in hundreds of others, have been corrected in his notions of common acceptation, if not of radical etymology. He would not, then, have told us, that *morbid* is 'used *only* in a moral application;' that *fur* is 'used *only* as an adverb;' that '*similarity* respects *only* internal properties;' that 'Essay is *altogether* in a figurative sense,' &c.; and if he had still further condescended to consult Lindley Murray's Grammar, he would not have pronounced that 'a carriage should neither be haughty *or* servile,' nor spoken concerning 'circumstances which *is* passing;' nor of 'a hart darting to make *her* escape.'

However, with all this apparent incompetency for the office of Synonymist, Mr. Crabb has most industriously brought together a mass of materials and observations, which, under judicious selection, in more skilful hands, may, hereafter, essentially contribute to the service of English literature. There is a patient examination of words, in all their bearings, and a collection of remarks on the peculiar uses of each, that are highly valuable: but, then, so buried in heaps of rubbish, that not much less labour, and a great deal more judgment, will be required to select, than have been employed to amass them. After this observation it seems arrogant to exemplify; and yet it would be unjust not to give some specimens of the good, when we have thought ourselves obliged to adduce so many of the bad.

'*Disgrace* is more than *dishonour* and less than *shame*. The disgrace is applicable to those who are not sensible of the dishonour; and the shame to those, who are not sensible of the disgrace.'

'*Hollow* respects the body, itself;—the absence of its own materials produces hollowness: *empty* respects foreign bodies; their absence in another body constitutes emptiness.'

'To *be*, *become*, *grow*. *Be* is positive; *become* is relative; a person *is* what he is without regard to what he was; he *becomes* that, which he was not before: to *grow* is to become by gradual process.'

And many more such we might adduce, even of Mr. Crabb's own; still more of such which he has adopted.

But after all that has been said, we consider the most serious charge against Mr. Crabb is yet to come: viz., that of having unjustly seized, and converted to his own use, the property of another; for what else is it to enrich his work by inserting in it what, if collected, would form a large portion of a contemporary's book,

book, which book he knows to be, at the time, a competitor with his own for public favour? It is true the depredation is generally avowed, a circumstance however which only exculpates from theft to convict of robbery. With regard to the ancients, properly so called, or authors who are, to us, as in the place of ancients, who live only in their books—not even an acknowledgment may be necessary. 'Ils sont tous, ou fort peu s'en faut, des nous si fameux et anciens, qu'ils me semblent se nommer assez sans moi.' Nor even with regard to contemporaries, would we blame a writer for single words: they are lawful game, 'wild by nature, the property of all who can capture them'—'and perhaps a few common flowers of speech may be gathered, as we pass over our neighbour's inclosure, without stigmatizing us with the title of thieves; but we must not therefore plunder his cultivated fruit.'

If Mr. Taylor have not leisure to continue his own work, and would condescend to make reprisals on Mr. Crabb's, he might, with the free use of a bolter, like the Academy Della Crusca, render considerable service to his native tongue. For we repeat, that Mr. Crabb has collected much valuable matter from others, and added some himself; but confused in arrangement, and entangled, and encumbered, and obscured, with foreign matter;—

> 'So spins the silk-worm small its slender store;
> And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.'

If the book, thus loaded with lumber, should be the occasion of suppressing the productions of abler pens, it will continue a permanent burthen upon our literature; but if any equally comprehensive and purer work appear, this will sink by its own weight.

Art. V.—1. *Voyage of His Majesty's Ship Blonde to the Sandwich Islands, in the Years 1824-1825.* London. 1827.

2. *Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee; with Remarks on the History, Traditions, Manners, Customs, and Language of the Inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands.* By William Ellis, Missionary from the Society and Sandwich Islands. London. 1826.

WE have not quite made up our minds to join with the editor of the 'Voyage of His Majesty's Ship Blonde' in the expression of regret that the Rev. Mr. Bloxam, the chaplain and journalist of that voyage, should have left England before it was determined to send an account of it to the press:—what has been lost in any additions or alterations he might have made on a revision of his manuscript, is, to us at least, more than compensated

by our having, if we really have, the narrative in its original state, recording the transactions and impressions as they occurred and were felt at the time. It is, however, but a meagre narrative, being confined chiefly to the transactions that took place with the natives, in consequence of the Blonde having carried out the bodies of the late king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, and the surviving part of their suite. For the introduction, which is briefly and ably drawn up, we are indebted, as we understand, to Mrs. Maria Graham, a lady not unknown to literary fame, who undertook to edit the work, in the absence of the chaplain. That part of it which relates to the royal visitors from the Sandwich Islands, during their stay in London, is highly interesting; and knowing, as we do, the source from which Mrs. Graham derived her information, we are convinced the readers of her memoir may safely permit it to leave on their minds an impression highly favourable to the good sense, sound feeling, and humane disposition of those untutored, but very far from savage or barbarous, islanders.

It is evident, indeed, from a perusal of the two works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, that a more cheerful, inoffensive, hospitable, and kindhearted people than the Sandwich islanders do not exist in any society whatever; and that there is not to be found, in a rude, uncivilized state, a people of more ingenuity, or more desirous of instruction and improvement, than these islanders are. A most unfavourable impression of their character was, indeed—and naturally enough—made by the murder of our celebrated navigator who first discovered their islands; but it was even then suspected, and it has subsequently been fully proved, that his death was the result of a misunderstanding; that there was not the slightest intention of injuring a hair of his head; that, on the contrary, the veneration bestowed on him, both before and after his death, fell little short of a desire to render divine honours to his person and his memory; and that, to this moment, they have never ceased to regret and deplore the unfortunate and melancholy occurrence.

As the chance of improvement in knowledge and prosperity, or the reverse, in despotic governments, depends mainly on the personal character of the sovereign, it was fortunate for the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, that a man possessed of so vigorous a mind as Tamehameha should have ruled over them so soon after the discovery, when English, Americans, and Russians began to visit the islands; and that his reign was of so long a duration. In the time of Cook and Vancouver, each of the seven islands had its king or chief, among whom a petty warfare was constantly kept

kept up. Tamehameha reduced the whole under his sway, and thus put an end to these harassing and exterminating broils. From Vancouver he learnt to build ships of considerable burden; his subjects soon became good seamen, and engaged in commercial speculations to the coasts of America and Asia, and even as far as Canton; he granted lands to foreign residents, and even had the good sense to protect by *taboo*, or rendering sacred, for ten years, the cattle left by Vancouver; the consequence of which is, that numerous herds are now running wild, especially in the interior of Owhyhee, the largest of the seven islands, besides those which are domesticated. He encouraged the law of inheritance, by bestowing the lands on the wives and children of the deceased, whereas, by the old custom of the country, they always reverted to the king. He caused roads to be made, waste lands to be reclaimed, wells to be sunk, new vegetables to be introduced, and groves of fruit-trees to be planted; he built forts for the protection of the towns, and procured artillery from the trading vessels, to be mounted upon them. From the time of Vancouver's visit, when he voluntarily made a cession of the islands to Great Britain, he always considered the English as his best friends and protectors. It is due to this uneducated man to say that perhaps no country in the world, during a reign of thirty years, ever witnessed so great a change in the condition of a people as did the Sandwich Islands under that of Tamehameha.

'His intelligent mind was aware of the incalculable superiority possessed by the Europeans and others, whose ships visited him, over his own poor islanders. The circumstances, that the English were the first to touch there; that their vessels were the largest and most powerful; that, besides the advantages sought for themselves in procuring provisions of all kinds, they had endeavoured to improve the islands by carrying thither new and profitable animals and vegetables; all led him to look on the British as not only the most powerful, but the most friendly, of the new nations they had learned to know; and he might reasonably hope that we should be willing as able to protect them against the insults and injuries that some of the traders had offered them.'—*Voyage*, p. 37.

It is supposed, indeed, that he did more than appeared externally during his life-time; and, in particular, that, from witnessing the superior intelligence of his European visitors, he had taken up, and to a certain extent acted upon, a deep prejudice against the crafty priesthood and clumsy religion which had so long imbued the minds of his people with all the folly and much of the cruelty of superstition. His desire for the introduction of some more rational faith manifested itself, as all believed at the time, in the conduct adopted almost immediately after his death, in May, 1819, by his son

son and successor, Iolani Riho Riho. After many conferences with the chiefs of the islands on the absurdities of their religion, especially the impotence of the wooden images which they were in the habit of adoring, and to whom they frequently offered human sacrifices, the new king (who had, on his accession, assumed his father's name of Tamehameha) announced his resolution, with the consent of his nobles, at once to desecrate the Morais or temples, and destroy the idols. The king's mother, indeed, showed some little reluctance; she asked what harm had their gods done? 'Nay,' said the chiefs, 'what good have they done? Are not the offerings we are required to make burdensome, and the human sacrifices demanded by the priests cruel and useless? Do not the foreigners who visit our shores laugh at our supposing these ill-shaped logs of wood can protect us?' To which the queen replied, 'Do as you will'—and on that same day the morais and the hevas were destroyed or desecrated, except some few places, where the bones of certain famous chiefs were deposited, and over which a few old priests were permitted to keep watch.

The next important step taken by Riho Riho, was the total abolition of that singular instrument of power and oppression, which then extended over the whole of the Polynesian islands—and appears to be exclusively confined to them—the *Taboo;* an instrument, by virtue of which the king, the chiefs, and the priests could at any time possess themselves of the property of the people; while the females, in particular, were made to feel all its humiliating and degrading force. From its birth, the child, if a female, was not allowed to be fed with a particle of food from the father's dish, or that had been cooked at the father's fire; if a boy, he partook of his father's food, and ate his meals with him, while the mother was not only obliged to eat in an outhouse, but was interdicted from tasting certain species of animal food and fruits. Of this essential part of their cruel system of idolatry, Mr. Ellis has given the best explanation we have yet met with. The word, in its literal sense, means *sacred;* in a religious sense, it implies a separation from ordinary purposes, and an exclusive appropriation to persons or things bearing a sacred character. Thus, those chiefs of the highest rank, who derive their genealogy from the gods, are *taboo;* the morais, or temples, are *taboo;* but females generally, not being invested with a sacred character, are not *taboo;* and hence the prohibition of females from eating any of the fruits or animals that enter into the offerings to the gods. It is probable that this degradation of females was brought, with many other customs and superstitions, by the original settlers from the east. Mr. Ellis tells us:—

'The tabu seasons were either common or strict. During a common tabu,

tabu, the men were only required to abstain from their usual avocations, and attend at the heiau when the prayers were offered, every morning and evening. But during the season of strict tabu, every fire and light on the island or district must be extinguished; no canoe must be launched on the water, no person must bathe; and, except those whose attendance was required at the temple, no individual must be seen out of doors; no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow,—or the tabu would be broken, and fail to accomplish the object designed. On these occasions they tied up the mouths of the dogs and pigs, and put the fowls under a calabash, or fastened a piece of cloth over their eyes. All the common people prostrated themselves, with their faces touching the ground, before the sacred chiefs, when they walked out, particularly during tabu; and neither the king nor the priests were allowed to touch anything; even their food was put into their mouths by another person.'—*Ellis*, pp. 366, 367.

For every breach of a strict *taboo*, the delinquent was offered as a sacrifice to the offended deity, by being burnt or strangled, or dispatched with a club or a stone, within the precincts of the temple. Well may Mr. Ellis say, that 'an institution so universal in its influence, and so inflexible in its demands, contributed very materially to the bondage and oppression of the natives in general.' To the honour of the young king, he determined to relieve the great body of the people from the miseries of this singular institution, and the females from a state of hopeless degradation. For this purpose, he instituted a great feast, at which the chiefs, the priests, and multitudes of the people were assembled.

'When the baked meats were brought into the king's presence, he caused the choicest part of them, and especially of those kinds of food which it was unlawful for women to taste, to be carried into the eating-house of his wives, and accompanying them himself, he sat down and ate, and caused the women to eat, in the sight of the people, of all the things looked upon as prohibited. The priests and chiefs were instantly apprized of the fact, which to the multitude appeared prodigious, and calculated to awaken the vengeance of Heaven; but they, prepared beforehand, had already met together, and the chief priest Hevaheva, preventing the messenger with the report, explained to the people, that as the gods had not revenged the violation of the tabu it was a sign they had no power, and therefore ought to be destroyed; on which Hevaheva himself began by setting fire to the principal morai. On that day the idols were overthrown; and as soon as the event could be known in the other islands, the example was followed without hesitation.'—*Voyage*, p. 47.

From this moment, two chiefs, possessed of great power and influence, Karaimoku (better known by his assumed name of William Pitt), and Boki, his brother, resolved to take the first opportunity of solemnly and openly professing Christianity; and, accordingly,

accordingly, when Captain Freycinet touched at the Sandwich Islands in his voyage round the world, these two chiefs were baptized by the chaplain of his ship; 'and thus (to use Mrs. Graham's words) Christianity was planted by the spontaneous will of the natives, before any mission even of persuasion had reached them.' It was not till the following year, that the American Missionaries landed on the islands, where they were kindly received by the king, who assigned them lands and houses, and a piece of ground close to his own residence for a church. The voluntary destruction which had taken place of the monstrous and shapeless logs of wood which had been worshipped as deities, and the desecration of the temples, had fully prepared the minds of the chiefs for the reception of a new faith; but, it will readily be supposed, the mass of the people were unable at once to rid themselves of the many deep-rooted superstitions which had grown with their growth; above all others, it was hard to drive out the dreams connected with the active and terrific volcanoes of these islands, and the fire-gods supposed to dwell amidst those awful scenes. The goddess Pelé, who presides over the internal fires, is supposed to have exacted from the first pair who landed on Owhyhee, such offerings as they had to present; and when she burst forth from her abode in streams of burning lava, she was propitiated by throwing hogs, and sometimes an infant, into the liquid flame. This idolatrous worship is now no more; it was the last and most powerful that remained, and its abolition was at length effected, as Mr. Bloxam tells us, by 'one of the greatest acts of moral courage which has, perhaps, ever been performed; the actor was a woman, and, as we are pleased to call her, a savage.' But, in order to exhibit the full merit of this extraordinary woman, for such she must be considered, it will be right to extract from Mr. Ellis's narrative, a brief sketch of the principal island of Owhyhee, which, by a silly affectation of *Italianizing*, as they call it, the language and proper names (the letter *w* in Italian!), the American Missionaries are pleased to spell *Hawaii*.

Owhyhee, the largest of the seven islands, covering a space of about four thousand square miles, is one complete mass of lava in different stages of decomposition. 'Perforated with innumerable apertures,' says Mr. Ellis, 'in the shape of craters, the island forms a hollow cone over one vast furnace, situated in the heart of a stupendous submarine mountain rising from the bottom of the sea.' Two immense peaked mountains rise out of the north-east and south-west extremities of the central table-land, the former named Mouna Kea, or the White Mountain, supposed to be eighteen,—and the latter, Mouna Roa, fifteen—thousand feet high. The steep declivity of this table-land,—which, at different

ferent distances from the coast, rises into a continued ridge, from three to six thousand feet in height—is indented with innumerable craters, whose floods of melted lava have from time to time encroached considerably on the sea. Some twenty-five years ago, an eruption from the summit of Mouna Huararai, a part of the ridge on the western side, estimated at eight thousand feet in height, poured forth a torrent of lava, which overwhelmed in its course several villages, destroyed numerous plantations and fish-ponds of the inhabitants, and filled up the deep bay of Kairauea to the extent of twenty miles in length, forming an entirely new line of coast. A prodigious number of hogs were thrown alive into the burning stream to appease the anger of the gods, and stay its devastating course. Tamehameha himself, little as he was tainted with superstition in general, thought it expedient on this occasion to be present at the scene of desolation. Attended by a large retinue of chiefs and priests, he approached the streaming lava, cut off a lock of his sacred hair, and threw it into the torrent; whereupon the gods were appeased, or at least the lava ceased to flow, which added in no small degree to the influence of the king over the minds of the people. No wonder, then, that the priests of the fire-gods made a severe struggle to maintain their ground: when the national idolatry was publicly abolished, in the year 1819, by Riho Riho, they openly denounced the most awful threatenings of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, in revenge, they said, for the insult offered to the national religion by the king and the chiefs. This adherence to Pelé, the goddess of fire, and her numerous train of subordinate deities male and female, was witnessed on several occasions, years afterwards, by the missionaries, in their peregrinations round the island: on the votaries of this particular superstition they were unable to make the least impression.

In one place, where a sermon had been preached on the greatness of Jehovah, an old woman, who had listened with great attention, all at once exclaimed, 'Powerful are the gods of Owhyhee, and great is Pelé.' This was succeeded by a song in honour of the goddess, in which some joined, others shouted, and a third set laughed in chorus. The missionaries thought them intoxicated, but being assured to the contrary, and that it was only the inspiration of the goddess, they thought it right to have some conversation with the old priestess; but all they could get from her, was her admission, that, for anything she knew to the contrary, their Jehovah might be a very good god, and that it was right they should worship him; 'but,' said she, 'Pelé is my deity, and the great goddess of Hawaii. Kirauea is the place of her

her abode; Ohiaotelani is one corner of her house. From the land beyond the sky, in former times, she came.' Immediately the chanting, shouting, and laughing were resumed, after which the old lady launched forth into the deeds and honours of Pelé, in so rapid and vociferous a manner, accompanied by such violent gestures, that she seemed to have lost all command of herself; lastly, assuming a haughty air, she exclaimed, 'I am Pelé; I shall never die; and those who follow me, when they die, if part of their bones be taken to Kirauea, will live with me in the bright fires there.'

It will now be necessary to give a short account of this Kirauea, the terrific abode of the goddess of subterranean fires, and the largest and most extraordinary volcanic crater on the face of the globe. It is situated in the midst of a plain, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, the whole surface of which, sunk from two to four hundred feet below its original level, appears rent into deep chasms, out of which columns of flame, smoke, and vapour are continually ascending; here and there a few beds of sulphur, and black pools of fresh water diversify, without diminishing, the savageness of the scene.

'After walking some distance (says Mr. Ellis) over the sunken plain, which in several places sounded hollow under our feet, we at length came to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime and even appalling, presented itself before us—

"We stopped and trembled."

Astonishment and awe for some moments rendered us mute, and, like statues, we stood fixed to the spot, with our eyes riveted on the abyss below. Immediately before us yawned an immense gulf, in the form of a crescent, about two miles in length, from north-east to south-west, nearly a mile in width, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was covered with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its "fiery surge" and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands of various forms and size, containing so many craters, rose either round the edge or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of grey smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame; and several of these at the same time vomited from their ignited mouths streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black indented sides into the boiling mass below.'—*Ellis*, pp. 206, 207.

'The agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl. The lively flame that danced over its undulating surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated craters, whose roaring mouths, amidst rising flames, and eddying streams of fire, shot up, at frequent intervals, with loudest detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or bright ignited stones.'—*Ibid.* p. 215.

Lieutenant

Lieutenant Malden, of the Blonde, estimated the height of the plain at about three thousand feet; the circumference of the great crater, nearly eight miles; the depth, from the edge to a black rocky ledge surrounding it, nine hundred and thirty-two feet; and from this ledge to the bottom four hundred more,—making the total height of the crater one thousand three hundred and thirty-two feet. The cones rising out of the bottom, about fifty in number, and from twenty to seventy feet high, resemble in their shape the chimneys of a glass-house, and some of them were constantly vomiting out flame and liquid fire.

No one can wonder that these enormous volcanoes, from which they have so frequently suffered, should have inspired the simple natives of Owhyhee with terror and superstition. We learn without surprise that even down to the other day, neither the missionaries nor the officers of the Blonde could without considerable difficulty prevail on the inhabitants to accompany them to Kirauea. The king, with all the assistance of his chiefs, and all the endeavours of the missionaries, strove, and strove in vain, to put down the worship of Pelé; nothing, it seemed, was ever to be able to expel the belief that the goddess, when offended, visited the children of men with thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and streams of liquid fire—the instruments of her mighty power and vengeance. What the united efforts, however, of kings and chiefs and missionaries failed to accomplish, has been brought about by the heroic act of one woman: but we shall leave it to Mr. Bloxam to describe this courageous enterprise, worthy an apostle of old, of Kapiolani. This lady, he says,

'the wife of Nahi, a female chief of the highest rank, had recently embraced Christianity; and desirous of propagating it, and of undeceiving the natives as to their false gods, she resolved to climb the mountain, descend into the crater, and, by thus braving the volcanic deities in their very homes, convince the inhabitants of the island that God is God alone, and that the false subordinate deities existed only in the fancies of their weak adorers. Fully determined, and accompanied by a missionary, she, with part of her family, and a number of followers, both of her own vassals and those of other chiefs, ascended Peli. At the edge of the first precipice that bounds the sunken plain, many of her followers and companions lost courage and turned back; at the second, the rest earnestly entreated her to desist from her dangerous enterprise, and forbear to tempt the powerful gods of the fires. But she proceeded; and on the very verge of the crater caused the hut we were now sheltered in to be constructed for herself and people. Here she was assailed anew by their entreaties to return home, and their assurances, that if she persisted in violating the houses of the goddess, she would draw on herself, and those with her, certain destruction. Her answer was noble:—"I will descend into the crater," said

said she; "and if I do not return safe, then continue to worship Peli: but if I come back unhurt you must learn to adore the God who created Peli." She accordingly went down the steep and difficult side of the crater, accompanied by a missionary, and by some whom love or duty induced to follow her. Arrived at the bottom, she pushed a stick into the liquid lava, and stirred the ashes of the burning lake. The charm of superstition was at that moment broken. Those who had expected to see the goddess, armed with flame and sulphurous smoke, burst forth and destroy the daring heroine who thus braved her in her very sanctuary, were awe-struck when they saw the fire remain innocuous, and the flames roll harmless, as though none were present. They acknowledged the greatness of the God of Kapiolani; and from that time few indeed have been the offerings, and little the reverence offered to the fires of Peli.'—*Voyage*, pp. 187, 188.

What a sublime subject to exercise the powers of the pencil! —the bottom of a deep crater, vomiting forth streams of igneous lava, a terrified group receding from the fiery furnace, a missionary in the attitude of prayer, while Kapiolani, with a rod in her hand, marches with confident step to the very orifice of the gulf, to dissolve for ever the spell which had bound these islanders from time immemorial to the service of the terrific goddess;—a spell which was too powerful for all the art and eloquence of the missionaries to deal with. It was in vain they set up, as they were wont to do, Jehovah in opposition to Pelé: it seems never to have occurred to these worthy men, that a simple practical explanation of the power of steam might have done more to weaken the belief of her votaries than five hundred sermons.

The missionaries in this quarter have not, indeed, displayed much common sense in their methods of proceeding. It is but justice, however, to say, that they have at least conferred one most important secular benefit on the people of the Sandwich Islands, by instructing them in the *pala pala*, or arts of reading and writing. The king, Riho Riho, his queen, and the chiefs of both sexes, applied themselves with the greatest diligence to these new studies. Their progress was rapid; they were soon able to write letters to one another in their own language, and heard to exclaim with rapture how wonderful, how delightful it was thus to whisper in the ear of a friend—though removed to the greatest distance. Mr. Ellis says, the king, in particular, would sit for hours together at his writing-desk, and on opening it one day, he remarked 'that he expected more advantage from that desk than from that fine brig,' pointing to one of his vessels then lying at anchor in the bay. 'I have sat beside him,' he adds, 'at his desk sometimes from nine or ten o'clock in the morning till nearly sun-set, during which his pen has not been out of his hand more than three-quarters of an hour, while he was at dinner.' It is stated,

stated, that his mind was naturally inquisitive, his memory retentive, and his thirst for knowledge incessant; and certainly his information respecting the different nations of the world appears to have been much more extensive than could have been expected. 'I have heard him,' says Mr. Ellis, 'entertain a party of chiefs for hours together, with accounts of different parts of the earth, describing the extensive lakes, the mountains, and mines of North and South America; the elephants and inhabitants of India; the houses, manufactures, &c. of England, with no small accuracy, considering he had never seen them.' He frequently declared his conviction of the truth and the advantages of Christianity, attended public worship on the Sabbath, and recommended the same to his people. He was generous and kind-hearted. 'In several places on our tour,' says Mr. Ellis, 'the mothers showed us their children, and told us, that when Riho Riho passed that way he had kissed them.' Though he wanted that energy and strength of character so conspicuous in his father, he possessed both decision and enterprize; his abolition of the national idolatry was a striking instance of the former, and his voyage to England of the latter.

This long and hazardous expedition was prompted by his earnest desire to see for himself a country of which he had heard so many interesting accounts,—to obtain a personal interview with the king, for the purpose of placing himself and his islands, as his father had done, under the protection of Great Britain, —to make himself acquainted with our institutions, and to witness the forms and proceedings of our courts of justice. It was his wish that Mr. Ellis should accompany him as interpreter, but Starbuck, the master of the Aigle, (the vessel in which the king proposed to sail,) refused to receive the missionary, insisting that a Frenchman, of the name of Rives, a low, cunning, and profligate man, who had lived upwards of twenty years on the islands, should act as interpreter. This Starbuck is an American, although his owners were English. Boki, governor of Whahoo, and Leliah, his wife, were to be of the party. It was arranged that Karaimoku (or William Pitt, brother to Boki) should be regent in the king's absence, and in case of his death be joined in that office by the late king's widow, during the minority of Kiau Kiouli, her youngest son, then about ten years of age.

Kamehamaroo, the name of the queen who accompanied Riho Riho, was twenty-six years of age—two years younger than her husband—a woman distinguished for great good-nature and benevolence; she was ever ready to step forward to protect the poor against the displeasure of the king or the chiefs; her aid was never refused to those who sought it, and many a distressed foreigner

foreigner had experienced relief at her hands; the temper of her mind was equable, inclining to the vivacious, her manners agreeable, her disposition most kind and affectionate. It may easily be imagined with what regret all ranks of people must have witnessed the parting with two persons so amiable and so universally beloved: the scene is thus described by Mr. Ellis, who was an eye-witness :—

'The circumstances attending her departure from the islands were peculiarly affecting. The king had gone on board the L'Aigle; the boat was waiting to convey her to the ship. She arose, embraced her mother and other relations most affectionately, and passed through the crowd towards the boat. The people fell down on their knees as she walked along, pressing and saluting her feet, frequently bathing them with tears of unfeigned sorrow, and making loud wailings, in which they were joined by the thousands who thronged the sea-shore.

'When she reached the water-side, she turned and beckoned to the people, to cease their cries. As soon as they were silent, she said, "I am going to a distant land, and perhaps we shall not meet again. Let us pray to Jehovah, that he may preserve *us* on the water, and *you* on the shore." She then called *Auna*, a native teacher from the Society Islands, and requested him to pray. He did so; at the conclusion, she waved her hand to the people, and said, "*Arohá nui outou!*" (Attachment great to you:) she then stepped into the boat, evidently much affected. The multitude followed her, not only to the beach, but into the sea, where many, wading into the water, stood waving their hands, exhibiting every attitude of sorrow, and uttering their loud *u-e, u-e;* (alas! alas!) till the boat had pulled far out to sea.'

The Aigle touched on her way to England at Rio de Janeiro, where the emperor received the king and his companions in a polite and generous manner, and the English consul-general gave a grand ball, to which all the principal Brazilian families and English residents were invited. On their arrival at Portsmouth, Starbuck landed them without ceremony or notice of any kind, and sent them off to Osborne's hotel, in the Adelphi. This man had complete command of the money taken on board by the king; the original amount had been twenty-five thousand dollars —but when the chests were opened at the Bank of England, they were found to contain little more than ten thousand. Starbuck, when called upon to account for this deficiency, alleged that three thousand had been spent at Rio de Janeiro, and a certain sum in travelling from Portsmouth to London; the rest, it may be supposed, he took to himself as a remuneration for the passage. It is shrewdly suspected that his plan was, as soon as the remainder of the money should be exhausted, to carry the whole party to the United States.

On their first appearance in London, the ladies were dressed in strange

strange habiliments. The queen wore trowsers and a long bed-gown of coloured velveteen; and her friend, Leliah, the wife of Boki, something of the same kind; and when Mr. Canning sent to inquire after them, they were found playing whist with a pack of dirty cards, complaining bitterly of the cold, and, on the whole, in a state as far removed as possible not only from regal dignity, but from everything like comfort. The first object, after getting them out of the hands of such a person as Starbuck, was to provide dresses suitable to the climate and the condition of the wearers. The Secretary of State appointed a gentleman to superintend their concerns, to see that all their wants and wishes were supplied, and to show them all the sights of London that could be supposed to afford them gratification—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the theatres, the opera, and the parks. No persons could be more tractable, or adapt themselves with more good temper to the usages of this country than the whole party; their behaviour, whether at home or abroad, was marked by the strictest decorum. It is proper to note that their moderation in the article of food was quite remarkable; what they did eat was chiefly fish, poultry, and fruit, and their favourite beverage was cider.

While thus in the fulness of their enjoyment, and delighted with the flattering reception they met with from the first nobility in the kingdom, one of their attendants was seized with an illness, which proved to be the measles, and in a few days infection extended to the whole party. Boki and his wife, and most of the inferior attendants, soon got well, and went abroad; but no argument could prevail on Leliah to leave the queen, whose illness had begun to take an unfavourable appearance, even for an hour. In the course of a few days every hope of the queen's recovery being abandoned, her husband, still very unwell himself, was apprized of the danger.

'He caused himself to be immediately placed in his arm-chair and wheeled to her apartment: when, being lifted upon her bed and placed by her side, he embraced her affectionately, and they both wept bitterly. He then dismissed the attendants, and they remained for some time alone together. Till then the king was supposed to be recovering; but it was understood that at this mournful interview these young people had agreed that one should not survive the other. At five o'clock he desired to be conveyed to his own bed, where he lay without speaking, and the queen died about an hour after he left her; that is, about six o'clock in the evening of the 8th July, 1824.

'Liliah, whose dutiful and affectionate behaviour to her friend and mistress had been most exemplary, now took charge of her body, and disposed it after the manner of her country, unclothing it to the waist, leaving also the ancles and feet bare, and carefully dressing the hair and adorning it with chaplets of flowers. The king now desired the body

body might be brought into his apartment, and laid on a small bed near him; that being done, he sat up looking at it, but neither speaking nor weeping. The medical attendants observed, that the state of Riho Riho was such as to render it highly improper to keep the queen's body near him, and it was therefore proposed to him to allow it to be taken away; but he sat silent, and answered no one, only by gestures showing that he forbade its removal. At length, after much persuasion, and then leaving him to himself for a time, he suddenly made signs that it might be taken away, which was accordingly done, and the queen was again placed on her own bed.'—*Voyage*, p. 66, 67.

From this moment the poor king's disorder rapidly increased; the loss of the queen decided his fate; his spirits sank, his cough increased; and he felt and declared that he should not long survive her. 'We have every reason to believe,' says the bulletin of the physicians who attended him, 'that his anxiety and depression of mind have aggravated all the symptoms of his disease, which, but for this cause, might ere now have terminated prosperously;' in six days Riho Riho was a corpse. The day previous to his death, he made his will, bequeathing what property he had in England to Boki and his suite generally, and intimating therein a desire that his own body and that of his queen should be conveyed back to their native islands. His Majesty's ship Blonde, commanded by Lord Byron, was appointed for this service. Presents of various kinds were made to the surviving strangers, both by government and private individuals, and the money which had been lodged in the Bank on their arrival was delivered untouched to Boki; and he and his companions purchased with it such articles as were thought agreeable or useful to themselves and their countrymen. Liliah, with her characteristic feeling and propriety, laid out her share in black silks and mourning dresses, to be worn by her friends at home for the late king and queen. A short time before they sailed, the strangers were honoured with an audience of the King, at Windsor, which gave all of them the highest gratification.

The surviving party, consisting of Boki and his wife; Kipahai, the admiral; Kuanoa, the treasurer; and Manuia, the purveyor, left London for Portsmouth on the 22nd September, to embark on board the Blonde. On the 27th November they entered the magnificent harbour of Rio de Janeiro, where the islanders appeared to take great pleasure, mingled with regret, in revisiting the places they had formerly seen in company with their beloved sovereigns. At a dinner given to them by the British Consul, Liliah could not conceal her very affectionate disposition; on entering the room in which, but a year before, a great entertainment had been given to Riho Riho, she burst into

into tears, observing, 'that it seemed as if she saw her lost friends again.' Nothing indeed could exceed the affectionate, the gentle, and docile character of the whole party during the voyage, conforming themselves in their occupations, amusements, and habits, to the officers of the ship, and making themselves perfectly agreeable on all occasions.

While at anchor in Valparaiso bay, Kipahai, the admiral, died suddenly of an abscess which had formed on the brain. His death may be considered as a serious loss to his native country; for he possessed a strong energetic mind, considerably cultivated and improved by his various voyages, two of which were to China. At this place, also, the small-pox broke out among the ship's company, and Lord Byron at once determined to remain where he was till every trace of that destructive malady should have disappeared; owing to which delay, the news of the death of Riho Riho and his queen reached the Sandwich Islands some time before their remains could do so—a circumstance perhaps rather fortunate than otherwise. Boki was the only Christian in the party, but on their passage from Valparaiso towards Owhyhee, Liliah and the other chiefs earnestly desired to be baptised; and as they had previously been instructed in the principles of our holy faith, the chaplain did not hesitate to comply with their entreaty, Lord Byron and the officers standing sponsors.

On the 3d of May, the Blonde came in sight of Owhyhee, and as they approached the shore it was observed that both Boki and Liliah seemed rather depressed than elated by the sight of their native land. This, however, was hardly to be wondered at, considering the different circumstances under which they had left it, and were now returning. Several fishing-boats were speedily alongside the ship, and Liliah, now that her sense of modesty had been awakened by her residence in a civilised country, withdrew to her cabin at the sight of her almost naked countrymen. The visitors soon became numerous, and whenever it was known that Boki and his friends were on board, several of the principal people came off in their boats, and among the rest a chief and his wife, the latter of whom was Boki's sister; 'a large handsome woman,' says Mr. Bloxam, 'who, in the native light *tappa* dress, stepped across the quarter-deck with a stately but unembarrassed air, and taking a chaplet of flowers from her own brows, placed it on Lord Byron's head, as a sign of welcome, and then went below to visit Liliah.' On her return to the deck, this lady appeared completely clothed in an European dress.

When all were ready to proceed to the shore, the whole party were dressed in deep mourning; and on leaving the ship, Boki seemed to be overcome with an extraordinary degree of emotion;—

he observed to Lord Byron, as they were rowing towards the land, 'that his belly felt as if all was not right.' Thousands of the natives, who had assembled to receive him, prostrated themselves at his feet, and began to moan and bewail for the loss of their king and friend. To add to the solemnity of the occasion, minute-guns were fired from the fort, in honour of the deceased.

'The ceremonial of grief being thus fulfilled, the chiefs, accompanied by our surgeon, proceeded to the residence of Karaimoku, who was too unwell to receive Boki on the beach. The meeting of the brothers was truly affecting. At first they appeared incapable of speech, and then, after a long embrace, they went to the adjoining missionary chapel, and gave thanks for the safe arrival of the long absent chiefs. After this, Boki stood up, and addressed all who had followed into the church; and, having spoken of what he had seen and learned abroad, exhorted them above all things to be diligent in their application to letters and to religion.'—*Voyage*, pp. 110, 111.

The landing of the bodies, the concourse of people, the funeral procession to the church, which was hung with black on the occasion, and its return to the abode of Karaimoku, the sick regent, are fully described, with an interesting detail of all the circumstances attending this novel scene. On leaving the church, 'The procession marched to the same house, belonging to Karaimoku, where we had been received the day after our arrival: it was now entirely hung with black, and a raised platform, over which a low arch was thrown, at one end, was prepared as the resting-place of the remains of the two sovereigns, whom the old man had loved as his children through life, and whose early death has been most grievous to him. He received their bodies standing by a chair covered with black velvet, placed for him close to the platform prepared for them; and prepared as he was for the reception of their remains, he was extremely agitated, and could not restrain his tears. As soon as the coffins were deposited on the platform, the band accompanied some native singers in a funeral hymn, which the missionaries had written, and taught them to sing, to the air of Pleyel's German Hymn. We could not help reflecting on the strange combination of circumstances here before us: every thing native-born and ancient in the isles was passing away: the dead chiefs lay there, hidden in more splendid cerements than their ancestors had ever dreamed of; no bloody sacrifice stained their obsequies, nor was one obscene memorial made to insult the soul as it left its earthly tenement; but instead, there was hope held out of a resurrection to happiness, and the doctrines admitted that had put an end to sacrifice for ever, and pronounced the highest blessing on the highest purity! Where the naked savage only had been seen, the decent clothing of a cultivated people had succeeded, and its adoption, though now occasional, promises permanency at no distant period. Mingled with these willing disciples were the warlike and the noble of the land, the most remote on the globe, teaching, by their

their sympathy, the charities that soften yet dignify human nature. The savage yells of brutal orgies were now silenced; and as the solemn sounds were heard for the first time, uniting the instruments of Europe and the composition of a learned musician, to the simple voice of the savage, and words, not indeed harsh in themselves, framed into verse by the industry and piety of the teachers from a remote nation, came upon the ear, it was impossible not to feel a sensation approaching to awe, as the marvellous and rapid change a few years have produced was called up to the mind.'—*Voyage*, pp. 128—130.

These and all Mr. Bloxam's reflections on this melancholy occasion are exceedingly just:—

'An event (he proceeds) so singular in the history of the world as this is, will deserve every detail which can be given; but first we may consider the extraordinary fate of these young people. Born in a country which had been for ages concealed by the ocean from the rest of the world, and which had only in the reign of their grandfather been made known to the civilized part of mankind, they were nurtured among the ignorance and superstitions of barbarism itself. The transcendant qualities of their father, a conqueror and legislator, had alone opened to their country a prospect of rising to a station among the cultivated nations of the earth. Yet, young as they were, untrained by scholarship or example, they had broken down the barriers of superstition, paved the way for laws and true religion, introduced letters, and, in hopes of benefiting their country, and securing the alliance and protection of the state which they esteemed most likely and most able to guard them, yet leave them free to improve, and not oppress them, they had undertaken no less a voyage than half the circle of the globe, and had died in that foreign land—surrounded, indeed, by affectionate attendants of their own nation, yet anxious for their distant people, and grieving that they had only half accomplished the object of their heroic expedition. Perhaps the perfect faith reposed in the English by the people of the islands is the strongest proof that ever could be given by a whole nation of simple-mindedness and freedom from guile. There was not a moment's irritation, not a moment's suspicion that unfair means had been used to shorten their days; and we were received as brothers who would sympathize with their grief, and as friends who would be glad to heal their wounds.'—*Voyage*, pp. 124, 125.

When Tamehameha died, all chiefs, according to custom, had a tooth or two broken out of their head to commemorate the event. 'Our friend Boki,' says Mr. Bloxam, 'had four of his front teeth sacrificed on that occasion; and the operation must have been severe; he was laid on his back and his mouth filled with *tapa;* a sharp instrument was placed at the root of the teeth, and at one blow they were all knocked out at once.' The ladies, on the same occasion, tattooed the tips of their tongues, as was always the custom in memory of their departed friends. On the present melancholy occasion no such sacrifices or ceremonies

were observed. It appeared, indeed, to our visitors that all their ancient customs were fast giving way, under the advice and instruction of the missionaries, who are justly blamed for carrying their austere principles and system of reform, in some respects, too far for a people just emerging from a state of barbarism; but more of this hereafter.

Karaimoku's complaint was the dropsy. The preservation of this man's life, at the present crisis, being considered of the utmost importance to the welfare of the islands, during the minority of the young king, the surgeon of the Blonde volunteered a proposal to tap him, as the only means of prolonging his days. It required some address, however, to convince the chiefs, that boring a hole in a man's belly, which they consider as the seat of life, could be done without danger; but Karaimoku, on being asked if he felt any objection to the operation, answered, 'No; my life is in your hands, do as you may think good.' When the water had been drawn off, during which the regent frequently exclaimed, 'maitaî, maitaî,'—'good, good,'—the wonder and delight of the chiefs were unbounded, they having seriously expected to see his highness's breakfast issue through the aperture.

A few days after this, a national council was summoned for the purpose of investing the young king with the insignia of royalty, and Lord Byron was invited to attend it. All the governors of the islands and other chiefs, male and female, were present, and most of them delivered their opinions in set speeches on the occasion, expressing their resolution to do all in their power to amend the laws, to live according to the precepts of the new religion, and to promote reading and writing. The heroic Kapeolani then said, that on the lands belonging to herself and her husband, Nahi, she had used every endeavour to establish laws for prohibiting robbery, murder, and, especially, drunkenness, adultery, infanticide, and that, on the whole, she had been tolerably successful. A subsequent visit to her district fully confirmed this: 'In her domains,' says Mr. Bloxam, 'the son inherits his father's property, without even an appeal to the chief. Theft is punished, murder almost unknown, and infants enjoy all the benefits of parental love. The decency, cleanliness, and even elegance of the house, and the dresses of Nahi and Kapeolani, give earnest of a speedy improvement among all classes of these well-disposed islanders, and entitle these two chiefs to a very high rank among the benefactors of their country.'

But to return to the council.—Lord Byron, being now called on to speak, delivered a paper containing a few hints for their consideration, which, if approved, they might, he said, adopt as their own; but not as the dictates of the British government, which

which had no wish whatever to interfere between them and their customs, as they must be the best judges of what suited the people. The paper contained the following hints:—

'1. That the king be the head of the people.

'2. That all the chiefs swear allegiance to the king.

'3. That the lands which are now held by the chiefs shall not be taken from them, but shall descend to their legitimate children, except in cases of rebellion, and then all their property shall be forfeited to the king.

'4. That a tax be regularly paid to the king to keep up his dignity and establishment.

'5. That no man's life be taken away, except by consent of the king, or the regent for the time being, and of twelve chiefs.

'6. That the king, or regent, can grant pardons at all times.

'7. That all the people shall be free, and not bound to any one chief.

'8. That a port duty be laid on all foreign vessels.'—pp. 156, 157.

These suggestions are, it can scarcely be denied, simple, intelligible, and even practicable; and as such we are willing to believe they will be considered by most of our readers as reflecting credit on Lord Byron: others, no doubt, will regret the loss of a noble opportunity for favouring the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands with a complete constitution, and code to match, ready cut and dry from the workshop of Mr. Jeremy Bentham, or some other lawgiver of the like authority—and even desiderate the programma of a liberal university at Owhyhee, the professors of course to be chosen indiscriminately from the Christian and Pagan parts of the population.—But to proceed with our story:

All matters of public concern being now settled, the officers of the Blonde amused themselves by making excursions in the island, and particularly to the great volcano of Kairauea, which we have already described; and after many exchanges, purchases, and gifts between them and the natives, the ship, abundantly stored with presents of fruit and fresh provisions, stood out to sea from Honoruru bay. The two brothers, Boki and Karaimoku, remained on board till she had reached some distance from the harbour. It was evident, that both felt a deep regret at the departure of their English friends, with whom they had so much reason to be satisfied; and when the moment of parting came, and it was necessary they should quit the ship, Boki, pressing Lord Byron's hands, repeatedly exclaimed, '*Aroha! aroha! nui, nui, aroha!*'—'Blessing, blessing, great, great blessing!' 'We saluted them,' says the narrator, 'with fifteen guns, as they rowed towards the shore; and so took a final leave of two men, who, considering the state of civilization in which they were born, are among the most remarkable of their time.' Nor did Lord Byron part with his friends without emotion,

emotion. It is due to him to say that from the moment of their embarkation in England to his quitting the islands, his attention to his guests, and his anxiety to satisfy every want and wish, were unabated; he took an interest in everything that concerned them, and by the kindness and simplicity of his manners and deportment, during the passage and his stay on the islands, secured the personal affection of every chief with whom he had to deal.

There was one point, however, on which Lord Byron appears justly to have felt some uneasiness, and this was the tone, manner, and line of conduct of the American missionaries, particularly one of the name of Bingham. The influence which this man had acquired over the simple natives, and his uncalled for interference in petty concerns wholly unconnected with his mission, were but too manifest on several occasions—but never more openly, nor more offensively, than when Boki, one Saturday evening, expressed a wish to entertain his countrymen with an exhibition of phantasmagoria. The young king and his sister, with many of the chiefs and people, had assembled to see the show, when, behold! a message was received from this Bingham, 'that on so near an approach of the Sabbath, prayer was a fitter employment!'—and such was the ascendancy which this man had gained, that 'the two poor children were carried off in tears, and many of the chiefs and people followed to the missionary meeting.' Mr. Stewart, another of the missionaries, ashamed of the indecency of such conduct, was anxious to explain the matter, by saying that they followed the Jewish mode of reckoning, and considered Sunday to begin on Saturday at noon.

It is greatly to be feared, indeed, that these (we doubt not, well-intentioned) men are creating much mischief among these simple-minded islanders. They have so little judgment, and are so little acquainted with the human heart, as to let their zeal out-run discretion on many occasions and in many shapes; and this we knew to be the case before now. But certainly we were not prepared for such amazing absurdity as the attempt to force the darkest and most dreary parts of puritan discipline upon these poor people, whose character and habits make it so clear that an exactly opposite course ought to be adopted, by those who wish to win them to the pure faith of Him who, with his own lips, proclaimed his burden to be easy.

By Mr. Ellis's own account, the subjects usually chosen for the discourses of these missionaries are the most unsuitable to be addressed to an uneducated multitude that can possibly be imagined—such, for instance, as the Virgin Mary and the immaculate Conception—the Trinity and the Holy Ghost: these and other mysterious doctrinal points,—which the preachers themselves,

themselves, from the nature of their education, are unfit to handle, —draw from their simple hearers remarks and questions that puzzle their teachers not a little for an answer. They hold out to their disciples little or no encouragement, either by precept or example, to industrious habits. The shoemaker who may have left his stall, and the tailor who has escaped from the shopboard to commence evangelical preaching, would think it degradation to instruct those poor islanders in the use of the awl or the needle. According to their rule, the more time that is spent in preaching, praying, and singing, the better. The least that is required from the naked, or half-naked, converts of Owhyhee, &c. is to attend at church five times every day. On Sundays they are strictly prohibited from cooking any kind of victuals, or even making a fire. Boki was refractory on this point, and protested strongly against a *taboo* of this rigid nature, insisting on having his tea on Sunday mornings as he was accustomed in London; the English, he said, were as good and religious a people as they were, and yet he saw thousands walking and riding about in the parks on Sundays; and saw no sign of the Sunday dinner being worse than the Saturday.

Indeed, we cannot help thinking that the progressive spread of Christianity would be greatly promoted and hastened if the good people of England, who raise such vast sums annually for the maintenance of evangelical preachers, would send out, in lieu of them, an equal number of the brethren of the Moravian church, whose simplicity of manners, and readiness to instruct the people among whom they are placed in the various trades and occupations of civilized society, are admirably calculated to inspire confidence and give encouragement to barbarous nations to follow their example, by such means the progress of civilization and Christianity would go hand in hand.

The ill effects of a contrary system would appear to have but too clearly shown themselves in the Sandwich Islands. The continued malady and incapacity of Karaimoku had thrown the infant king wholly under the control of Mr. Bingham. We have seen some letters of Captain Beechey, who visited these islands in May last, on his way to Behring's Straits, in which he says, 'The efforts of the few zealous missionaries are tending, as fast as possible, to lay waste the whole country, and plunge the inhabitants into civil war and bloodshed. Thousands of acres of land, that before produced the finest crops, are now sandy plains. Provisions are so extremely scarce, that not long since the king sent to beg a little bread of the American consul; the fishery is almost deserted, and nothing flourishes but the missionary school.' The reason is obvious enough. The poor simple natives are continually

tinually threatened with eternal punishment if they neglect 'the one thing needful;' they are told that the morrow will take care for itself; that lilies grow without toiling or spinning, &c. 'I met two pious scholars,' says Captain Beechey, 'with a slate covered with writing, on their way to school, and asked them if they thought it right to pray all day instead of working; to which they replied, that praying was much better than working.' To be sure it is; and so would the West India negroes think, in spite of all that our free-labour philosophers and philanthropists can say to the contrary. So long as an uneducated man, in such a climate as that of the Sandwich Islands, where nature has provided him with simple food without the exertion of labour, can bask at his ease in the sun, loll in the shade, and loiter away the time in a parrot-like repetition of prayers and psalms, (which, of course, such an eternal repetition must soon come to be,) it would be strange indeed if he did not think that such an easy life 'was much better than working.' Mr. Ellis, after giving an account of their severe athletic exercises, at the exhibition of which several thousands attend, says, that the missionaries having expressed their surprise that they should labour so arduously at their sport, and so leisurely at their plantations and houses, were generally answered, 'that they built houses and cultivated their gardens from necessity, but followed their amusements because their hearts were fond of them.'

The apprehension of civil war, expressed by Captain Beechey, appears to be owing to the misapplication of another text of scripture, which says, that in the kingdom of heaven none is before or after another,—none is greater or less than another;—which, as the American teachers apply and expound it, is exactly to tell these poor creatures, that 'all men are equal,'—a doctrine which Mr. Bingham's countrymen are more ready to preach than to practise. The effect it had produced in lowering the authority of the chiefs was visible enough. Boki complained grievously that where two thousand of his tenants once willingly worked for him a certain number of days, at seed-time and harvest,—which is the condition (something like our soccage-tenure) on which they hold their lands,—he could scarcely now prevail on ten to comply with the old custom. No doubt, therefore, this idleness will increase, so long as the islands produce, with little or no cultivation, the bread-fruit, the banana or plantain, the cocoa-nut and the rose-apple, the sweet potato, the *arum* or mountain *taro*, and the sugar-cane. Something of the same sort, it appears, has taken place at Tahaité, even to a greater extent. This island, Captain Beechey says, 'is still the beautiful, fertile country it has ever been represented; but it is lamentable to observe the change that has

has taken place among the natives, who appear to have lost what good qualities they once possessed, and are become so intolerably lazy, that should the bread-fruit, by any accident, fail them, a famine must ensue. Indeed, they have been very near it already; and nothing but the mountain-plantain and a species of fern saved them from the greatest distress. The cotton-grounds you mentioned to me are overrun with weeds; the looms that were sent out have been thrown aside, and weaving discontinued. The king is a child; his mother a most dissolute woman; and the chiefs divided and jealous of each other. At Tobouai,' he continues, 'the indolence of the natives since their conversion has been such, that, out of the whole population, but two hundred remain. It will scarcely be believed that this mortality has been occasioned by their being too lazy to cook their food oftener than once a week, in consequence of which it becomes sour and unwholesome, and produces complaints of the stomach, which carry them off.' Captain Beechey gives many other details of the same character; but admits that the missionaries are, on the other hand, entitled to every credit for having succeeded in abolishing human sacrifices and the prevailing crime of infanticide, which had proceeded to such an extent, that the population of the island is not more than one-half of what it was when Cook first visited it.

What a pleasing contrast this officer experienced on calling at Pitcairn's Island! He there found the old patriarch Adams and his interesting family, now increased to sixty-five persons, all in vigorous health; their moral and religious sentiments, their modest and amiable manners, their industrious habits, still the same they were when visited by Sir Thomas Staines and Capain Foldger; neither of whom, Captain Beechey says, remained long enough with them fully to appreciate their excellent qualities. 'We were quite delighted,' he says, 'with their manners and conduct, and quitted them with feelings of deep regret; the more so as we were but too well satisfied that the cultivable ground in this little island, which is only two miles long by one wide, does not yield as it used to do. The wood is for the most part expended; and Adams expressed a strong apprehension that famine must soon visit the rising generation, if they are not speedily removed to some other situation; either to some larger uninhabited island in the neighbouring group, if such there be, or to New South Wales, or Van Diemen's Land. His most anxious wish was, that they might all settle together, to cultivate the ground, or labour, as might be required.' Our readers will not fail to recollect the strong interest that was excited by our first account of this innocent and simple-hearted little people; and we do hope, and indeed are confident, that England will not suffer them to perish by want. Their strong attachment

attachment to each other, and their manners, so different from, and superior to, those of almost any population among whom they could be conveyed, seem to render it desirable that they should be kept a separate people. They were much in want of clothing, which Captain Beechey supplied, as far as his means would allow. Their only covering consisted of the wrappers made from the cloth-plant, which are no better than thin paper, and fall in pieces under a shower of rain. Adams appeared anxious to have a clergyman among them from the Missionary Society, who, it seems, had promised to send one a few years ago. We should deeply regret to hear of the arrival of any such person among them. The old patriarch, with his Bible, is the best possible teacher that they could possess. As to the removal of this innocent and interesting little colony to New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land, such a step would, we fear, prove fatal to their yet unsophisticated and unblemished character; unless, indeed, they could be established in some secluded spot, free from all contact with the convicts; and the Taheitan group of islands are still in so barbarous a state, that they would not be safe in any of them, whether inhabited or not.*

* The following extract from a letter of Captain Beechey shows the barbarous state of the inhabitants of *Bow Island*, so called, from its shape, by Cook, who had no intercourse with the natives. 'The natives of the low coral islands are such a miserable, half-starved set of cannibals that they furnished nothing worthy of record. You may form some idea of what they are, and of the country they inhabit, when I tell you that I consider that the miraculous manner in which they subsist is the greatest discovery we have made. When we first visited these narrow strips of coral, it was concluded that among the trees there was some cultivation, and it was not until we entered the lagoon at Bow Island that we found it otherwise, and that they derived their support almost entirely from the Pandanus, a tree very like the Doom Tree of Egypt, which bears its pithy fruit in clusters containing about twenty nuts each. This nut is, in size, nearly that of a hazel nut, but being inclosed in a thick fibrous husk, like the cocoa-nut, appears as large as an egg. But their shape is pentagonal; they consequently have no interstices between them. The labour of cracking the nut is such that it requires several hours to prepare a meal. The cluster of nuts being first divided, they are handed to the men, who suck the inner part of the rind, which is somewhat soft, and almost as good as the root of a *very* old cabbage, and throw them down in heaps to be pounded by the women, who take them up severally, and carefully examine if any meat is left among the fibres, and if so, they have the privilege of a second suck—if not, the nut is placed under the beater, a stone about thirty pounds weight, and, after a few hard thumps, generally exhibits a fracture. The kernels are then picked out and put together for the men, who during this festival are occupied in the laborious exercise of keeping the flies off their filthy persons. These nuts constitute the whole of their food, except such limpits and land-crabs, *vermes*, or slimy *Holothuriæ*, as they can pick up on the rocks, and which they devour raw.

'You may judge from this description how little would have been gained from such a race; a people destitute of clothing, of weapons excepting big sticks and clubs, and whose God is a bit of wood with a slit cut in it and a bit of hair thrust in, and then slung to a tree to point out which way the wind blows—or, more frequently, a bit of hair tied to the thigh bone of some human being.

'The natives of the islands *immediately* about Tahaité, being converted to Christianity, are some shades better than those of the islands lying more remote. I should, nevertheless, be sorry to be cast upon their islands, even in lent time.'

We

We have so many detailed descriptions of the Sandwich Islands, their productions, and their former state of society, that we deem it wholly unnecessary to return to the subject, which the reader will find amply treated of in the two volumes whose titles are placed at the head of this article, more especially in that of Mr. Ellis. Neither do we see anything in the return voyage of the Blonde that could have any claim to detain us, except the details of the shipwrecked crew whose few survivors they delivered, a story but too fresh, we imagine, in the recollection of our readers, and too dark and dismal for human nature to dwell on it willingly—and a notice of the supposed discovery of a new island named Mauti, whose little population seems to have highly interested the visitors. The appearance of a single person in a canoe, with a straw hat of the English fashion, and a Spanish cloak of *tapa*, satisfied them that they were not the first Europeans who had visited this place. Two others next came on board, who, to their surprise, produced a written document from that branch of the London Missionary Society settled at Taheité, qualifying them to act as teachers in the island of Mauti. These were fine-looking men, dressed in cotton shirts, cloth jackets, and matted petticoats in lieu of trousers. On some of the officers landing, the whole male population assembled to greet them; and seemed unhappy until all of them had shaken hands. Among them were only two women, the wives of the two missionaries, who were decently clothed from head to foot. Proceeding about two miles through a shady wood, which improved in beauty as they advanced, they found to their surprise and pleasure, that the path terminated in a beautiful green lawn, where there were two of the prettiest white-washed cottages imaginable; these were the dwellings of the missionaries, who appeared to be the chief personages on the island.

'The inside of their habitations corresponded with their exterior neatness. The floors were boarded: there were a sofa and some chairs of native workmanship: windows, with Venetian shutters, rendered the apartments cool and agreeable. The rooms were divided from each other by screens of tapa; in one there was a bed of white tapa, and the floor was covered with coloured varnished tapa resembling oil-cloth. We were exceedingly struck with the appearance of elegance and cleanliness of all around us, as well as with the modest and decorous behaviour of the people, especially the women; all of which formed a strong contrast with the habits of the common people of the Sandwich Islands: but this is a small community, easily inspected by its teachers, and having, as yet, had no intercourse from without, to disturb the effects of their admonitions and example.'—*Voyage*, p. 210.

A church, capable of containing two hundred persons, stood on a hill near the cottages; the pulpit and reading-desk were neatly

neatly carved and painted with a variety of pretty designs; and the benches for the people are arranged neatly round. Close to the church was the burying-place, and the whole had the air of modest simplicity, which delighted no less than it surprised the visitors.

The history of this little island may be found in the Evangelical Magazine. It belongs to the king of Wateeoo, (discovered by Cook, in the year 1777,) whose inhabitants, like the Taheitans, have been prevailed on by the missionaries to destroy their idols, and relinquish idolatrous worship. The king, accompanied by two English missionaries from Tahaité, proceeded shortly afterwards to Mauti, where also he prevailed on the people to destroy the morais, and burn the images, and left a native teacher to instruct them in the Christian religion. The whole population was supposed not to exceed three hundred; their food principally bread-fruit, and fish: but they had yams, cocoa-nuts, and plantains; a few tame goats, fowls, and abundance of pigs. Birds, of rich plumage, and various-tinted butterflies, were singing and fluttering in the woods, consisting of magnificent forest-trees—and the climate was delicious. 'These,' says Mr. Bloxam, 'and, above all, the perfect union and harmony existing among the natives, presented a succession of agreeable pictures which could not fail to delight us.'

It is added, 'As Mauti has not been laid down in any chart, or described by any navigator, we used the privilege of discoverers, and named it PARRY'S *Island*. It lies in lat. 20° 8′ S. and long. 157° 20′ W.:' but though we are reluctant to deprive Captain Parry of any honour that his well-earned reputation merits, we 'must use the privilege' of dissenting from the assertion of its 'not being laid down in any chart,' because in Arrowsmith's chart of America (1804) and Purdy's Chart of the World (1812), there is laid down a small island named *Mahowarah*, precisely on the spot assigned to Mauti. We cannot mistake, as Wateeoo lies in lat. 20° 1′ S., long. 158° 15′ W., and Mahowarah is about a degree to the S. E. of it, namely, lat. 157° 15′, and long. 20° 30′ W., which comes so very near, as to leave little doubt of their identity. In fact, it belongs to a group of seven or eight islands, from four to six hundred miles south-west of Taheité, called HARVEY Islands, whose names, as given by the missionaries, are Mauti, Atooi, Metioro, Manain, Aitutaki, and Ruratonga, in all of which idolatry has been abolished, Christianity introduced, and the inhabitants very generally taught to read and write their own language, by native teachers sent out from Otaheité by the missionaries of the London Evangelical Society. On their authority, the population of this group is stated to exceed that of the Society Islands, by two or three thousand

thousand souls. On Ruratonga, a church has been built, of six hundred feet in length, by sixty in breadth, said to be capable of containing four thousand five hundred people, and to be frequently crammed quite full. The accounts sent to the Missionary Society of the comfortable situation of these islanders, their industrious habits, exhibited in their improved dwellings, cultivated lands, decent clothing, and the considerable advances made in the arts of civilized life, form a striking contrast with the details given by Captain Beechey concerning the present condition of Taheiti and the Sandwich Islands; and they lead to a hope that, through the means of these native teachers, the time is not far distant when the benefits of Christianity and civilization will find their way to all the groups of islands scattered over the vast Pacific Ocean. In furtherance of this object, it might perhaps be advisable to place the patriarch Adams, and his little family, on some one of those neighbouring islands, in which the native teachers have so well prepared the population to receive this small society, to the mutual advantage of both parties.

The dissemination of Christianity throughout the islands of the Pacific will be the less difficult, as the whole of them, from the Friendly Islands eastward, make use of dialects of the same tongue; the numerals of which, with a great multitude of words, are similar to those of the Malays. Mr. Ellis says, a number of words appear true Hebrew roots, and that, in the conjugation of the verbs, there is a striking similarity to that language. We place more weight on the fact that, exactly as with the Hindoos, their place of happiness, after death, is Meru; and think it is impossible, in the Pelé of the Sandwich Islands, not to recognise the deity, so universally worshipped in the eastern world, under the name of Pel, Bel, or Baal. In short, their customs, habits, games, and everything belonging to them are oriental, though in a state of great rudeness. Their dispersion over the Pacific is easily accounted for, by the constant easterly winds, which at various times, and in various directions, may have blown fishing canoes from the Asiatic islands to those scattered over the Pacific, and from one of these islands to another,—which last accident, indeed, is constantly happening at the present day.

Art. VI.—1. *Missionary Registers.* 1825, 1826.

2. *Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta.* By Henry Kaye Bonney, D.D., Archdeacon of Bedford.

3. *A Farewell Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Hodnet, in*

in the County of Salop, April 20, 1823. By the Rev. Reg. Heber. Second Edition.

4. *The Omnipresence of God; a Sermon preached August* 5, 1825, *on the Consecration of the Church of Secrole, near Benares.* By Reginald Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Calcutta. 1826.

IF God has no need of human *learning,'* retorted South on the Puritans of his day, 'still less has he need of human *ignorance:'* and too truly has this been seen in much of the history of the attempts to Christianise the East. A sanguine spirit has gone forth thither, expecting ends without means—hailing the most equivocal symptoms as infallible signs of conversion—prompting replies to the listless heathen, and then recording those parrot-words as spontaneous tokens of grace. To every sentence which one of the missionaries addressed to a man before him, covered with cow-dung, he received as an answer, 'Nisam!' (most certain!) pronounced with great gravity, and accompanied by a sober nod of the head. 'I was much cheered,' says the worthy teacher, 'by his approving so cordially the doctrines of salvation:'—and if here the questions had ended, this man would have had as good right to be enrolled amongst the lists of converted heathens as many more; but, unluckily, it was further asked, 'How old are you?' 'How long have you been Sunyasee?'—to which he replied, with the same emphasis as before, 'Nisam! Nisam!' The missionary should ever be on his guard against exciting the suspicions of the people of England that his work is hollow and unsound,—he should be slow to claim conquests which cool-headed men at home may think his desultory mode of warfare not likely to achieve. The people of England are not ignorant of the boasts of the Roman Catholic teachers in the same field; as many as they could baptise (and in some countries they are said to have made short work of it, by swinging a besom) were registered as converts, and reported as living proofs of their amazing success. And we all know what has been the consequence. Of late years, however, and especially amongst the Protestant missions of our own church, far greater caution has been observed; and now (except, perhaps, in a few instances where the native catechists recommend to the missionaries candidates for baptism, for whose competency they are themselves the vouchers) a degree of hesitation is felt about admitting to this rite, that some may think, and perhaps justly think, more than even prudence demands. That error, however, if error it be, is on the right side.

Already, by all who do not wish to be blind, some symptoms of progress may be traced. Till within these few years the reluctance of the Brahmins to communicate the contents of their sacred books

books was insuperable; now, every European, who has the curiosity, is permitted to look into those mysteries, and acquaint himself with what a Hindoo professes, which will often furnish not the worst arguments against what he practises. Martyn durst not introduce into his schools his version of the parables, and acquiesced, of necessity, in the use of a Hindoo poem on an avatar of Vishnu, which had no other merit than that of being unintelligible to the children: but at this day the gospels are freely read, as far as the teachers think fit to impart them; boys of all ranks, from the Brahmin to the Soodra, are assembled together, under the same roof; and places are won and lost in the classes without any reference to caste or colour. When one of the church missionaries was first appointed to the school at Burdwan, not a boy would consent to abide on the same premises with him; by degrees they were induced to become more familiar—at length to attend worship—and at last (except during the holidays) to remain with him altogether. At Badagamme, in Ceylon, we are told that the children of different castes may be seen seated on mats, eating and drinking together, with the utmost apparent good will;—a novel spectacle, even in that island of promise. It is not more than five or six years ago since the project for educating females in India was reckoned hopeless; now, upwards of thirty girls' schools are in activity at Calcutta alone. At Mirzapore, where a chapel has been established for Bengalee preaching, the congregation changes several times perhaps during a sermon, as the curiosity or patience of the hearers becomes exhausted; nor is it a symptom of small importance that, whilst few old people are observed there, the young are always to be found in considerable numbers. We are told by Colonel Phipps, (who resided several months near Juggernaut, and was present at the great annual festival,) that the practice which but recently prevailed of enticing pilgrims to cast themselves under the wheels of the car has now ceased; that the disgusting images with which it was decorated have been removed, and that the *outer* walls of the temple are purged of the like emblems of impurity. 'Where there is shame,' (says Johnson,) 'there may in time be virtue.' Again, while Martyn found himself every where regarded with a degree of suspicion and reserve, that almost shook his better purpose, the late Bishop Heber, we understand, discovered his office to be magnified far beyond his hopes or expectations; received a cordial welcome from those who, some few years earlier, would barely have endured his presence; and was solicited to despatch ordained ministers to several stations that had been hitherto neglected, with an earnestness which could not be mistaken. We could adduce many other facts, relating indeed to individuals, but still

still above all suspicion, to prove that the mind of the natives is becoming more busy about religious truth—but we abstain, from dislike to a species of argument which is justly listened to with extreme caution, and because we would not, in any degree, contribute to the growth of a spirit which, proclaiming 'A to be all that could be wished,'—'B a pleasing lad, affectionate and serious,'—'C (who, however, afterwards, poor fellow, trained off) very attentive, and of a dwarfish stature,'—announces, on the other hand, with detestable presumption, that G had been suddenly removed by cholera morbus, just when, in spite of all advice and admonition, he was determined to help a party of Roman Catholics to act a play!

Caste is undoubtedly the great obstacle to the conversion of the East, but it is not an insurmountable obstacle. It existed, with many other Indian peculiarities of the present day, before the age of Arrian; yet Christianity made its way on the coast of Malabar in spite of it. Certain it is, also, that many natives in our own times have actually courted baptism, and thereby broken caste, even where the caste was honourable; and that more have been prevented from taking the same step, by the importunate entreaties of parents and friends, seconded, in some cases, by the disinterested recommendation of the missionaries themselves. It is not, indeed, by any measure which 'cometh of observation' that a death-blow can be dealt to this deep-rooted institution;—but time and Christianity will do the work in peace. Thus it is that slavery, in almost all Christian countries, has disappeared, no man knowing when or how—not by the triumphant issue of a servile war, not by any sudden measures of legislatorial emancipation,—but through the operation of the eternal laws of social progress fixed by Providence, and especially, as we cannot but believe, by the slow yet sure operation of that very principle which is now beginning to work in India. Thus it is that witchcraft, which so few generations back held firm possession of the faith of our forefathers, and against which even the lofty mind of a Sir Matthew Hale was not proof, has been quietly laid to sleep. What prejudice of caste could be stronger than the principle of *religious intolerance* in our own country three centuries ago, when even Cranmer could sully his fair fame by one miserable, though, no doubt, most conscientious compliance with it; and what is, perhaps, more remarkable, when, in a subsequent age, and after the tempest of the Reformation had well nigh subsided, even the amiable Bishop Jewell could breathe the temper which spake in James and John at the Samaritan village, in one solitary sentence of his immortal Apology? But years rolled on, and the better spirit was silently prevailing. Through Hooker, who now appeared, its advance may be traced; though his wri-

(which, however, are of a defensive rather than an aggressive character) occasionally deal out blows against the captious adversaries of the church which he revered, with an asperity savouring more of the times than the man, yet never would they deliver over an heretical offender to the secular arm; and, in the next century, toleration was openly and professedly abetted in a work, which, as it was the first, so it remains the ablest, vindication of the cause—'The Liberty of Prophesying.'—With these and many more such instances before us, we cannot but look forward to the time when Brahmin and Soodra shall have the relation to each other of gentleman and peasant, and no other—and this the more confidently, because there is good reason to believe that caste is as much a civil as a religious institution,—as much founded upon convenience as upon conscience.

Such a consummation the establishment of a national church among our own countrymen scattered over India was eminently calculated to advance; and in selecting the founder of that church, (a matter of no small importance to its future fortunes,) a most sound judgment was exercised. The hints for his conduct in India, which Dr. Middleton committed to writing whilst on ship-board, and which are given in Archdeacon Bonney's Life of him, are worthy of all praise; and to that spirit of piety which influenced him, both in the acceptance and discharge of his high functions, were added, talents for business, and a practical wisdom, which enabled him to struggle with difficulties that would have overwhelmed a mind of a different construction, and to devise measures and regulations of ecclesiastical polity for the infant church, under which, by God's blessing, it will for ever prosper. Still his firmness (and few men had more) was not unfrequently put to the proof. The appointment of a bishop at all was considered by many a dangerous experiment; and perhaps a jealousy of investing him with too ample powers was the natural consequence. It must, for example, have been vain to expect that a knowledge of Christianity should be diffused on any great scale, without the liberal help of native preachers, over such a country as India—more especially when the civil government cannot, for obvious reasons, give more than their best wishes to the work. The history of our own Reformation (were not the reason of the thing enough) might have established this truth; and whilst Wales, and the Norman Isles, where the new doctrines were taught by ministers of their own, became speedy and sincere converts to those doctrines, Ireland, which was visited by English instructors only,—men whose speech was strange and offensive to the great majority of the inhabitants,—never was made fully acquainted with the reformed faith; and so, that critical day being suffered to pass unim-

proved, has entailed upon the sister-kingdoms, in our own times, a melancholy division of heart. The privilege, nevertheless, of ordaining native Christians was withheld from Dr. Middleton; and though he subsequently sued for it under restrictions, it was still denied to him. On trial, however, it was found that a bishop had not been nearly so mischievous as had been apprehended. No rebellion had followed his appointment; the rupees had continued to drop as fast as before into the Company's treasury: and, accordingly, one of the first acts of Dr. Middleton's successor was to ordain a native Christian. Nor was this the only thorn in the side of our first Indian bishop. It may be gathered from his two latter charges, how much he suffered from the divisions which he saw amongst the people, and that the want of unity in church doctrine and discipline afforded him a subject of severe mortification—of mortification proportioned to the strength of his reasonable conviction that every departure from the tenets of the church of England was a departure from sound faith and primitive practice. Baptists, Independents, Wesleyan Methodists and Presbyterians were all struggling for precedence; and the poor heathen lookers-on might well be perplexed with unnecessary difficulties when they perceived that the Christian doctors themselves agreed in nothing but in mutual accusations of error. Having borne up, however, against these difficulties as few men could have done; and having wielded the powers of a bishop for nearly nine years, with a wisdom that has procured for him the admiration of all lovers of our church, this excellent man was gathered to his fathers; and was succeeded by one, of whom, if we should now speak somewhat more at large, our excuse must be found in the extraordinary degree of public sympathy with which his recent and untimely death has been regarded, both in England and India.

Reginald Heber was the son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, of Marton, in Yorkshire, and of Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Allanson, of the same county. His father lived just long enough to witness his youthful 'honours;' his mother still survives to lament his early death. He was born April 21st, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, a living at that time held by Mr. Heber, as was shortly afterwards that of Hodnet, in Salop, which, together with the estate, had come into possession of his family by a marriage with an heiress of the ancient and honoured name of Vernon. In his childhood, Reginald Heber was remarkable for the eagerness with which he read the Bible, and the accuracy with which he remembered it; a taste and talent which subsequent acquirements and maturer years only served to strengthen, so that a great portion of his reading was intended, or at least was employed, to illustrate the Scriptures; and perhaps few men of his day

day had attained so masterly a knowledge of the historical parts of the Bible as well as the doctrinal, or could have thrown happier light upon its oriental customs, its difficult geography, or the civil, political, and moral condition of the people to whom it was addressed. We believe it was once his intention to have published notes upon Calmet, a task for which he would have brought all the resources which any single individual could be expected to furnish. Such a work, had it pleased God to restore him to his native land, would have been an agreeable and most useful employment for his declining years; and many materials for it, in addition to those he already possessed, he would have undoubtedly accumulated during his active researches in the East. To verbal criticism he had not (like his episcopal predecessor) devoted so much attention; nor perhaps did the character of his mind qualify him for making, in that branch of learning, the same progress as in its more popular departments. The patient investigation of a peculiar construction, or the emendation of a corrupted text, (necessary as such labours are,) are not those in which the faculties of a poet (and such were certainly his) commonly delight; and of the few poets who have attempted minute criticism most have failed, and none have been eminently successful.

He received his early education at the grammar-school of Whitechurch, whence he was afterwards sent to Dr. Bristowe, a gentleman who took pupils near London. His subsequent career at Oxford, where he was entered of Brazen-nose College, in 1800, proved how well his youthful studies had been directed, and how diligently pursued. The University prizes for Latin verse, for the English poem, and for the English prose-essay, were successively awarded him; and 'Palestine' received the higher and rarer compliment of public and universal praise. Such a poem, composed at such an age, has indeed some, but not many, parallels in our language. Its copious diction,—its perfect numbers,—its images, so well chosen, diversified so happily, and treated with so much discretion and good taste,—the transitions from one period to another of the history of the Holy Land, so dexterously contrived, —and, above all, the ample knowledge of Scripture, and of writings illustrative of Scripture, displayed in it—all these things might have seemed to bespeak the work of a man who 'had been long chusing, and begun late,' rather than of a stripling of nineteen. Some few of our University English prize-poems have had an ephemeral reputation beyond the precincts of Cambridge and Oxford; but 'Palestine' is almost the only one—(we can recollect, at most, but two others of whom any such language could be fairly used)—that has maintained its honours unimpaired, and entitled itself, after the lapse of years, to be considered

sidered the property of the nation. It might have been expected that such a poem would but have been the first of many—that so cordial a welcome would have stamped its author the follower of the muses for life; but having given to the world a small and well-known miscellaneous volume in 1812, (the whole of which did not then appear for the first time,) he withdrew almost entirely from a pursuit to which he was by temper strongly inclined, and devoted himself to the unobtrusive duties of the clerical office.* From the original pieces of that volume, it would be easy to select thoughts of animation and of tenderness; but unless perhaps 'The Passage of the Red Sea' (which is a noble copy of verses) should be excepted, nothing that, as a whole, comes up to the standard of Palestine. In the translations of Pindar which it contains, it may be doubted whether the deep-mouthed Theban is not made to speak too much after the manner of the great minstrel of Scotland; still they are executed with genuine spirit and elegance, and the rambling movements of an author, who, in his anxiety to escape from an Hiero or an Agesias, is very apt to run riot and lose his way, are connected with no common success. Previous, however, to the production of this volume, and whilst he was yet fellow of All Souls, a society to which (it should have been said) he had been elected from Brazennose, Reginald Heber travelled through those parts of Europe which were then open to an Englishman; and some of his observations upon Russia and the Crimea, which Dr. Clarke was permitted to extract from his MS. journal, and publish as notes to his own work, have ever been reckoned the *bijoux* of the volume, and, indeed, convey more information in a few words than perhaps would have been communicated by any traveller, except Burckhardt—whose close and pithy sentences not unfrequently resemble these able memoranda.

Having now been put in possession of the valuable living of Hodnet, which had been reserved for him, he married Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, late dean of St. Asaph, and, happy in the prospect of those domestic endearments which no man was

* Still, out of the fulness of his heart, or at the call of his friends, he would at intervals give proof that his hand had not forgot its cunning, however it might have hung up the harp; and a specimen will not displease our readers:—

'FAREWELL.

'When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell;
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!

'When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell;
When fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell!'—MS.

more

more qualified to enjoy, settled himself in his rectory. In no scene of his life, perhaps, did his character appear in greater beauty than whilst he was living here, 'seeing God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy.' His talents might have made him proud, but he was humble-minded as a child—eager to call forth the intellectual stores of others, rather than to display his own—arguing without dogmatism, and convincing without triumph—equally willing to reason with the wise, or take a share in the innocent gaieties of a winter's fire-side; for it was no part of his creed that all innocent mirth ought to be banished from the purlieus of a good man's dwelling; or that he is called upon to abstract himself from the refinements and civilities of life, as if sitting to Teniers for a picture of the Temptations of St. Anthony. The attentions he received might have made him selfish, but his own inclinations were ever the last he consulted; indeed, of all the features in his character this was, perhaps, the most prominent—that in him, *self* did not seem to be denied, to be mortified, but to be forgotten. His love of letters might have made him an inactive parish-priest, but he was daily amongst his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling, often to the hazard of his own life,* by their sick-beds; exhorting, encouraging, reproving as he saw need; where there was strife, the peace-maker; where there was want, the cheerful giver. Yet in all this there was no parade, no effort, apparently not the smallest consciousness that his conduct differed from that of other men—his duty seemed to be his delight, his piety an instinct. Many a good deed done by him in secret only came to light when he had been removed far away, and but for that removal would have been for ever hid—many an instance of benevolent interference where it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness. That he was sometimes deceived in his favourable estimate of mankind, it would be vain to deny; such a guileless, confiding, unsuspicious singleness of heart as his, cannot always be proof against cunning. But if he had not this worldly knowledge, he wanted it perhaps in common with most men of genius and virtue; the 'wisdom of the serpent' was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound.

The Bampton Lectures which he published in 1816 established his reputation in the theological world; for, though many dissented from his views on some speculative points, every com-

* Mr. Heber was, on one occasion, brought to the brink of the grave by a typhus fever caught in this way.

petent

petent judge was compelled to do justice to the depth of learning, the variety of research, and the richness of illustration which those compositions displayed.

At home, in his own parish, his sermons were very original—sometimes expanding into general views of the scheme and doctrines of revelation, collected from an intimate acquaintance, not with commentators, but with the details of holy writ itself, frequently drawing ingenious lessons for christian conduct, from the subordinate parts of a parable, a miracle, or a history, which a less imaginative mind would have overlooked—often enlivened by moral stories, with which his multifarious reading supplied him; and occasionally by facts which had come, perhaps, under his own observation, and which he thought calculated to give spirit or perspicuity to the truths he was imparting: a practice which, when judiciously restrained, is well adapted to secure the rustic hearer from the fate of Eutychus, without giving offence even to nicer brethren: of which the powerful effect is discoverable (though the figures may be grosser than the times would now admit) in the sermons of Latimer and the Reformers; subsequently, in those of Taylor and South; and still more recently, in the popular harangues of Whitfield and Wesley; and a practice, we will add, which derives countenance and authority from the use of parables in the preaching of our Lord. Of Heber's *language* in the pulpit we shall presently give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Polished it was, for such it was in his ordinary conversation, yet seldom above the reach of a country congregation, and sometimes (when there was a duty to be driven home) plain-spoken to a degree for which few modern men would have had courage. Frequently it exhibited metaphors, bold, and even startling; and ever possessed a singular charm, in the happy adoption of expressions from the pure and undefiled English of our Bible, with which his mind was thoroughly imbued.

In the midst of these exercises of his calling, public and private, he found time to compose many hymns; which, had he completed the series, as (with the assistance of friends) he hoped to have done, would have been in relation to the Gospels for the several Sundays throughout the year—compositions, which those who have seen them will desire that every one should have the opportunity of seeing; and which those will readily believe to be full of beauties, both poetical and spiritual, who are acquainted with the few hymns which he has actually published.* In

* The following is for St. Stephen's Day:

'The Son of God is gone to war a kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar! Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, triumphant over pain?
Who boldest bears his cross below? He follows in his train!

'The

In 1822, Reginald Heber undertook a more serious task, which was to finish a life of Jeremy Taylor, and a critical examination of his writings, for a new edition of the works of that great and good man. Since the publication of his Bampton Lectures, this was the first theological essay of any length in which he had openly engaged. If it be compared (as far as the subject will admit of comparison) with the 'Sermons on the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter,' it will be found that it is the work of maturer knowledge, and a more chastised taste; the style retaining the vigour, perhaps somewhat of the floridness, of former years, but without being complicated, ambitious, or constrained; the matter exhibiting much thought, as well as ample reading, and setting forth, without reserve, the author's own views of most of the controverted points of church doctrine and discipline, which his subject naturally led him to pass in review. But the work derives a further interest from the evident sympathy with which his biographer (perhaps unconsciously) contemplates the life and writings of that heavenly-minded man:—Much, indeed, they had in common—a poetical temperament, a hatred of intolerance, great simplicity, an abomination of every sordid and narrow-minded feeling, an earnest desire to make religion practical instead of speculative, and faith, vivid in proportion to the vigour of high imagination.

About the time when this Life appeared, Mr. Heber was elected preacher at Lincoln's-inn—a very flattering distinction, whether the character of the electors be considered, or the

'The Martyr first, whose eagle eye could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky, and called on him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue in midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong. Who follows in his train?

'A glorious band, the chosen few on whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, the truth they knew, and braved the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, the lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks the death to feel. Who follows in their train?

'A noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice, in robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven, through peril, toil, and pain—
Oh, God! to us may grace be given to follow in their train!'—MS.

There is much of that simplicity which should ever distinguish devotional poetry, in some hymns adapted to popular Welsh airs. We shall transcribe the shortest of them—

'A VESPER-HYMN.

'God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light—
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night—
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night!'—MS.

merits

merits of his predecessor, or those of the distinguished person before whom he was preferred; valuable, moreover, as placing somewhat more 'in oculis civium' a man intended by nature for a less obscure station than that which he had for years been filling,—though assuredly that was one which he, had it been so ordained, would have continued to fill to his dying day, without any querulous suspicion that he had fallen on evil times when merit is overlooked, and talent suffered to spend itself on an unworthy field.

Thus usefully and happily was he engaged;—in town, occupying an honourable and important situation, and with easy access to men of letters, of whom the capital must ever be the resort;—in the country, inhabiting a parsonage, built by himself in a situation which he had selected, in the neighbourhood of most of his kindred, amidst friends who loved and reverenced him, and in a parish where none would have desired a greater satisfaction than to have done him a service,—when he was summoned from scenes where, to use a beautiful expression of Warburton's, 'he had hung a thought upon every thorn,' to take upon himself the government of the church in India. What his struggles at that moment were, those who were near him at the time know well. How could such a man contemplate such a charge without some self-distrust? How could he give up his country without a pang? How could he look forward to an Indian climate without apprehension—not, indeed, for himself, (for of himself he was ever prodigal,) but for his wife and child? Still a splendid opportunity of usefulness was offered him; and accustomed as he was, in a degree quite characteristic, to recognise the superintending hand of Providence in all the lesser events of life, it was not to be expected that in one of the nature and magnitude of this, he would see it no longer. After much deliberation, he refused the appointment, not however without some misgiving of heart: he shortly after withdrew his refusal, and was then satisfied that he had acted right. Secular minds may look, and have looked, for the secular motives which might have actuated him; but, in truth,—

> He heard a voice they could not hear,
> Which said, no longer stay;
> He saw a hand they could not see,
> Which beckoned him away.

'I can say with confidence,' writes he about this time, 'that I have acted for the *best;* and even now that the die is cast, I feel no regret for the resolution I have taken, nor any distrust of the mercies and goodness of Providence, who may protect both me and mine, and, if He sees best for us, bring us back again, and preserve

preserve our excellent friends to welcome us. For England, and the scenes of my earliest and dearest recollections, I know no better farewell than that of Philoctetes:—

Χαῖρ', ὦ πέδον ἀμφίαλον,
κἄμ' εὐπλοίᾳ πέμψον ἀμέμπτως,
ἔνθ' ἡ μεγάλη μοῖρα κομίζει,
γνώμη τε φίλων, χὠ πανδαμάτωρ
Δαίμων, ὃς ταῦτ' ἐπέκρανεν.'

Yet a far better farewell than this was his own; for having returned to Hodnet for a few weeks to settle his affairs before his final departure, on Sunday 20th April, 1823, he preached his last sermon there, the effect of which those who read it may partly conjecture—those who heard it (we are told) will never forget. It was printed at the earnest request of the congregation, and as the copies were few, and the circulation local, it may not probably have fallen into the hands of many of our readers: we take advantage, therefore, of a second edition which has just been published, to introduce a passage or two from it to their notice. Having spoken in general of the vanity of fixing the affections on a world where everything is fleeting, to the neglect of that Being who alone is for ever the same, he proceeds—

'My ministerial labours among you must have an end; I must give over into other hands, the task of watching over your spiritual welfare; and many, very many, of those with whom I have grown up from childhood, in whose society I have passed my happiest days, and to whom it has been, during more than fifteen years, my duty and my delight (with such ability as God has given me) to preach the gospel of Christ, must, in all probability, see my face in the flesh no more. Under such circumstances, and connected with many who now hear me by the dearest ties of blood, of friendship, and of gratitude, some mixture of regret is excusable, some degree of sorrow is holy. I cannot, without some anxiety for the future, forsake, for an untried and arduous field of duty, the quiet scenes where, during so much of my past life, I have enjoyed a more than usual share of earthly comfort and prosperity; I cannot bid adieu to those, with whose idea almost every recollection of past happiness is connected, without many earnest wishes for their welfare, and (I will confess it) without some severe self-reproach that, while it was in my power, I have done so much less than I ought to have done, to render that welfare eternal. There are, indeed, those here who know, and there is *One*, above all, who knows better than any of you, how earnestly I have desired the peace and the holiness of His church; how truly I have loved the people of this place; and how warmly I have hoped to be the means, in His hand, of bringing many among you to glory. But I am at this moment but too painfully sensible that in many things, yea in all, my performance has fallen short of my principles; that neither privately nor publicly have I taught you with so much diligence as now seems necessary in my eyes: nor has my example set forth the doctrines in which I have

have, however imperfectly, instructed you; yet, if my zeal has failed in steadiness, it never has been wanting in sincerity. I have expressed no conviction which I have not deeply felt; have preached no doctrine which I have not stedfastly believed: however inconsistent my life, its leading object has been your welfare—and I have hoped, and sorrowed, and studied, and prayed for your instruction, and that you might be saved. For my labours, such as they were, I have been indeed most richly rewarded, in the uniform affection and respect which I have received from my parishioners; in their regular and increasing attendance in this holy place, and at the table of the Lord; in the welcome which I have never failed to meet in the houses both of rich and poor; in the regret (beyond my deserts, and beyond my fullest expectations) with which my announced departure has been received by you; in your expressed and repeated wishes for my welfare and my return; in the munificent token of your regard, with which I have been this morning honoured;* in your numerous attendance on the present occasion, and in those marks of emotion which I witness around me, and in which I am myself well nigh constrained to join. For all these, accept such thanks as I can pay—accept my best wishes—accept my affectionate regrets—accept the continuance of the prayers which I have hitherto offered up for you daily, and in which, whatever and wherever my sphere of duty may hereafter be, my congregation of Hodnet shall (believe it!) never be forgotten.'

He then exhorts them, by various considerations, to mutual charity and good will; and continues in words which (long as our extract has already been) we know not how to withhold—

'Would to God, indeed, I could hope to leave you all as truly at peace with each other, as I trust and believe there is peace between me and you! Yet if there be any here whom I have at any time offended, let me entreat his forgiveness, and express the hope that he has already forgiven me. If any who thinks he has done me wrong, (I know of none,) let him be assured that the fault, if it were one, is not only forgiven but forgotten; and let me earnestly entreat you all, as it may be the last request which I shall ever make, the last advice which I shall ever offer to you—little children, love one another and forgive one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath loved and forgiven you.'

Having thus taken leave of a parish, where he still signified a hope that he might lay his bones, he hastened again to town to receive imposition of hands, and then depart—

'My consecration (he writes to a friend in the country) is fixed for next Sunday; and as the time draws near, I feel its awfulness very strongly—far more, I think, than the parting which is to follow a fortnight after. I could wish (he adds) to have the prayers of my old congregation, but know not well how to express the wish in conformity with custom, or without seeming to court notoriety.'

A special general meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was now called, and a valedictory address to him,

* A piece of plate had been given to Mr. Heber by his parishioners.

pronounced,

pronounced, in the name of that venerable body, by the Bishop of Bristol; an address only yielding in beauty (if it does yield) to the reply which it produced—the one dignified, impressive, affectionate—the other glowing with all the natural eloquence of excited feelings.

On Monday, 16th June, 1823, Dr. Heber embarked with his family a little below Gravesend, and, accompanied to the ship by many sorrowing friends, bade adieu to England for ever. Well it is, that every great event in life, which does violence to the feelings, usually brings with it immediate demands upon our exertions, whereby the attention is diverted, and the grief subdued. On ship-board, he found abundant occupation in prosecuting the study of Hindostanee and Persian, which, independently of their prospective usefulness, he, as many others had done before him, found to be possessed of high interest and curiosity,—

'as establishing beyond all doubt the original connection of the languages of India, Persia, and Northern Europe, and the complete diversity of these from the Hebrew and other Semitic languages. Those (he observes) who fancy the Persians and Indians to have been derived from Elam, the son of Shem, or from any body but Japheth, the first-born of Noah, and father of Gomer, Meshech, and Tubal, have, I am persuaded, paid no attention to the languages either of Persia, Russia, or Scandinavia. I have long had this suspicion, and am not sorry to find it confirmed by even the grammar of my new studies. If, in a year or two, (he exultingly adds,) I do not know them both (Hindostanee and Persian) at least as well as I do French and German, the fault, I trust, will be in my capacity, not in my diligence.'

In the October following, he landed in India with a field before him that might challenge the labours of an apostle, and we will venture to say, with as much of the spirit of an apostle in him as has rested on any man in these latter days. It was now his anxious wish to compose, as far as in him lay, those unhappy religious dissensions of which we have already spoken; and without making any concession unbecoming a loyal and true lover of his own church, to set forth the necessity of humility and charity, Christian graces to which schism is so commonly fatal—and without which even the purest speculative opinions can, after all, be worth nothing. For such a task as this, none who knew Dr. Heber at all, could deny that he was singularly well fitted. In a personal regard for himself, he was sure to bow the hearts of the people as the heart of one man. Is it not according to our experience to believe, that the affections might have influenced the conclusions of the understanding, and that by his means many angry disputants might have been brought to think alike, and to think as our church directs them? With a further view to more general conformity, he, after a while, suggested to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,

Knowledge, the propriety of sending out (if possible) missionaries *episcopally* ordained, in order so far to obviate an unfavourable impression produced on the natives, who were at a loss what character to assign to ministers of the gospel, whom those who supported and dispersed them, were unwilling to admit to their own churches. Nor did he think such a measure unlikely to promote the influence of the Church of England (already very considerable) with the different stocks of oriental Christians—Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians—who hold, like her, episcopacy to be of apostolic institution. In accordance with these sentiments, Dr. Heber thought fit to re-ordain several protestant ministers who made an application to that effect, and though he did not *urge* the universal adoption of such a plan, yet he did not conceal his opinion that it was much to be desired. To the native schools he gave his utmost protection and support; interested in their behalf those whose patronage was most valuable; and took effectual steps for rendering the bounty of his countrymen at home tributary to the same good end. He preached very often: it never had been his practice to spare himself when in England, and in the east he felt further calls in the more pressing wants of the people, and the extreme paucity of the clergy.

Short as his time in India was, his visitations had embraced almost the whole of his vast diocese. To the northern portion of it, which Bishop Middleton (who found ample occupation at Calcutta and in southern India) had never been able to reach, he first turned his steps; and having journeyed as far as Merut, 'leaving behind him,' says Mr. Fisher, the chaplain of the station, 'an impression which I think will not soon or easily pass away,' he bent his course southwards, and traversed the country to Bombay.

'Of the way of performing these long journeys in India, I was myself (says the Bishop, in one of the private letters now before us) very imperfectly informed before I came here; and, even then, it was long before I could believe how vast and cumbersome an apparatus of attendance and supplies of every kind was necessary, to travel in any degree of comfort or security. On the river, indeed, so long as that lasted, our progress is easy and pleasant, (bating a little heat and a few storms,) carried on by a strong south-eastern breeze, in a very roomy and comfortable boat, against the stream of a majestic body of water, with a breadth, during the rainy season, so high up as Patra, of from six to nine miles, and even above Patra, as far as Cawnpore, in no place narrower than the Mersey opposite Liverpool. But it is after leaving the Ganges for the land journey, that, if not the tug, yet no small part of the *apparatus, proventus, et commeatus* of war, commences. It has been my wish, on many accounts, to travel without unnecessary display. My tents, equipments, and number of servants, are all on the smallest scale

scale which comfort or propriety would admit of. They all fall short of what are usually taken by the collectors of districts; and in comparison of what the commander-in-chief had with him the year before last, I have found people disposed to cry out against them as quite insufficient. Nor have I asked for a single soldier or trooper beyond what the commanding officers of districts have themselves offered as necessary and suitable. Yet, for myself and Dr. Smith, the united numbers amount to three elephants, above twenty camels, five horses, besides ponies for our principal servants, twenty-six servants, twenty-six bearers of burdens, fifteen clashees to pitch and remove tents, elephant and camel drivers, I believe, thirteen; and since we have left the Company's territories, and entered Rajapootam, a guard of eighteen irregular horse, and forty-five sipahees on foot, including native officers. Nor is this all; for there is a number of petty tradesmen and other poor people, whose road is the same as ours, and who have asked permission to encamp near us, and travel under our protection; so that yesterday, when I found it expedient, on account of the scarcity which prevails in these provinces, to order an allowance of flour, by way of Sunday dinner, to every person in camp, the number of heads was returned one hundred and sixty-five. With all these formidable numbers, you must not, however, suppose that any exorbitant luxury reigns in my tent; our fare is, in fact, as homely as any two farmers in England sit down to; and, if it be sometimes *exuberant*, the fault must be laid on a country where we must take a whole sheep or kid, if we would have animal food at all, and where neither sheep nor kid will, when killed, remain eatable more than a day or two. The truth is, that where people carry everything with them, tent, bed, furniture, wine, beer, and crockery, for six months together, no small quantity of beasts of burden may well be supposed necessary; and in countries such as those which I have now been traversing, where every man is armed; where every third or fourth man, a few years since, was a thief by profession; and where, in spite of English influence and supremacy, the forests, mountains, and multitude of petty sovereignties, afford all possible scope for the practical application of Wordsworth's "good old rule,"—you may believe me, that it is neither pomp nor cowardice which has thus fenced your friend in with spears, shields, and bayonets.'*

In the course of this arduous pilgrimage from Calcutta to Bombay, he found occasions for preaching upwards of fifty times; and the sermon delivered on one of those occasions, at the consecration of a church near Benares, was printed at the request of the Europeans who heard it; and, though bearing marks of having been written in haste, fully justifies their discernment in having made that request. The following passage has much of the peculiar manner of the author of Palestine:—

'If the Israelites were endowed, beyond the nations of mankind, with wise and righteous laws, with a fertile and almost impregnable territory,

* Letter dated Barrechar, (Guzerat,) March 14, 1825.

with

with a race of valiant and victorious kings, and a God who (while they kept his ways) was a wall of fire against their enemies round about them; if the kings of the wilderness did them homage, and the lion-banner of David and Solomon was reflected at once from the Mediterranean and the Euphrates—it was, that the way of the Lord might be made known by their means upon earth, and that the saving health of the Messiah might become conspicuous to all nations.

'My brethren, it has pleased the Almighty, that the nation to which we ourselves belong, is a great, a valiant, and an understanding nation; it has pleased Him to give us an empire, in which the sun never sets—a commerce by which the remotest nations of the earth are become our allies, our tributaries, I had almost said our neighbours; and by means (when regarded as human means, and distinct from his mysterious providence) so inadequate, as to excite our alarm as well as wonder, the sovereignty over these wide and populous heathen lands. But is it for *our* sakes that he has given us these good gifts, and wrought these great marvels in our favour? Are we not rather set up on high in the earth, that we may show forth the light by which we are guided, and be the honoured instruments of diffusing those blessings which we ourselves enjoy, through every land where our will is law, through every tribe where our wisdom is held in reverence, and in every distant isle which our winged vessels visit? If we value, then, (as who does not value?) our renown among mankind; if we exult (as who can help exulting?) in the privileges which the providence of God has conferred on the British nation; if we are thankful (and God forbid we should be otherwise) for the means of usefulness in our power; and if we love (as who does not love?) our native land, its greatness and prosperity,—let us see that we, each of us in our station, are promoting to the best of our power, by example, by exertion, by liberality, by the practice of Christian justice and every virtue, the extension of God's truth among men, and the honour of that holy name whereby we are called. There have been realms before as famous as our own, and (in relation to the then extent and riches of the civilized world) as powerful and as wealthy, of which the traveller sees nothing now but ruins in the midst of a wilderness, or where the mariner only finds a rock for fishers to spread their nets. Nineveh once reigned over the East; but where is Nineveh now? Tyre had once the commerce of the world; but what is become of Tyre? But if the repentance of Nineveh had been persevered in, her towers would have stood to this day. Had the daughter of Tyre brought her gifts to the Temple of God, she would have continued a Queen for ever.'

This visitation gave the Bishop an opportunity of ascertaining the state and wants of the Christian congregations in the northern districts of his diocese, where in four principal places, Benares, Chunar, Merut, and Agra, he had the satisfaction of finding service performed, in Hindostanee, according to the Liturgy of the English Church; it also brought him acquainted with a race of

of men of a character far more manly than the Bengalese, dwelling, under native chiefs, among the mountains near Rajemahel, in the province of Bahar—not divided into castes, indifferent to the idolatries of the plains, and on every account offering, as the Bishop thought, a very promising field for Christian teachers. He accordingly (by way of beginning) fixed a missionary at Boglipore, a place affording local advantages for the establishment of schools, for learning the language, and becoming acquainted with the heads of these clans, who appear to be a primitive race, protected by their fastnesses from much contact or intercourse with the invaders that, from time to time, have made India their own. The Bishop entertained a very sanguine hope that a conversion of no ordinary extent would be thus effected, and regarded the beginning thus made as doubly important, on account of the connections which, in all probability, exist between these tribes and the Goands and other nations of central India, whom they are said strongly to resemble in habits and character.

In a letter to one of his friends, written at the close of this extensive journey, the Bishop distinctly expresses his satisfaction that he had never, in the whole course of it, turned either to the right hand or to the left for the sake of gratifying curiosity—that he had travelled in his episcopal capacity, and allowed no other objects to interfere with those which were pressed on him by the character of his functions. But no accomplished Englishman, far less a deeply read and deeply thinking scholar like Heber, could traverse these regions without having his attention called to many objects, which may not, at first sight, appear to have been, in his case, professional. The whole state and condition, however, of the Indian population, it was, in fact, most strictly and sacredly his duty to study; and how successfully he carried his talents to this object we have in our power to show, by some passages from his MS. correspondence. The letter, from which we are about to quote, was written in March, 1825;* and addressed to one of his oldest and most intimate friends,—a gentleman, not of his own profession, but engaged in the business of the world, and the duties of a high public station.—We offer no apology for citing largely from such a letter, written upon such a subject, and are sure our readers will require none. It is not often that the English public are permitted to listen to such a witness as Bishop Heber, upon the concerns of their Indian fellow-subjects. Poet as he was by nature, it is nevertheless true, that a highly philosophical cast of mind is apparent in all his writings upon political subjects. He was equally enabled to work out the most serious speculations

* This is the same letter from which we have already taken the description of Indian travelling.

of

of what may be termed Political Science, and at the same time to combine and compare those varieties of detailed facts, on which Political Science, if sound, will be found to depend.

'Though the greater part of the Company's provinces (except Kumaoon) are by no means abundant in objects of natural beauty or curiosity, the prospect offering little else than an uniform plain of slovenly cultivation, yet, in the character and manners of the people, there is much which may be studied with interest and amusement; and in the yet remaining specimen of oriental luxury and pomp at Lucknow; in the decayed, but most striking and romantic, magnificence of Delhi; and in the Taj-Mahal of Agra, (doubtless one of the most beautiful buildings in the world,) there is almost enough, even of themselves, to make it worth a man's while to cross the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

'Since then, I have been in countries of a wilder character, comparatively seldom trodden by Europeans, exempt during the greater part of their history from the Mussulman yoke, and retaining accordingly a great deal of the simplicity of early Hindoo manners, without much of that solemn and pompous uniformity which the conquests of the House of Timur seem to have impressed on all classes of their subjects. Yet here there is much which is interesting and curious. The people, who are admirably described (though I think in too favourable colours) by Malcolm, in his Central India, are certainly a lively, animated, and warlike race of men, though, chiefly from their wretched government, and partly from their still more wretched religion, there is hardly any vice, either of slaves or robbers, to which they do not seem addicted. Yet such a state of society is at least curious, and resembles more the picture of Abyssinia as given by Bruce, than that of any other country which I have seen or read of; while here too there are many wild and woody scenes, which, though they want the glorious glaciers and peaks of the Himmalaya, do not fall short in natural beauty of some of the loveliest glens which we went through ten years ago in North Wales; and some very remarkable ruins, which, though greatly inferior as works of art to the Mussulman remains in Hindoostân Proper, are yet more curious than them, as being more different from anything which an European is accustomed to see or read of.

'One fact, indeed, during this journey has been impressed on my mind very forcibly—that the character and situation of the natives of these great countries are exceedingly little known, and in many instances grossly misrepresented, not only by the English public in general, but by a great proportion of those also who, though they have been in India, have taken their views of its population, manners, and productions from Calcutta, or at most from Bengal. I had always heard, and fully believed till I came to India, that it was a grievous crime, in the opinion of the Brahmins, to eat the flesh or shed the blood of any living creature whatever. I have now myself seen Brahmins of the highest caste cut off the heads of goats as a sacrifice to Doorga; and I know, from the testimony of Brahmins, as well as from other sources, that not only hecatombs of animals are often offered in this manner as a most

a most meritorious act, (a Rajah, about twenty-five years back, offered sixty thousand in one fortnight,) but that any person, Brahmins not excepted, eats readily of the flesh of whatever has been offered up to one of their divinities; while among almost all the other castes, mutton, pork, fish, venison,—anything but beef and fowls,—are consumed as readily as in Europe. Again, I had heard all my life of the gentle and timid Hindoos, patient under injuries, servile to their superiors, &c. Now, this is doubtless, to a certain extent, true of the Bengalese, (who, by the way, are never reckoned among the nations of Hindoostân by those who speak the language of that country,) and there are a great many people in Calcutta who maintain, that all the natives of India are alike. But even in Bengal, gentle as the exterior manners of the people are, there are large districts close to Calcutta, where the work of carding, burning, ravishing, murder, and robbery, goes on as systematically, and in nearly the same manner, as in the worst part of Ireland; and on entering Hindoostân, properly so called, which, in the estimate of the natives, reaches from the Rajamahal hills to Agra, and from the mountains of Kumaoon to Bundelcund, I was struck and surprised to find a people equal in stature and strength to the average of European nations, despising rice and rice-eaters, feeding on wheat and barley-bread, exhibiting in their appearance, conversation, and habits of life, a grave, a proud, and decidedly a martial character, accustomed universally to the use of arms and athletic exercises from their cradles, and preferring, very greatly, military service to any other means of livelihood. This part of their character, but in a ruder and wilder form, and debased by much alloy of treachery and violence, is conspicuous in the smaller and less good-looking inhabitants of Rajapootam and Malwah; while the mountains and woods, wherever they occur, show specimens of a race entirely different from all these, and in a state of society scarcely elevated above the savages of New Holland, or New Zealand; and the inhabitants, I am assured, of the Deccan, and of the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, are as different from those which I have seen, and from each other, as the French and Portuguese from the Greeks, Germans, or Poles. So idle is it to ascribe uniformity of character to the inhabitants of a country so extensive, and subdivided by so many almost impassable tracts of mountain and jungle, and so little do the majority of those whom I have seen deserve the gentle and imbecile character often assigned to them.

'I met, not long since, with a speech by a leading member of the Scotch General Assembly, declaring his "conviction that the truths of Christianity could not be received by men in so rude a state as the East Indians, and that it was necessary to give them first a relish for the habits and comforts of civilized life before they could embrace the truths of the gospel." The same slang (for it is nothing more) I have seen repeated in divers pamphlets, and even heard it in conversations in Calcutta. Yet, though it is certainly true that the lower classes of Indians are miserably poor, and that there are many extensive districts where, both among low and high, the laws are very little obeyed, and

there is a great deal of robbery, oppression, and even ferocity, I know no part of the population, except the mountain tribes already mentioned, who can with any propriety of language be called uncivilized. Of the unpropitious circumstances which I have mentioned, the former arises from a population continually pressing on the utmost limits of subsistence, and which is thus kept up, not by any dislike or indifference to a better diet, or more ample clothing, or more numerous ornaments, than now usually fall to the peasant's share, (for, on the contrary, if he has the means, he is fonder of external show and a respectable appearance, than those of his rank in many nations of Europe,) but by the foolish superstition, which Christianity only is likely to remove, which makes a parent regard it as unpropitious to allow his son to remain unmarried, and which couples together children of twelve or fourteen years of age. The second has its origin in the long-continued misfortunes and intestine wars of India, which are as yet too recent (even where their causes have ceased to exist) for the agitation which they occasioned to have entirely sunk into a calm. But to say that the Hindoos or Mussulmans are deficient in any essential feature of a civilized people, is an assertion which I can scarcely suppose to be made by any who have lived with them. Their manners are at least as pleasing and courteous as those in the corresponding stations of life among ourselves; their houses are larger, and, according to their wants and climate, to the full as convenient as ours; their architecture is at least as elegant; and though the worthy Scotch divine may, doubtless, wish their labourers to be clad in hoddin grey, and their gentry and merchants to wear powder and mottled stockings, like worthy Mr. ——— and the other elders of his kirk-session, I really do not think that they would gain either in cleanliness, elegance, or comfort, by exchanging a white cotton robe for the completest suit of dittos.

'Nor is it true, that, in the mechanic arts, they are inferior to the general run of European nations. Where they fall short of *us*, (which is chiefly in agricultural implements and the mechanics of common life,) they are not, so far as I have understood of Italy and the South of France, surpassed in any great degree by the people of those countries. Their goldsmiths and weavers produce as beautiful fabrics as our own, and it is so far from true, that they are obstinately wedded to their old patterns, that they show an anxiety to imitate our models, and do imitate them very successfully. The ships built by native artists at Bombay are notoriously as good as any which sail from London or Liverpool. The carriages and gigs which they supply at Calcutta are as handsome, though not so durable, as those of Long Acre. In the little town of Monghyr, three hundred miles from Calcutta, I had pistols, double-barrelled guns, and different pieces of cabinet work brought down to my boat for sale, which in outward form, (for I know no further,) nobody but perhaps Mr. ——— could detect to be of Hindoo origin; and at Delhi, in the shop of a wealthy native jeweller, I found brooches, ear-rings, snuff-boxes, &c. of the latest

latest models, (so far as I am á judge,) and ornamented with French devices and mottos.

'The fact is, that there is a degree of intercourse maintained between this country and Europe, and a degree of information existing among the people as to what passes there, which, considering how few of them speak or read English, implies other channels of communication besides those which we supply, and respecting which I have been able as yet to obtain very little information.

'Among the presents sent last year to the supreme government by the little state of Ladeh, in Chinese Tartary, some large sheets of gilt leather, stamped with the Russian eagle, were the most conspicuous. A traveller, who calls himself a Transylvanian, but who is shrewdly suspected of being a Russian spy, was, when I was in Kumaoon, arrested by the commandant of one of our fortresses among the Himmalaya mountains; and, after all our pains to exclude foreigners from the service of the native princes, two Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour were found, about twelve months ago, and are still employed in, casting cannon, and drilling soldiers for the Seik Raja, Runjeet Singh. This, you will say, is no more than we should be prepared to expect; but you, probably, would not suppose, (what I believe is little, if at all, known in Russia itself,) that there is an ancient and still frequented place of Hindoo pilgrimage not many miles from Moscow;*—or that the secretary of the Calcutta Bible Society received, ten months ago, an application (by whom translated I do not know, but in very tolerable English) from some priests on the shore of the Caspian sea, requesting a grant of Armenian bibles. After this, you will be the less surprised to learn that the leading events of the late wars in Europe (particularly Buonaparte's victories) were often known, or at least rumoured, among the native merchants of Calcutta, before government received any accounts from England; or that the suicide of an English minister (with the mistake, indeed, of its being Lord Liverpool instead of the Marquis of Londonderry) had become a topic of conversation in the "Burra Bazar," (the native exchange,) for a fortnight before the arrival of any intelligence by the usual channels.

'With subjects thus inquisitive, and with such opportunities of information, it is apparent how little sense there is in the doctrine that we must keep the natives of Hindoostan in ignorance if we would continue to govern them. The fact is, that they know enough already to do us a great deal of mischief, if they should find it their interest to make the trial. They are in a fair way, by degrees, to acquire still more knowledge for themselves; and the question is, whether it is not the part o wisdom, as well as duty, to superintend and promote their education while it is yet in our power, and supply them with such knowledge as will be at once most harmless to ourselves and most useful to them.

'In this work the most important part is to give them a better reli-

* This is probably rather loosely said; that is, if, as we suspect, Bishop Heber alludes to the same place of which we have a description in Dr. Henderson's 'Russian Travels.' (See the article on that book in our present Number, p. 363.)

gion. Knowing how strongly I feel on this subject, you will not be surprised at my placing it foremost. But even if Christianity were out of the question, and if, when I had wheeled away the rubbish of the old pagodas, I had nothing better than simple deism to erect in their stead, I should still feel some of the anxiety which now urges me. It is necessary to *see* idolatry, to be fully sensible of its mischievous effects on the human mind. But of all idolatries which I have ever read or heard of, the religion of the Hindoos, in which I have taken some pains to inform myself, really appears to me the worst, both in the degrading notions which it gives of the Deity; in the endless round of its burdensome ceremonies, which occupy the time and distract the thoughts, without either instructing or interesting its votaries; in the filthy acts of uncleanness and cruelty not only permitted but enjoined, and inseparably interwoven with those ceremonies; in the system of castes, a system which tends, more than anything else the Devil has yet invented, to destroy the feelings of general benevolence, and to make nine-tenths of mankind the hopeless slaves of the remainder; and in the total absence of any popular system of morals, or any single lesson, which the people at large ever hear, to live virtuously and do good to each other. I do not say, indeed, that there are not some scattered lessons of this kind to be found in their ancient books; but those books are neither accessible to the people at large, nor are these last permitted to read them; and, in general, all the sins which a Sudra is taught to fear, are, killing a cow, offending a Brahmin, or neglecting one of the many frivolous rites by which their deities are supposed to be conciliated. Accordingly, though the general sobriety of the Hindoos (a virtue which they possess in common with most inhabitants of warm climates) affords a very great facility to the maintenance of public order and decorum, I really never have met with a race of men whose standard of morality is so low, who feel so little apparent shame in being detected in a falsehood, or so little interest in the sufferings of a neighbour not being of their own caste or family; whose ordinary and familiar conversation is so licentious; or, in the wilder and more lawless districts, who shed blood with so little repugnance. The good qualities which there are among them (and, thank God! there is a great deal of good among them still) are, in no instance that I am aware of, connected with, or arising out of, their religion, since it is in no instance to good deeds or virtuous habits of life that the future rewards in which they believe are promised. Their bravery, their fidelity to their employers, their temperance, and (wherever these are found) their humanity and gentleness of disposition, appear to arise exclusively from a natural happy temperament; from an honourable pride in their own renown, and the renown of their ancestors; and from the goodness of God, who seems unwilling that his image should be entirely defaced even in the midst of the grossest error. The Mussulmans have a far better creed; and though they seldom either like the English or are liked by them, I am inclined to think are, on the whole, a better people. Yet, even with them, the forms of their worship have a natural tendency to make

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men hypocrites, and the overweening contempt with which they are inspired for all the world beside, the degradation of their women by the system of polygamy, and the detestable crimes, which, owing to this degradation, are almost universal, are such as, even if I had no ulterior hope, would make me anxious to attract them to a better or more harmless system. In this work, thank God, in those parts of India which I have visited, a beginning has been made, and a degree of success obtained, at least commensurate to the few years during which our missionaries have laboured; and it is still going on, *in the best and safest way, as the work of private persons alone, and although not forbidden, in no degree encouraged, by government.*

'In the meantime, and as an useful auxiliary to the missionaries, the establishment of elementary schools for the lower classes and for females is going on to a very great extent, and might be carried to any conceivable extent to which our pecuniary means would carry us. Nor is there any measure from which I anticipate more speedy benefit than the elevation of the rising generation of females to their natural rank in society, and giving them (which is all that, in any of our schools, we as yet venture to give) the lessons of general morality extracted from the Gospel, without any direct religious instruction. These schools, such of them at least as I have any concern with, are carried on without any help from government. Government has, however, been very liberal in its grants both to a Society for National Education, and in the institution and support of two colleges of Hindoo students of riper age, the one at Benares, the other at Calcutta. But I do not think any of these institutions, in the way after which they are at present conducted, likely to do much good. In the elementary schools supported by the former, through a very causeless and ridiculous fear of giving offence to the natives, they have forbidden the use of the Scriptures, or any extracts from them, though the moral lessons of the gospel are read by all Hindoos who can get hold of them, without scruple and with much attention; and though their exclusion is tantamount to excluding all moral instruction from their schools, the Hindoo sacred writings having nothing of the kind, and, if they had, being shut up from the majority of the people by the double fence of a dead language and an actual prohibition to read them, as too holy for common eyes or ears. The defects of the latter will appear when I have told you that the actual state of Hindoo and Mussulman literature, *mutatis mutandis*, very nearly resembles what the literature of Europe was before the time of Galileo, Copernicus, and Bacon. The Mussulmans take their Logic from Aristotle, filtered through many successive translations and commentaries, and their metaphysical system is professedly derived from Plato ("Filatoun.") The Hindoos have systems not very dissimilar from these, though, I am told, of greater length and more intricacy; but the studies in which they spend most time are the acquisition of the Sanscrit, and the endless refinements of its Grammar, Prosody and Poetry. Both have the same Natural Philosophy, which is also that of Aristotle in Zoology and Botany, and Ptolemy in Astronomy, for which the Hindoos have forsaken their

their most ancient notions of the seven seas, the six earths, and the flat base of Padalon, supported on the back of a tortoise. By the science which they now possess, they are, some of them, able to foretel an eclipse or compose an almanac; and many of them derive some little pecuniary advantage from pretensions to judicial astrology. In Medicine and Chemistry, they are just sufficiently advanced to talk of substances being moist, dry, hot, &c. in the third or fourth degree; to dissuade from letting blood or physicking on a Tuesday, or under a particular aspect of the heavens; and to be eager in their pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Immortality.

'The task of enlightening the studious youth of such a nation would seem to be a tolerably straightforward one. But though, for the college in Calcutta, (not *Bishop's College* remember, but the Vidhalya, or Hindoo College,) an expensive set of instruments has been sent out, and it seems intended that the natural sciences should be studied there, the Managers of the present institution take care that their boys should have as little time as possible for such pursuits, by requiring from them all without exception a laborious study of Sanscrit, and all the useless and worse than useless literature of their ancestors. A good deal of this has been charged (and in some little degree charged with justice) against the exclusive attention paid to Greek and Logic till lately in Oxford. But in Oxford we have never been guilty (since a better system was known in the world at large) of teaching the *Physics* of Aristotle, however we may have paid an excessive attention to his *Metaphysics* and *Dialectics*.—In Benares, however, I found, in the institution supported by Government, a professor lecturing on astronomy after the system of Ptolemy and Albumazar, while one of the most forward boys was at the pains of casting my horoscope; and the majority of the school were toiling at Shanscreet grammar. And yet, the day before, in the same holy city, I had visited another college, founded lately by a wealthy Hindoo banker, and intrusted by him to the management of the Church Missionary Society, in which, besides a grammatical knowledge of the Hindoostanee language, as well as Persian and Arabic, the senior boys could pass a good examination in English grammar, in Hume's History of England, Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, the use of the globes, and the principal facts and moral precepts of the Gospel, most of them writing beautifully in the Persian, and very tolerably in the English, character, and excelling most boys I have met with in the accuracy and readiness of their arithmetic. The English officer who is now in charge of the Benares Vidhalya is a clever and candid young man, and under him I look forward to much improvement. Ram-Mohun-Roy, a learned native, who has sometimes been called, though I fear without reason, a Christian, remonstrated against this system last year, in a paper which he sent to me to put into Lord Amherst's hands, and which, for its good English, good sense, and forcible argument, is a real curiosity, as coming from an Asiatic.'

In another part of the same letter, the Bishop treats incidentally of a topic with their inattention to which both Professor Von Schlegel

Schlegel and his brother have bitterly reproached the English—the architectural antiquities of Hindostan.

'I had myself (says he) heard much of these before I set out, and had met with many persons, both in Europe and at Calcutta (where nothing of the kind exists) who spoke of the present natives of India as a degenerate race, whose inability to rear such splendid piles was a proof that these last belong to a remote antiquity. I have seen, however, enough to convince me both that the Indian masons and architects of the present day only want patrons sufficiently wealthy or sufficiently zealous to do all which their fathers have done, and that there are very few structures here which can, on any satisfactory grounds, be referred to a date so early as the greater part of our own cathedrals. Often, in Upper Hindoostan, and still more frequently in Rajapootam and Malwah, I have met with new and unfinished shrines, cisterns, and ghâts, as beautifully carved and as well proportioned as the best of those of an earlier day. And though there are many buildings and ruins which exhibit a most venerable appearance, there are many causes in this country which give this appearance prematurely. In the first instance we ourselves have a complex impression made on us by the sight of edifices so distant from our own country, and so unlike whatever we have seen there. We multiply, as it were, the geographical and moral distance into the chronological, and can hardly persuade ourselves that we are contemporaries with an object so far removed in every other respect. Besides this, however, the firmest masonry in these climates is sorely tried by the alternate influence of a pulverizing sun, and a continued three months' rain. The wild fig-tree *(pupul* or *ficus religiosa)*, which no Hindoo can root out, or even lop, without a deadly sin, soon sows its seeds and fixes its roots in the joints of the arching, and being of rapid growth, at the same time, and in a very few years, increases its picturesque and antique appearance, and secures its eventual destruction; lastly, no man in this country repairs or completes what his father has begun, preferring to begin something else by which his own name may be remembered. Accordingly, at Dacca are many fine ruins, which at first impressed me with a great idea of their age. Yet Dacca is a modern city, founded, or at least raised from insignificance, under Shah Gehanghise, in A.D. 1608; and the tradition of the place is, that these fine buildings were erected by European architects in the service of the then governor. At Benares, the principal temple has an appearance so venerable, that one might suppose it to have stood unaltered ever since the Treta Yug, and that Mena and Capila had performed austerities within its precincts. Yet it is historically certain that all the Hindoo temples of consequence in Benares were pulled down by Aurungzebe, the contemporary of Charles the Second, and that the present structure must have been raised since that time. The observatories of Benares, Delhi, and Jagepoor, I heard spoken of in the careless ness of conversation, not only as extremely curious in themselves (which they certainly are), but as monuments of the *ancient* science of the Hindoos.

doos. All three, however, are known to be the work of the Rajah Jye Singh, who died in 1742!

'A remote antiquity is, with better reason, claimed for some idols of black stone, and elegant columns of the same material, which have been collected in different parts of the districts of Rotas, Bulnem, &c.—These belong to the religion of a sect (the Boodhists) of which no remains are now found in those provinces. But I have myself seen images exactly similar in the newly-erected temples of the Jains, a sect of Boodhists, still wealthy and numerous in Guzerat, Rajapootam, and Malwah; and in a country where there is literally no history, it is impossible to say how long since, or how lately, they may have lost their ground in the more eastern parts of Gundwana.

'In the wilds which I have lately been traversing, at Chittore Ghur more particularly, there are some very beautiful buildings, of which the date was obviously assigned at random, and which might be five hundred or one thousand, or a hundred-and-fifty years old, for all their present guardians know about the matter. But it must be always borne in mind that one thousand years are just as easily said as ten, and that in the mouth of a Cicerone they are sometimes thought to sound rather better.

'The oldest things which I have seen, of which the date could be at all ascertained, are some detached blocks of marble, with inscriptions, but of no appalling remoteness; and two remarkable pillars of black mixed metal, in a Patan forest near Delhi, and at Cuttab-Misar in the same neighbourhood; both covered with inscriptions, which nobody can now read, but both mentioned in Mussulman history as in their present situation at the time when "the Believers" conquered Delhi, about A.D. 1000. But what is this to the date of the Parthenon? Or how little can these trifling relics bear a comparison with the works of Greece and Egypt?

'Ellora and Elephanta I have not yet seen. I can believe all which is said of their size and magnificence; but they are without date or inscription: they are, I understand, not mentioned, even incidentally, in any Sanscrit MS. Their images, &c. are the same with those now worshipped in every part of India, and there have been many Rajahs and wealthy individuals in every age of Indian history who have possessed the means of carving a huge stone-quarry into a cathedral. To our cathedrals, after all, they are, I understand, very inferior in size. All which can be known is, that Elephanta must probably have been begun (whether it was ever finished seems very doubtful) before the arrival of the Portuguese at Bombay; and that Ellora may reasonably be concluded to have been erected in a time of peace under a Hindoo prince, and therefore either before the first Afghan conquest, or subsequently, during the recovered independence of that part of Candeish and the Deccan. This is no great matter certainly, and it *may* be older; but all I say is, that we have no reason to conclude it is so, and the impression on my mind decidedly accords with Mill—that the Hindoos, after all, though they have doubtless existed from very great

great antiquity as an industrious and civilized people, had made no great progress in the arts, and took all their notions of magnificence from the models furnished by their Mahometan conquerors.'

He closes this letter with some remarks on the Burmese war. —We must repeat the date—March 14, 1825 :—

'We are now engaged, as you are aware, in a very expensive and tedious war, in countries whither the Mahometans were never able to penetrate. This tediousness, together with the partial reverses which the armies have sustained, have given rise to all manner of evil reports among the people of Hindoostan, and to a great deal of grumbling and discontent among the English. After all, I cannot myself perceive that there is anybody to blame. Everybody cried out for war in the first instance as necessary to the honour of the government, and murmured greatly against Lord Amherst for not being more ready than he was to commence it. Of the country which we were to invade, no intelligence could be obtained, and, in fact, our armies have had little to contend with except a most impracticable and unknown country. It is unfortunate, however, that, after a year and half of war, we should, except in point of dear-bought experience, be no further advanced than at the beginning; and there are very serious grounds for apprehending that if any great calamity occurred in the East, a storm would follow on our North-western and Western frontier, which, with our present means, it would be by no means easy to allay. Something, however, has been gained: if we can do little harm to the Birmans, it is evident, from their conduct in the field, that, beyond their own jungles, they can do still less harm to us. And the inhabitants of Calcutta, who, about this time last year, were asking leave to send their property into the citadel, and packing off their wives and children across the river, will hardly again look forward to seeing their war-boats on the salt-water lake, or the golden umbrellas of their chiefs erected on the top of St. John's cathedral. I was then thought little better than a madman for venturing to Dacca. Now the members of government are called all manner of names because their troops have found unexpected difficulty in marching to Ummerapoora.'

His sojourn at Bombay was rendered somewhat remarkable by the arrival, nearly at the same time, of a bishop from Antioch, to superintend that part of the Syrian church which refuses allegiance to the Pope. After a suspension, for some years, of all intercourse with the country from which its faith originally sprung, and which in later times, by a fresh supply of ministers, had enabled it to throw off, in a great measure, the usurpations of the church of Rome enforced by the Portuguese, it was now destined to rejoice once more in a nursing-father from Syria. The favourable disposition of this branch of the Syro-Malabaric church towards our own had long been known. It is a curious fact, however, and one that may be new to our readers, that Principal Mill, in 1822, found their college and parochial schools at Cottayam, under the direction

direction of three clergymen of the Church of England, who, without compromising their own views, gave no offence to the Metropolitan, who consulted and employed them; using for themselves and their own families the English Liturgy at one of his chapels; and condemning by their silence those portions of the Syrian ritual which, as Protestants, they could not approve, and which they trusted the gradual influence of the knowledge they were helping to disseminate would at length, and by regular authority, undermine. Nor was this friendly feeling less conspicuous in the readiness with which Mar Athanasius (the Syrian prelate) attended the service at Bombay according to the English forms, and received the communion at the hands of Bishop Heber. Neither was it likely to be diminished by a small viaticum for the prosecution of his journey to Malabar, and a donation to the poor students in theology at Cottayam, which the Bishop was enabled to bestow from the bounty of the Christian Knowledge Society,—an application of their funds which, if disapproved—(he writes with his usual modesty and disinterestedness) 'I will most cheerfully replace.'

We think it right to quote a passage from another letter, addressed, while at Bombay, to the same correspondent to whom the Bishop wrote from *Barrecar*:—

'The attention of all India is fixed on the siege of Bhurtpore, in Rajapootana, on the event of which, far more than on anything which may happen in the Birman empire, the renown of the British arms, and the permanency of the British empire in Asia must depend. The Jâts are the finest people in bodily advantages and apparent martial spirit whom I have seen in India, and their country one of the most fertile and best cultivated. Having once beaten off Lord Lake from their city, they have ever since not only regarded themselves as invincible, but have been so esteemed by the greater part of the Mahrattas, Rajapoots, &c. who have always held up their example as the rallying point and main encouragement to resistance, insomuch that, even when I was passing through Malwah, "galantee shows," like those carried about by the Savoyards, were exhibited at the fairs and in the towns of that wild district, which displayed, among other patriotic and popular scenes, the red-coats driven back in dismay from the ramparts, and the victorious Jâts pursuing them sabre in hand. Their fortress, too, has really all the advantages which can arise from an excellent situation, an imposing profile, a deep and wide ditch, a good show of cannon, and a very numerous and hardy garrison; while the means which Sir D. Ochterlony has been able to collect against it, though really far more considerable than could, under all circumstances, have been expected, are described in a letter from General Reynell as *very barely* adequate to all which they have to do,—and the present intensely hot season is a circumstance greatly unfavourable. Still I do not find that any of my

my military acquaintance despond. On the contrary, they all appear to rejoice at the opportunity offered for effacing the former very injurious impression which had been made by Lord Lake's failure, though they admit that, should our army fail again, few events would go so near to fulfil the shouts of the mob a few months back in the streets of Delhi:—"Company ka raj ho guia!" "The rule of the Company is at an end." Meantime, heartily as I desire the success of our arms, and the more so because the cause, I believe, is really a just one, I am very sorry for the Jâts themselves, with whose rough independent manner I was much pleased, and who showed me all possible civilities and hospitality in passing through their country. But this is one among many proofs which have fallen under my notice, how impossible it is to govern these remote provinces from Calcutta, and how desirable it is to establish a separate presidency for Northern and Central India, either at Agra, Meerut, or perhaps Sangor.'—*Letter dated Bombay, May* 10, 1825.

Ceylon, which Heber next visited, might seem to be a Paradise on earth. Gentle undulations of what in England might be called well-dressed lawn (we speak of the S. W. quarter)—rivers rapid, deep, clear—cocoa-palms peeping forth from vast tracts of jungle, and marking to an experienced eye the site of some sequestered village—mountain-sierras of no inconsiderable height, and of shapes the most fantastic—plants of all hues, the choicest ornaments of an English hot-house—precious stones of every variety, unless, perhaps, the emerald—such are some of the riches of Ceylon. But the picture has its deep shadows. Along the borders of those romantic streams there lurks an air, that no man can breathe long, and live;—a fact the more remarkable, as the tanks or standing pools of the same country are said to exhale an atmosphere of health, and to one of these Kandy has been supposed to owe its comparative salubrity. Snakes and other reptiles are so abundant, so active, and so deadly, that but few birds are seen, and, for the songsters of an English grove, the traveller must be content to receive in exchange 'apes that mow and chatter at him,' as if the island were Prospero's. Female infanticide is reported to prevail in some districts to a considerable extent; and we can easily believe this of a country in which several brothers of the same family are accustomed to share the same wife; and, to crown all, at night the blaze of the sacrifice, the dance, and the drum, proclaim that those who worship at all, worship the devil. Yet, with all this, the island holds out a prospect of better things. The noble experiment of Sir Alexander Johnstone, as to the introduction of a species of jury trial, appears to have been crowned with most encouraging success. The prejudice of caste is far less powerful than on the continent; and the Dutch had long ago established in it a system of parochial schools and parochial preaching,

preaching, which, though for some time fallen into decay, the Bishop hoped, with the concurrence of government, which he solicited, to restore to more than former usefulness, and connect with the national church. Meanwhile, as a secondary measure, he moved the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to establish one or more central schools in the island, for the board and education of a certain number of native Christian youths, who might thus be qualified to act as schoolmasters; and, in case of promising talents, become recruits for the college at Calcutta, thence to return in due time, and shed blessings on their native island. Before quitting Ceylon, the Bishop paid a visit to Kandy —a spot where the honour of England suffered a stain, and which our troops must have taken possession of once more, with feelings not unlike those of the army of Germanicus, when they reached the secluded scene where the legions of Varus had left their bones to whiten. Little, indeed, could it have been thought, twelve years before, that a capital which was then the den of the most bloodthirsty and treacherous savage that ever disgraced a throne, and in whom, if his subjects must needs have a devil to adore, they might have found him to their hands, was destined so soon to be the peaceful abode of a Christian minister, and the resting-place of a most Christian Bishop.

After an absence of about fifteen months, in October, 1825, he again arrived at Calcutta, where he remained long enough to make his reports to England—to preside at meetings where his presence was required—to hold an ordination, and, what was of no small importance, to promote the building of a church in the native town at Calcutta, where service might be performed by the missionaries on the spot, or in the neighbourhood, in the Bengalee and Hindostanee languages, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England. Such a measure had been adopted elsewhere with the happiest effects, amongst the Hindoos, a people remarkably alive to what is graceful and decorous in external worship; and here, it was hoped, might prevent the few right ideas, which the youths had gathered at the schools, or in the perusal of Christian books, from being entirely effaced by the idolatrous practices they were daily condemned to witness.

This done, the Bishop hastened to Madras, a presidency which he had reserved for a separate visitation, and wherein it was ordained that he should end his course. On Good Friday, he preached at Combaconum, on the crucifixion; and on Easter Sunday, at Tanjore, on the resurrection. The day following he held a confirmation at the same place; and in the evening delivered an address to the assembled missionaries, as he stood near the grave of Schwartz, a name which he had ever venerated. He arrived at Trichinopoly

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on the first of April, 1826, and the same evening wrote a letter, of which the following is a part:—

'I have been passing the last four days in the society of a Hindoo Prince, the Rajah of Tanjore, who quotes Fourcroy, Lavoisier, Linnæus, and Buffon, as fluently as Lady Morgan—has formed a more accurate judgment of the poetical merits of Shakspeare than that so felicitously expressed by Lord Byron—and has actually emitted English poetry very superior indeed to Rousseau's Epitaph on Shenstone—at the same time that he is much respected by the English officers in his neighbourhood as a real good judge of a horse, and a cool, bold, and deadly shot at a tiger. The truth is, that he is an extraordinary man, who, having in early youth received such an education as old Schwartz, the celebrated Missionary, could give him, has ever since continued, in the midst of many disadvantages, to preserve his taste for, and extend his knowledge of, European literature, while he has never neglected the active exercises and frank soldierly bearing which become the descendant of the old Mahratta conquerors, and by which only, in the present state of things, he has it in his power to gratify the prejudices of his people, and prolong his popularity among them. Had he lived in the days of Hyder, he would have been a formidable ally or enemy, for he is, by the testimony of all in his neighbourhood, bold, popular, and insinuating. At present, with less power than an English nobleman, he holds his head high, and appears contented; and the print of Buonaparte which hangs in his library is so neutralized by that of Lord Hastings in full costume, that it can do no harm to anybody. To finish the portrait of Maha Rajah Sarboju, I should tell you that he is a strong-built and very handsome middle-aged man, with eyes and nose like a fine hawk, and very bushy gray mustachios—generally very splendidly dressed, but with no effeminacy of ornament, and looking and talking more like a favourable specimen of a French general officer than any other object of comparison which occurs to me. His son, Rajah Sewaju (so named after their great ancestor) is a pale, sickly lad of seventeen, who also speaks English, but imperfectly, and on whose account his father lamented, with much apparent concern, the impossibility which he had found of obtaining any tolerable instruction in Tanjore. I was moved at this, and offered to take him with me in my present tour, and afterwards to Calcutta, where he might have apartments in my house, and be introduced into good English society; at the same time, that I would superintend his studies, and procure for him the best masters which India affords. The father and son, in different ways, the one catching at the idea with great eagerness, the other as if he were afraid to say all he wished, seemed both very well pleased with the proposal. Both, however, on consulting together, expressed a doubt of the mother's concurrence; and, accordingly, next day, I had a very civil message, through the Resident, that the Rannee had already lost two sons; that this survivor was a sickly boy; that she was sure he would not come back alive,

alive, and it would kill her to part with him; but that all the family joined in gratitude, &c. &c.

'So poor Sewaju must chew betel, and sit in the Zenanah, and pursue the other amusements of the common race of Hindoo Princes, until he is gathered to those heroic forms, who, girded with long swords, with hawks on their wrists, and garments like those of the king of spades (whose portrait-painter, as I guess, has been retained for this family), adorn the principal room in the palace. Sarboju (the father) has not trusted his own immortality to records like these; he has put up a colossal marble statue of himself by Flaxman, in one of his halls of audience, and his figure is introduced on the monument (also by Flaxman) which he has raised in the mission church to the memory of his tutor, Schwartz, as grasping the hand of the dying saint, and receiving his blessing.

'Of Schwartz and his fifty years' labour among the Heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity which he acquired, both with Mussulmans, Hindoos, and contending European governments, I need give you no account, except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the south of India. I used to suspect that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character, that he was too much of a political prophet, and that the veneration which the heathen paid, and still pay him, (and which, indeed, almost regards him as a superior being, putting crowns and burning lights before his statue,) was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless (as he was one of the most successful) missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard to money is nothing; he was perfectly careless of power, and renown never seemed to affect him even so far as to induce an outward show of humility. His temper was perfectly simple, open, and cheerful; and in his political negotiations (employments which he never sought, but which fell in his way) he never pretended to impartiality, but acted as the avowed, though certainly the successful and judicious agent of the orphan prince intrusted to his care, and from attempting whose conversion to Christianity he seems to have abstained, from a feeling of honour. His other converts were between six and seven thousand, besides those which his predecessors and companions in the cause had brought over. The number is gradually increasing, and there are now in the south of India about two hundred Protestant congregations, the numbers of which have been sometimes vaguely stated at forty thousand. I doubt whether they reach fifteen thousand; but even this, all things considered, is a great number. The Roman Catholics are considerably more numerous, but belong to a lower caste of Indians, (for even these Christians retain many prejudices of caste,) and in point of knowledge and morality, are said to be extremely inferior.

'The Brahmins, being limited to voluntary votaries, have now often very hard work to speed the ponderous wheels of Suon and Bali through the

the deep lanes of this fertile country. This is, however, still the most favoured land of Brahminism, and the temples are larger and more beautiful than any which I have seen in Northern India. They are also decidedly older; but as to their very remote age, I am still incredulous.'

The date of this letter gives it a melancholy interest. It was probably the last that this admirable man wrote. Next day being Sunday, he again preached and confirmed, a rite which he administered once more on Monday morning in the Fort Church. He returned home to breakfast; but before sitting down, took a cold-bath, as he had done the two preceding days. His attendant, thinking that he stayed more than the usual time, entered the apartment, and found the body at the bottom of the water, with the face downwards. The usual restoratives of bleeding, friction, and inflating the lungs, were instantly tried, but life was gone, and, on opening the head, it was discovered that a vessel had burst on the brain, in consequence, as the medical men agreed, of the sudden plunge into the water whilst he was warm and exhausted. His remains were deposited, with every mark of respect and unfeigned sorrow, on the north side of the altar of St. John's church at Trichinopoly.

The disastrous intelligence of his decease was communicated with every caution to his unfortunate widow (who had been left at Calcutta with her two children) by her relation, Lord Combermere. She is left to mourn an irreparable loss, but not without that resignation and acquiescence in the will of Providence, which the precepts and example of her husband were so calculated to inspire and confirm in her mind.

True it is that an apparent accident was the immediate cause of the abrupt termination of the Bishop's life, but it may well be thought that his constitution was becoming more frail and susceptible of injury through his unremitted exertions—exertions which he was led to make by habits formed in a more temperate climate—by a fear which beset him of sinking into that supineness which a residence in India is so apt to engender—and by a spirit thoroughly interested in the pursuit of the great object before him. So long as this immense portion of the globe, extending from St. Helena to New Holland, is consigned to the ecclesiastical superintendence of one man, and that one man is not deterred from doing his best by the impossibility of doing much, it is to be feared there must be a certain waste of valuable life; for what European, arriving in India at the age which a bishop has usually reached before he obtains his appointment, is likely to preserve his health long, in the midst of the disquietudes attending a new establishment—remote from the mother-country—incomplete in its subordinate

bordinate parts—in its fruits perpetually disappointing the hopes and efforts of the labourer—whilst to all this must be added, the extreme difficulty (to say the least of it) of timing all the journies right, where so many, and of such length, must be made, and of always selecting for them those seasons of the year, and those hours of the day, which are least deadly.*

Thus died this faithful servant of God, in the 43d year of his age, and the third of his episcopacy, labouring to the last in the cause that was nearest his heart, and, like Fletcher of Madely, almost expiring in the very act of duty. The world may honour his memory as it will, though such as were best acquainted with him can scarcely hope that it should do him justice; for he had attached himself to no party, either in church or state, and therefore had secured no party-advocates; and of forms, by which mankind at large (for the want of less fallacious means of estimating character) are almost compelled to abide, he was not, perhaps, a very diligent observer: but in India a strong sense of his worth has manifested itself, as it were, by acclamation. At Madras, a meeting was held, a few days after his death, in the Government Gardens, the excellent Sir Thomas Munro in the chair, where to say that lamentation was made over him would be a weak word—there was a burst of affectionate feeling, which proves, were proof wanting, how grievous a loss the cause of Christianity has sustained in the removal of an advocate whose heart and head were equally fitted to recommend it. A subscription was forthwith commenced on a scale of Indian munificence, for a monument, to be erected to him in St. George's church; and this was taken up with the warmest zeal everywhere, and among all ranks and conditions of men throughout the presidency.† At Bombay it was determined to found a scholarship for that presidency, at the college at Calcutta, to be called Bishop Heber's Scholarship—a testimony of respect the most appropriate that could have been devised; and examples so generous have not been lost upon the capital of Bengal.

It is very pleasing to hear all this. Still, none could know him truly as he was, without visiting (as we have often done) the parish where he had chiefly resided from his childhood upwards—where he had been seen as the son, the husband, the father, the brother, the master, above all, as the shepherd of the flock. There, we are told, the tidings of his death were received by all as if each had lost a personal friend; and though a considerable interval

* We are happy to learn, as this is going through the press, that India is about to be divided into several separate dioceses.

† The *native* subscriptions in the lists are numerous, beyond what we could have believed.

had

had elapsed since he bade them farewell, their sorrow was as fresh as if he had just breathed his last under that roof which, in doubt, in difficulty, and in distress, had so frequently been their refuge. These are arguments of his worth the most genuine that can be offered, and which it would now be injurious to suppress; others may speak of the richness of his conversation, the playfulness of his fancy, the delicacy of his taste, of the almost unequalled vigour and retentiveness of his memory, which, had it not been overshadowed by higher intellectual qualities, would alone have constituted him an extraordinary man—of that memory which always supplied him with the apposite quotation, the suitable illustration, the decisive authority—but it has been the main object of these pages (however imperfectly attained) to discover something of 'the hidden man of the heart,' and to hold out to those who cannot hope to rival the high endowments of Bishop Heber, or to follow him in the public and splendid parts of his career, the imitation of those virtues which the under-current, as well as the palpable course, of his life presented—of his charity, his humility, his abandonment of every selfish feeling, his piety, at once enthusiastic and practical, exhibited in the unobtrusive and heartfelt purity of his own life, and in the tempered fervour and happy fruits of his labours as a minister of the gospel.

Art. VII.—*Narrative of the Burmese War, detailing the Operations of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell's Army, from its landing at Rangoon in May*, 1824, *to the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace at Yandaboo, in February*, 1826. By Major Snodgrass, Military Secretary to the Commander of the Expedition, and Assistant Political Agent in Ava. London. 1827.

IT requires time to get at the real state of what is going on at the distance of twelve thousand miles; but the truth will come out at last. When the Burmese war was first announced in England, we, in common with the general opinion then prevailing, in which the Directors of the East India Company were supposed to participate, were inclined to consider the Bengal government as having acted with too great precipitancy, and as appearing too anxious to strike a blow before they had tried the milder course of negotiation. We are now satisfied that a rupture had for some time been unavoidable; that sound policy, we may almost say the salvation of India, demanded the utmost promptitude of action; and that any attempt at negotiation would not only have failed, but tended to hasten and enforce the blow that was meditated against our power. Beset, as we were,

with Runjeet Singh on the north-west, the Burmans on the east, the usurper of Burtpore in the centre, all ready to join in a confederacy against our dominion, had we quietly waited for that invasion of the capital by the Burmese, which was on the eve of being undertaken, or had we made the attempt on Burtpore in the spring of 1824, and failed, as we probably should, and as we once before had done, for want of adequate preparation and the necessary means,—a flame might have burst forth over all India, which it would have been no easy matter to extinguish. Thanks to the decision of Lord Amherst and his council, we are now in a state of safety and tranquillity for many years to come.

Of the intrigues of the Burmese with the princes of India, Lord Hastings, Lord Minto, and even Sir John Shore, had ample proofs, and the two former were decidedly of opinion that a war would in the end be inevitable; both, however, deemed it expedient to temporise, and such forbearance produced no other effect than an aggravated degree of insolence, and an extension of encroachment. Their restless character, their arrogant conduct and unfounded pretensions had, on various occasions, endangered the relations of peace subsisting between the two countries, and had, in fact, long kept the frontier provinces of Bengal in constant dread of invasion. 'That the court of Ava,' says Major Snodgrass, 'had been for many months preparing for a rupture with the government of India, the tone and conduct of the governors of Arracan and the provinces lying contiguous to our frontier, and the assemblage of troops in that quarter, afford the strongest evidence; offensive warfare was obviously intended.' In fact, considerable bodies of troops crossed the Arracan mountains; and made no scruple of boasting that an army of thirty thousand men was about to invade Bengal. Major Snodgrass says, that—

'Ample evidence was also furnished, that so far from being ignorant of the conduct and aggressions of the Arracan chiefs, which had caused the war, they were fully sanctioned by his Burmhan Majesty, who, twelve months before hostilities commenced, was devising plans and making arrangements for the conquest of Bengal. Maha Bandoola, then high in favour, was the grand projector of the scheme, and, with a hundred thousand men, which he said his majesty could with ease assemble, pledged himself for its execution. The king went even the length of consulting a foreign residenter at Ava; and who will longer doubt, that war had been resolved on, and success anticipated, when it is stated, on the authority of those who were present on the spot, that Maha Bandoola marched into Arracan, provided with golden fetters, in which the Governor-General of India was to be led captive to Ava?'—p. 277.

* See the extract from one of Bishop Heber's letters in the preceding article, p. 474.

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This Bandoola had, in fact, some time before the expedition reached Rangoon, proceeded to take command of the Arracan army destined for the invasion of Bengal; and lost no time in commencing offensive operations: with a superior force he surrounded a small British post, who made an honourable but useless resistance. Some of the officers and sepoys effected their escape, but great numbers fell into the hands of the enemy, by whom the European officers and many of the native soldiers were most barbarously put to death. 'Exaggerated reports of the strength and ferocity of the Burmese troops,' says Major Snodgrass, 'were soon in circulation, carrying alarm even to Calcutta, the very name of Burman spreading dread and terror among the native population. The peasants on the frontier fled in dismay from their villages; and every idle rumour was magnified so industriously, by timid or designing people, that the native merchants of Calcutta were with difficulty persuaded to refrain from removing their families and property from under the very guns of Fort William.' In the mean time, the British lion was rousing from his repose, and his voice was heard at Rangoon almost before he of the 'golden foot' had uttered the boast, 'that he would prevent the English from disturbing even the women of Rangoon in cooking their rice.' We should almost, indeed, have said, that the rapidity with which the armament destined for this service was sent forth to its destination was unexampled, had not a recent occasion nearer home shown, even more strongly, what the energies of Englishmen, in cases of necessity, are capable of accomplishing.—We allude, of course, to the bringing forward of those ships of the line which transported our little army to Portugal, the other day, with a rapidity that was felt and spoken of in every court of Europe, from Petersburg to Madrid—more particularly in Germany, where the tone of conversation had for some time past been,—the depressed, enfeebled, humiliated England. We may guess their surprise when informed, almost as soon as the several ambassadors could announce to their respective courts the king's message to the two houses of parliament, that a British army of five thousand men, fully equipped in all its departments, had landed in Portugal, and that eight sail of the line were floating on the waters of the Tagus.*

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* The rapidity with which this armament was sent forth, without any previous preparation, is worthy of being recorded. On Friday evening, the 8th December, England was first called upon for assistance; on Saturday the cabinet decided to give it; on Sunday, the king gave his assent; on Monday, the message was carried down to parliament; on the 16th, the first detachment, consisting of the 4th regiment, sailed; on Wednesday the 20th, the remainder of the troops were all embarked on board the guard-ships and sailed; and before the end of the month the whole were in the Tagus.

The government of India, with no such naval means, but with equal energy, put forth her little army to punish the iniquitous and insolent conduct of the Burmese; not, however, to oppose them on the barren mountains of Arracan, or in the impenetrable fastnesses and pestilential jungles of Chittagong; but, where they least expected it, in the river that leads through the heart of their empire; and to take possession of that very city, 'whose women were not to be disturbed in cooking their rice,' at the very moment, too, when the mighty Bandoola was preparing to march to Calcutta. This armament consisted of from five to six thousand men, under the command of Major-General Campbell. It left the Andamans, where it had rendezvoused from Calcutta and Madras, on the morning of the 5th of May, under the protection of His Majesty's ships Liffey and Larne; the former commanded by Commodore Grant, and the latter by Captain Marryat; the ships anchored within the bar of the Rangoon river on the 10th; and on the 11th the Liffey stood up close to the principal battery at the king's wharf in Rangoon—the transports anchoring in her rear. No one can have forgotten how Lord Exmouth on the poop of the Queen Charlotte, to spare the unnecessary effusion of blood, waved his hat to disperse the assembled multitude, before he would suffer the first broadside to be discharged against the fort and town of Algiers. A similar course was followed at Rangoon.

'Having furled sails and beat to quarters, a pause of some minutes ensued, during which not a shot was fired; on our side humanity forbade that we should be the first aggressors upon an almost defenceless town, containing, as we supposed, a large population of unarmed and inoffensive people; besides, the proclamations and assurances of protection which had been sent on shore the preceding day, led us to hope that an offer of capitulation would still be made. The Burmese, on their part, stood for some time inactive at their guns, apparently unwilling to begin the unequal contest; until, urged by the threats and orders of their chiefs, they at length opened their feeble battery on the ship-

So true and so apposite to this occasion was that brilliant passage of a speech, addressed to the people of Plymouth by the most eloquent statesman of the day, in allusion to ships of war in ordinary, 'that our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which,' says Mr. Canning—and how apposite to the point in question—'I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted for action. You well know,' he continues, 'how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such,' says he, 'as is one of those magnificent machines, when springing from inaction into a display of its might, such is England herself while, apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.'

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ping. The frigate's fire soon silenced every gun on shore; the enemy, unable to withstand her powerful broadside, fled in confusion from their works, and the troops being landed, took possession of a deserted town.'—p. 6.

It appears that, on the preceding day, the governor, hearing of the arrival of the expedition, and feeling himself to be wholly unprepared for resistance, had given orders for driving the whole of the inhabitants to the inmost recesses of the jungle; there the men were to be organized into corps, and the unfortunate women and children to be strictly guarded, as pledges for the good conduct of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, whose desertion or misconduct in the field was, according to the threats of the barbarian, to be punished by the inhuman sacrifice of their nearest female relatives: Rangoon was therefore found to be a bootless prize. The careful policy of the Burmese rulers had, together with the population, removed everything that was likely to be of use to an invading army; nor was anything left in the neighbourhood of the town, beyond a little paddy, or rice in the husk. The situation of the victors was such as could not be viewed without uneasiness. Cut off from all supplies, except what they had brought with them; unprovided with the means of moving, either by land or water; and the rainy monsoon just setting in,—no prospect remained but that of a long residence in the miserable and dirty hovels of Rangoon, situated in the midst of swamps and rice-grounds, which are covered for several months with an interminable inundation.

Under a confident hope that the invasion of the enemy's maritime possessions and the capture of Rangoon could not fail to produce overtures for peace, our army had come unprovided with proper equipment for advancing, either by land or water; it had never been doubted that the country would afford sufficient water-transport to enable them to proceed up the Irrawaddy, if necessary, towards the capital; but, from the first day of landing, it was perceived how erroneously we had estimated the character of the people, and the available resources of the country: not only no supplies were left behind, but every boat and canoe had been removed; and it was evident that the removal of the inhabitants was only the prelude to a concerted plan of laying waste the whole country in our front, in the hope that starvation would speedily force us to leave their shores.

Even the few British merchants, and the American missionaries, who were known to be residing at Rangoon, had disappeared, and their probable fate, for some time, excited general commiseration, till it was ascertained, from the few stragglers left behind, that, on the approach of the expedition, all foreigners had

had been immediately seized, strongly fettered, and confined in the king's *godown*, or custom-house. They were charged with being aware of the intended expedition, and of having concerted measures with the Indian government for the attack on Rangoon. In vain they asserted their innocence. Their death was speedily resolved on; and their guards took a savage pleasure in parading and sharpening the instruments of execution before their eyes, —in strewing the sand, and in making all the usual preparations for the work of death. In this state of suspense and insult they remained several hours; but what neither pity nor remorse could effect, fear at last produced; the governor, afraid, no doubt, of retaliation, delayed from hour to hour to give the final order, until the Liffey opened her fire upon the town, when the timely intrusion of a thirty-two pound shot into the custom-house, where the authorities were assembled, suspended all deliberations, and hastily broke up the meeting. Their prisoners were hurried away in fetters; but their guards, alarmed for their own safety, lodged them in two houses near the great pagoda, and there they were found the next morning by our advance patrols.

The internal appearance of Rangoon was little in keeping with the character it had obtained, of being a place of great trade and commercial importance. 'We had talked,' says our author, 'of its custom-house, its dockyards, and its harbour, until our imaginations led us to anticipate, if not splendour, at least some visible signs of a flourishing, commercial city:' but the custom-house, the principal building in the place, seemed fast tottering into ruins: one solitary hull of a vessel on the stocks marked the dockyard, and a few coasting vessels and canoes were the only craft in this great mart of India beyond the Ganges. The houses are of wood or bamboo; the former belonging to the public functionaries, or wealthier description of inhabitants. The floors are raised a few feet from the ground, the space beneath being a receptacle for dirt and stagnant water, from which pestilential vapours are constantly ascending, to the annoyance of every one but a Burman. Herds of meagre swine wallow in these receptacles, and infest the streets by day; and at night they are relieved by packs of hungry dogs, whose incessant howlings effectually deprive the stranger of his sleep. This vast assemblage of huts and hovels is inclosed within a wooden stockade, from sixteen to eighteen feet in height, which shuts out all view of the fine river running past it, and gives it a confined and unhealthy appearance.

Such is the spot to which, and to a range of about three miles beyond it, our troops were destined to be confined for several months. For, in addition to the impassable state of the country, covered

covered with a thick and tenacious jungle, intersected only by a few footpaths, the enemy's troops and new-raised levies gradually collected and formed a cordon around the British cantonments. 'Hid from our view,' says Major Snodgrass, 'on every side, in the darkness of a deep, and, to regular bodies, an impenetrable forest, far beyond which the inhabitants and all the cattle of the Rangoon district had been driven, the Burmese chiefs carried on their operations, and matured their future schemes with vigilance, secrecy, and activity. Neither rumour nor intelligence of what was passing within his posts ever reached us. Beyond the invisible line which circumscribed our position, all was mystery or vague conjecture.' The defences thus constructed, in the most difficult and inaccessible recesses of the jungle, were intended as so many points from whence to make constant predatory inroads and nightly attacks on our posts, by which they vainly imagined they would weary out our troops, and finally drive us from their territory.

The Burmese, in their usual mode of warfare, rarely meet the enemy in the open field. Their conquests have all been made by the formation and defensive system of stockades, in which they display great skill and judgment. Acting on this system, on the 28th May an advanced corps of the enemy commenced a stockade within little more than musket-shot distance, from the British piquets. Sir Archibald Campbell, therefore, with four companies of His Majesty's 13th and 38th regiments, two field-pieces, and four hundred native infantry, moved out to reconnoitre. The work at the first stockade being incomplete, little opposition was made, the Burmese retiring through the wood. At every turn of the footpath, as the detachment proceeded, breast-works and half-finished stockades, hastily abandoned, proved how little so early a visit had been anticipated. After an advance of five miles, the enemy still retiring before our people, the rain began to fall in torrents, the guns could be dragged no farther, and the native infantry were left to guard them. The General, however, was determined to push on with the four European companies, in the hope of liberating the peaceably-disposed inhabitants from their military despots; and another mile brought him to the extensive plain of Joazoang, on which were situated two villages. From behind these, the enemy poured forth to the number of about four or five thousand men, which were immediately formed for the defence of a gorge or narrow passage in front of the advancing detachments. The storm still continued with great violence; 'but,' observes Major Snodgrass, 'with the prospect of employment before them, the soldiers cheerfully marched on, knee-deep in water, through the rice-grounds.' On a nearer approach

to the villages, it was observed that they were defended in front by two stockades, from which the shouts and cries of 'Laghee! laghee!'—'Come on! come on!'—soon satisfied our little detachment that they were filled with men confident in themselves, and in the strength of their position.

'They at once commenced a heavy fire upon the leading companies, to which, from the wet state of their muskets, our troops could at first make but little return: not a moment was therefore lost in closing with their opponents; the right company being directed to hold its line on the plain in check, while the other three rushed forward with irresistible impetuosity to the works in front, and as they were of a low description, not exceeding eight feet in height, soon forced their way into the interior, where the very numbers of the enemy creating disorder and confusion, proved their final ruin. The conflict that ensued was fierce and sanguinary. The work having only one or two narrow ways of egress, the defendants, driven from the ramparts, soon became an unmanageable mass; and rendered desperate by the discharges of musketry that were now poured in among them, they, with spear or musket couched, and their heads lowered to a butting position, blindly charged upon the soldiers' bayonets; for until they had long subsequently been taught by severe retaliation to treat with mercy those whom the fortune of war might place in their power, the Burmese neither gave nor expected quarter, but continued fighting with the utmost fury long after all hope of success or escape had ceased to encourage them in continuing the conflict, nor did it remain optional with the soldiers to spare the lives of an enemy from whose barbarous and treacherous mode of warfare death alone afforded safety. The experiment, indeed, was often tried, but tried in vain. Humanity might prompt a British soldier to pass a fallen or vanquished foe, but when he found his forbearance repaid on all occasions by a shot, the instant that his back was turned, self-preservation soon taught him the necessity of other measures; and it consequently happened, that our first encounters with the troops of Ava were sanguinary and revolting, especially to soldiers whom feeling and the customs of war alike taught to treat with kindness and forbearance those whom their valour had subdued. During the attack upon the two stockades, the enemy's General on the plain made no movement to assist in their defence, either trusting with confidence to the garrisons he had left in them, or believing we had a much greater force kept purposely out of sight, and masked by the jungle in our rear; but the instant our troops were seen in possession of the works, the whole line, with a horrid yell, began to move towards us, until checked by the company now extended in their front, and the appearance of the troops which had carried the stockades also moving rapidly forward, and forming in readiness to receive their new opponents. Our killed and wounded were then carried from the field, when the enemy, not thinking proper to attack, and the day drawing near its close, we commenced our march slowly, and unmolested, back to quarters, leaving four hundred of the enemy dead on the field.'—p. 30—32.

Such

Such was the result of the first encounter with the Burmese. Their main body, it was known, had taken post at Kemmendine, a war-boat station, only three miles beyond Rangoon, where they were labouring incessantly, day and night, to render the position proof against the utmost efforts of the British force. The ground behind the village is elevated and commanding, with a thick forest in its rear, the heights strongly stockaded and abatised in front; a thick and extensive jungle rendered the approaches difficult to the land forces, and the swampy ground near the river strengthened the work on that side. On the morning of the 9th June, just as the arrangements for attacking this post were completed, a request was sent in from the enemy's camp that two men of rank, desirous of conferring with the English General, might be furnished with passports, and allowed to come into Rangoon by water. Leave being immediately granted, in the course of the forenoon two war-boats made their appearance, from which the two deputies landed, and were conducted to the General. It was soon apparent that their only object was to gain time, and as soon they were given to understand that delay and procrastination formed no part of the British system, and that the war would be vigorously prosecuted till the King of Ava should think proper to send officers invested with full authority to treat for peace. On the 10th, accordingly, our army was in motion for the attack on Kemmendine. The road, parallel to the river, at the distance of a mile and a half from Rangoon, ascends a sloping hill, at which point the head of the column was received with a smart fire from a stockade, hid by the jungle, which on three sides covered its approach. The only visible side was from twelve to fourteen feet high, protected in front by abatis, railing, and palisadoes, and defended by a numerous garrison, who hailed the approach of our countrymen with loud and incessant cheering. Two eighteen-pounders were brought to play upon it with great effect, and a considerable gap being made, in a few minutes the work was wholly in our possession, the enemy leaving two hundred dead upon the ground. The gilt *chattah* (umbrella), sword, and spear of the Burmese commander were found, and the body of the owner a few yards from them in the jungle: it was recognised to be that of the elder chief who had visited Rangoon but the day before.

The road being now open, the army proceeded on its march. At five in the afternoon the troops were in position at the distance only of one hundred yards from the stockade, which was so covered by heavy jungle, and concealed by trees, that no idea could be formed of its vast extent. During the night the wood in front was cut down, in order to allow two mortars to play on the front

front of this work. The enemy, on their part, were not idle, making repeated attacks in the rear of the British line, while their sharp-shooters in the trees annoyed them on every side. Thus, deluged with rain, and unprovided with shelter of any kind, the night was passed in listening to the frequent cheering of the garrison, and in the hope that a few short hours would put their noisy valour to the test. The day had scarcely dawned when, after a short bombardment, the columns of attack moved forward to the assault; but the Burmese, panic-struck with the dreadful effect of the shells in a crowded stockade, and wholly unprepared for such a salute, had prudently begun to evacuate the place soon after the batteries first opened.

Kemmendine was now in our possession. But notwithstanding these successes, no favourable change took place, either in the situation or future prospects of our army. Not an inhabitant returned to his home; and so far from any desire of peace being manifested, hostility, on the contrary, to the last extremity, had evidently been fully resolved upon by the court of Ava. Instead, therefore, of any improvement taking place in consequence of success, the situation of the invaders gradually became worse; in fact, their very successes only tended to convince the enemy of the necessity of removing all means of transport and of subsistence further from their reach; and this was accordingly done. The plains for many miles round were swept of their herds—the rivers of every canoe; all towns and villages were deserted; and every man beyond the posts which the victors occupied was in arms against them.

Before the end of June, the enemy appeared to have quite recovered from his panic. Having received large reinforcements and supplies of stores, Sykia Wongee (third minister of state), who commanded in chief, again advanced, with positive orders from the king to attack and drive back those foreigners into the sea—'those leopards,' as another irritated tyrant, in giving a similar order, and with as little effect, was pleased to call the British banners. Eight thousand men were passed over to the Rangoon side of the river in one day, a little above Kemmendine; the jungles seemed animated by an unseen multitude of people; clouds of smoke marked their several encampments; and their noisy preparations for attack were contrasted with the still and quiet aspect of the British line, which had been considerably diminished by sickness and death,—by hard service in an inclement season, and the usual casualties of war; but the arrival of a British regiment from Madras, and other reinforcements, were a seasonable relief in their present situation. The Shoedagon, or Golden Dagon Pagoda, rises in splendour and magnificence above Rangoon, at the distance

distance from it of about two miles and a half, in shape resembling an inverted speaking-trumpet, three hundred and thirty-eight feet in height, and surmounted by a cap made of brass, forty-five feet high, and the whole richly gilded. This pagoda, the key of the British position, was occupied by a battalion of Europeans; the smaller pagodas, convents, and pilgrims' houses on the two roads between it and Rangoon, afforded shelter for detachments of troops; and the village of Puzendown, where the Pegu and Rangoon rivers meet, and Kemmendine, for the protection of the transports against the enemy's fire-rafts, completed the position of the invading army. On the 1st of July large bodies of the enemy issued from the jungle to the right, and in front of the Great Pagoda, the main body moving towards Rangoon, but detaching a column to the left, which set fire to the village of Puzendown. The main body advanced within half a mile of Rangoon; but two field-pieces, served with grape and shrapnel, checked their advance: at the same moment the forty-third Madras native infantry drove their columns from the hill, and compelled them to seek for safety in a rapid retreat. The news of this defeat no sooner reached Ava, than the unfortunate Sykia was recalled in disgrace, and Soomba Wongee (the second minister), who had just arrived with considerable reinforcements, assumed the chief command of the army of the province of Rangoon.

This general, convinced from the ill success of his predecessors, that his troops were not in a state to cope with the British in the field, stockaded his army at a place called Kummeroot, about five miles beyond the Great Pagoda, and fortified a commanding point a little above Kemmendine, in communication with his stockaded camp, which afforded an admirable situation for the construction of fire-rafts—by the judicious employment of which he contemplated the destruction of our shipping. From this point to Kummeroot, stockades and other defences had been erected, into which the naval force under Captain Marryat soon made practicable breaches, and the whole were carried with considerable slaughter of the enemy, by detachments of his Majesty's forty-first and seventeenth Madras native infantry. The operations of the little land column, under Brigadier-general M'Bean, against Kummeroot, were equally successful.

'Unprovided with guns, the Brigadier-general at once formed his troops for the assault, and storming-parties from his Majesty's thirteenth, thirty-eighth, and eighty-ninth regiments, rapidly advanced to escalade. The principal work in the centre of the enemy's line was composed of three distinct stockades, one within another, in the interior one of which, Soomba Wongee, the Burmese commander-in-chief, had established his head-quarters, secure in the imagined strength of his position,

position, and in the valour of his men. He was sitting down to dinner when the approach of the British troops was first announced to him; and merely directing his chiefs to proceed to their posts, and "drive the audacious strangers away," the haughty Wongee, without seeming to pay more attention to the report, was proceeding with his forenoon repast, when the rapid musketry of the assailants at length convinced him that the utmost courage and exertion would be required to save him from defeat, disgrace, and probably from the vengeance of his sovereign. Urged by these considerations, Soomba Wongee, contrary to the ordinary custom of Burmese commanders, placed himself at the head of his retreating troops, and encouraged them, by his voice and his example, to offer a steady resistance to their advancing foes. His two first lines, already routed with dreadful slaughter, were crowding into the centre stockade, followed by the British soldiers, whose unremitting and destructive fire upon the confused and penned-up mass rendered all the exertions of their chiefs to restore any degree of order fruitless and unavailing. Wongees and Woondocks, officers and men indiscriminately mixed together, unable to fly, charged the British soldiers with the fury of despair, but their efforts and resistance only tended to augment their losses and complete their final rout.

'Soomba Wongee, a Woondock, and several other chiefs of rank, with eight hundred men, were killed upon the spot, and the jungle and villages in the neighbourhood were filled with the unhappy wretches who were wounded, and left to die, for want of food and care.'—p. 52—54.

It might have been supposed that the ease and celerity with which this little army had, in one day, captured ten stockades, provided with thirty pieces of artillery, and garrisoned with such superior numbers, would have convinced the Burmese leaders that their strongest fortifications insured no protection against such assailants; but though they refrained from the offensive for some time, no overture was made for a cessation of hostilities. In the captured stockades were found several wounded Burmese, who were brought into the British hospitals, but most of them died. From these they were informed that, on the day after the battle, parties of their countrymen visited the stockades, for the purpose of collecting such muskets, balls, and other weapons, as might have been left behind; that they represented the loss of their army as immense, and that the villages for many leagues behind were crowded with their wounded: they said that food and water were left with the wounded men; but, as their wounds were considered mortal, no offer of further aid was made, nor desire of removal expressed. In fact, it was evident that the unhappy sufferer, in such cases, is generally left by these inhuman people to his fate; and this he meets with fortitude and resignation: if at any time pain compels him to solicit aid, it is only that a speedy period may be put to his sufferings.

Towards

Towards the end of July, by means of the sudden and unexpected movement of the steam-boat and flotilla, and small parties of troops, a few families, who had been driven to the villages up the numerous creeks at no great distance from Rangoon, were released from their guards, and most gladly took the opportunity of proceeding to the city; and to their report of the kind treatment they met with, the British army was subsequently indebted for the return of the great body of the people, whose services and exertions were of material importance to us in the ensuing campaign.

The Wongee having failed to drive back the foreigners into the sea, the king next sent down his two brothers, the Princes of Tonghoo and Surrawaddy, with a whole host of astrologers, and a corps of Invulnerables, to join the army, and to superintend the operations of the war. The first of these princes established his head-quarters at Pegu, the second at Donabew, a place of great strength about sixty miles to the northward of Rangoon. The Burmese, like their more polished neighbours of China, are in the constant habit of consulting the Stargazers on undertaking every affair of great moment: if their advice proves favourable, it is so much gain to the credit side of astrology; if the prediction does not correspond with the event, 'the stars are more in fault than they.' It is a superstition of very ancient standing in the East, from whence all the stores of the magic art and the casting of nativities passed into the western world. If the decision of these lunatics (for the moon is the ruling planet in the Burmese horoscope) had the power of inspiring their troops with confidence, the publicity that was given to their responses had also the effect of fully preparing our troops for the intended attack.

The corps of Invulnerables consists of several thousand men, divided into classes of warriors, of whom a select band are entitled to the appellation of the 'King's Invulnerables.'

'They are distinguished by the short cut of their hair, and the peculiar manner in which they are tatooed, having the figures of elephants, tigers, and a great variety of ferocious animals indelibly, and even beautifully, marked upon their arms and legs; but to the soldiers they were best known by having bits of gold, silver, and sometimes precious stones, in their arms, probably introduced under the skin at an early age. These men are considered by their countrymen as invulnerable; and from the foolish and absurd exposure of their persons to the fire of an enemy, they are either impressed with the same opinion, or find it necessary to show a marked contempt for danger in support of their pretensions. In all the stockades and defences of the enemy, one or two of these heroes were generally found, whose duty it was to exhibit the war-dance of defiance upon the most exposed part of their defences, infusing

infusing courage and enthusiasm into the minds of their comrades, and affording much amusement to their enemies. The infatuated wretches, under the excitement of opium, too frèquently continued the ludicrous exhibition, till they afforded convincing proof of the value of their claims to the title they assume.'—pp. 64, 65.

When these princes, sages, and warriors had settled the day of the moon the most propitious for making the attack, of which due notice was received by Sir Archibald Campbell, the intermediate time afforded the General an opportunity to detach a corps, accompanied by Captain Marryat, of his Majesty's ship Larne, to clear the rivers, creeks, and stockades, of parties of the enemy, which were hovering about and harassing our troops on the eastern and south-eastern sides of Rangoon. The operations in these quarters were completely successful. After this, several weeks past away, in which the enemy were constantly dislodged from their posts as speedily as they took them up, till at length the 30th August arrived, the night of the first lucky moon prognosticated to the Prince of Surrawaddy, when a body of the King's Invulnerables had volunteered to seize the Great Shoedagon Pagoda, and thus afford the princes and the sages the opportunity of celebrating the usual annual festival in that sacred place. The attempt was accordingly made at midnight, when these infatuated men, armed with swords and muskets, rushed forward in a compact body from the jungle under the pagoda. The moon was gone down, and the night was so dark that they could only be distinguished by a few glimmering lanterns in their front; but the noise and clamour of their imprecations upon the impious strangers who had got possession of the holy place proved their numbers to be very great.

'At length vivid flashes, followed by the cannon's thundering peals, broke from the silent ramparts of the British post, stilling the tumult of the advancing mass, while showers of grape and successive vollies of musketry fell with dreadful havoc among their crowded ranks, against which the imaginary shield of self-deceit and imposition was found of no avail, leaving the unfortunate Invulnerables scarcely a chance between destruction and inglorious flight. Nor did they hesitate long upon the alternative; a few devoted enthusiasts may have despised to fly, but as they all belonged to the same high-favoured caste, and had brought none of their less-favoured countrymen to witness their disgrace, the great body of them soon sought for safety in the jungle, where they, no doubt, invented a plausible account of their night's adventure, which, however effectual it may have proved in saving their credit, had also the good effect to us of preventing them in future from volunteering upon such desperate services, and contributed, in some degree, to protect the troops from being so frequently deprived of their night's rest.'—pp. 70, 71.

Thus

Thus wongees and princes, astrologers and invulnerables, were routed and dispersed here, as every where else, by our little army of invincibles. But an enemy, far more to be dreaded than the Burmese, had now made its way among our troops. The rains, which had fallen the last three months, continued during the whole of September, and sickness had arrived at an alarming height. The epidemic fever, so prevalent in India, left those attacked by it in a most deplorable state of debility; provisions of all kinds were so scarce, and the men discharged from the hospitals so frequently indulged themselves with pine-apples, limes, and other fruits, which abound in the woods about Rangoon, as to bring on dysentery, which, in their exhausted state, proved fatal to vast numbers. Those who still continued to do duty, emaciated and reduced, could with difficulty crawl about; and for several months the sickness had continued to increase, until scarcely three thousand soldiers were left to guard the lines. At length, on the recommendation of the medical staff, numbers of invalids were sent to Mergui and Tavoy, on the sea-coast, now in our possession, where those who had remained for months in a debilitated state at Rangoon were restored rapidly to full health and vigour.

The discomfiture and disgrace which had hitherto attended all attempts to drive the invaders into the sea, produced no pacific disposition on the part of his Burmese Majesty; he, on the contrary, now turned his eyes to the man who, at the head of his veteran legions, had been ordered to sack Calcutta, and lead the governor-general in golden fetters to Umerapoora;—Maha Bandoola was recalled from Arracan to the Irrawaddy. At the end of August he accordingly broke up from Ramoo, re-crossed the mountains of Arracan, marching two hundred miles through insalubrious jungles and pestilential marshes, at a season of the year when none but Burmans could have kept the field for a week. Bandoola had, besides, arms of the sea, rivers, and mountain-torrents to oppose his progress at every step; but, 'the Burman,' says Major Snodgrass, 'half amphibious in his nature, takes the water without fear or reluctance; seldom encumbered with commissariat or equipage of any kind, and carrying a fortnight's rice in a bag slung across his shoulders, he is at all times ready to move at the first summons of his chiefs.' On the present occasion, Bandoola and his army disappeared from Ramoo in the course of one night, leaving not a sick man behind, nor a trace of the route they had taken. This new army, under the most celebrated and experienced commander in the empire, was expected to join the rest of the troops and the new levies at Donabew in November, by which time fortunately a

sensible

sensible change had taken place in the health of our soldiery, though their numbers were woefully reduced. Major Snodgrass says, 'we were still without the means of moving a single company;' of course he means by land; for they had a pretty numerous flotilla, ready, if desired, to be moved by efficient and willing officers of the navy, though placed unwisely enough under the orders of the Quarter-Master-General.

Still, however, our troops were very awkwardly situated; the maritime provinces of the enemy had been reduced, and his armies everywhere defeated, without any of the results calculated upon; and there was no reason to believe that the defeat of Bandoola would be attended with any more decisive or permanent advantages. Indeed, the obstinate, blind, and arrogant character of the Burmese government became daily more conspicuous; their resources and perseverance had already greatly surpassed all previous calculation. At this moment of despondency, the opportune arrival of two British regiments, some battalions of native infantry, a regiment of cavalry, a troop of horse-artillery and one of rockets, transports with draught cattle, and five hundred Mug boatmen from Chittagong, could not fail to put the invaders in high spirits. They immediately set about preparing for a march in advance, probably as far as Prome, when intelligence was received that Bandoola, with an army of sixty thousand fighting-men, a considerable train of artillery, and a body of Cassay horse, had reached Donabew. His musketeers were estimated at thirty-five thousand men; a great multitude were armed with jingals, carrying a ball of from six to twelve ounces, and mounted on a light carriage easily dragged about by two men; and numbers were attached to the guns, which were transported on the backs of elephants. The rest were armed with swords and spears, and well provided with implements for stockading and entrenching; besides the requisite number of Invulnerables, who, 'amply provided with charms, spells, and opium, afforded, in the ensuing operations, much amusement in the dance of defiance, committing all manner of ludicrous extravagances, with the most prodigal exposure of their persons.'

On the 30th November, this army assembled in the dense forest in front of the Shoedagon pagoda. 'During the following night, the low continued murmur and hum of voices proceeding from the enemy's encampment suddenly ceased, and was speedily succeeded by the distant but gradually approaching sounds of a multitude in slow and silent movement through the woods. We soon became aware that the enemy's masses had approached to the very edge of the jungle, within musket-shot of the pagoda, apparently to rush from their cover to the assault at the break of day.'

day.' The position of the British extended from Kemmendine to Rangoon, the Great Pagoda in the centre. On the 1st December, an attack was made on the whole line. Opposite Rangoon, Burmese columns, in five or six divisions, commenced entrenching and throwing up batteries for the destruction of the shipping, while the main body were stockading in the jungle. In the course of the day, several heavy columns were observed to issue from the forest, the different corps successively taking up their ground along a gently-sloping woody ridge towards Rangoon. Having thus formed themselves, they commenced operations with their entrenching tools, 'with such activity and good will,' says our author, 'that in the course of a couple of hours their line had wholly disappeared, and could only be traced by a parapet of new earth, gradually increasing in height, and assuming such forms as the skill and science of the engineer suggested.'

'The moving masses, which had so very lately attracted our anxious attention, had sunk into the ground; and to (by) any one who had not witnessed the whole scene, the existence of these subterranean legions would not have been credited: the occasional movement of a chief, with his gilt chattah, from place to place, superintending the progress of their labour, was the only thing that now attracted notice. By a distant observer, the hills, covered with mounds of earth, would have been taken for anything rather than the approaches of an attacking army; but to us who had watched the whole strange proceeding, it seemed the work of magic or enchantment.'—pp. 102, 103.

A small detachment, under Major Sale, was ordered to move rapidly forward upon the busily-employed and too confident enemy; our troops were upon them before they were aware of such a visit, and drove the whole line from their cover with considerable loss.

'The trenches were found to be a succession of holes, capable of containing two men each, and excavated, so as to afford shelter, both from the weather and the fire of an enemy; even a shell lighting in the trench could at most but kill two men. As it is not the Burmese system to relieve their troops in making these approaches, each hole contained a sufficient supply of rice, water, and even fuel for its inmates; and under the excavated bank, a bed of straw or brushwood was prepared, in which one man could sleep while his comrade watched. When one line of trench is completed, its occupiers, taking advantage of the night, push forward to where the second line is to be opened, their place being immediately taken up by fresh troops from the rear, and so on progressively,—the number of trenches occupied varying according to the force of the besiegers, to the plans of the general, or to the nature of the ground.'—pp. 103, 104.

During the same day, repeated attacks on Kemmendine had

been made and repulsed; but it was not till night that the last desperate effort was made to gain possession of that post.—

'Already the wearied soldiers had lain down to rest, when suddenly the heavens and the whole surrounding country became brilliantly illuminated by the flames of several tremendous fire-rafts, floating down the river towards Rangoon; and scarcely had the blaze appeared, when incessant rolls of musketry and peals of cannon were heard from Kemmendine. The enemy had launched their fire-rafts into the stream with the first of the ebb-tide, in the hope of driving the vessels from their stations off the place; and they were followed up by war-boats ready to take advantage of the confusion which might ensue, should any of them be set on fire. The skill and intrepidity of British seamen, however, proved more than a match for the numbers and devices of the enemy; entering their boats, they grappled the flaming rafts, and conducted them past the shipping, or ran them ashore upon the bank.'—p. 105.

These fire-rafts consisted of platforms of bamboos, each twenty feet square, piled up with dry wood and hollow bamboos and jars filled with petroleum and gunpowder, and other combustible matter, and hooked together with ropes so as to form an inflammable mass a hundred feet long, and so flexible that, on catching hold of a vessel, it would wrap round her and envelope her in flames. By the activity of the navy, always on the alert when these formidable rafts were launched, they were made to pass down the river without doing any harm to the transports or the numerous flotilla assembled before Rangoon. Kemmendine was the only point of the river, by the sudden angle it makes, from which these rafts could have been launched with effect. For seven days, therefore, these attacks upon it were incessant; no rest, even for two hours at a time, being allowed to that post: but the little garrison, though worn out with fatigue and want of rest, undauntedly received, and successively repulsed every attack of the enemy's fresh troops. 'The sepoys, with unwearied constancy and the noblest feeling, even declined leaving their post, or laying aside their muskets for the purpose of cooking their victuals, lest it should give an advantage to the enemy, and contented themselves for several days with little else than dry rice for food.'

We believe the conduct of the sepoys, generally, to be above all praise; but their valour and their constancy were put to a severe test on several occasions in this contest. There is little distinction in many of the religious tenets of the Bramins and the Boudhs; they are equally attached to a belief in the power of charms, spells, and amulets, and the Burman soldiers being charmed all over, our sepoys were sorely afraid of them; but they

they had better than superstitious grounds for this feeling. No contrast could be more striking than the naked, brawny, muscular Burmese prisoners in chains at Rangoon, and the spare and delicate sepoys by whom they were guarded. Even in this situation, the former did not attempt to conceal the contempt they felt for their guards, and were always glad of an opportunity of annoying them by heaving logs of timber close to their feet. That the sepoy officers and soldiers were afraid of the Burmans, there cannot be the smallest doubt; and, indeed, throughout the campaign, they never could be safely trusted to lead in an attack,—although in defending a post they always behaved well. In the defence of Kemmendine, they deserved great credit for their steady behaviour; but in the attack of the stockades, on the 15th December, after their retreat from before Rangoon, when ordered to the assault, the whole battalion actually laid themselves down, and the British troops marched to the assault *over them*; this fact is not mentioned by Major Snodgrass.

We may here mention another instance which occurred before Rangoon, showing how little confidence ought to be placed in a corps of sepoys, unless led on by Europeans. No notice is taken of it by Major Snodgrass, but the authority on which we give it may be relied on. Colonel Smith was ordered on an expedition a few miles from Rangoon; and from his high opinion of the native troops, he requested that they alone might be employed on the enterprise. Sir Archibald Campbell indulged him; and the consequence was, that the Burmans, seeing there were no *white faces*, fought most courageously, and the sepoys, unable to stand the assault, were panic-struck, and totally defeated—so completely indeed, that it was the most decisive victory ever gained by the Burmese. Out of about one thousand men, the sepoys are said to have lost three hundred, and the survivors returned to Rangoon in small parties, in a state of the greatest consternation. The Burmans behaved with the most savage barbarity to those who were left in the field; they were hung up by the heels, naked, and mutilated in a manner the atrocity of which is beyond all imagination. This disastrous defeat is noticed in the Supplement to the Gazette of 25th March, 1825, where it is observed, that 'Order, regularity, and discipline vanished, and the whole of the troops crowded indiscriminately into one general mass, disheartened and dispirited; the men became apathetic and ungovernable, and appeared altogether lost to a sense of the perils and dangers that threatened them from all around.' And in the same Gazette it is stated by Brigadier-general M'Creagh, that 'a considerable portion of the road presented to us the horrid spectacle of the bodies of the sepoys and pioneers, who had been

lost in the unsuccessful attack of the 7th, fastened to the trunks of trees on the road side, mangled and mutilated in every manner that savage cruelty could devise.'

We have strong grounds for believing, that the unfortunate business of Barrackpore was in a great degree owing to a superstitious dread of the Burmese, and their charms; nay, that this idea was not confined to the regiments then and there present, but at the time pervaded the native soldiery to a very extraordinary extent; yet these are the troops to whom we mainly owe, and by whom we hold, an empire over seventy or eighty millions of people!

But to return to our author's narrative.—On the 5th of December an attack was made on the main body of the enemy before Rangoon, by two several columns, which 'drove the defendants from every part of their works into the jungle, leaving the ground behind them covered with dead and wounded—with all their guns, entrenching tools, and a great number of small arms.' On the 6th, Bandoola was employed in rallying his defeated left; and on the 7th, their last and grand attack in this quarter was made on the Great Pagoda, when a decided charge was made by the British, who dashed forward actually into the trenches before the enemy finally gave way; but our men, worn out by seven days of watching and hard service, were unequal from fatigue to pursue the vanquished enemy. They left in the trenches a great number of dead, who, from their stout and athletic forms, appeared to have been their best troops. Few, indeed, of their men of the select corps were under six feet in height, and stout in proportion; and it often appeared to be fearful odds to see the little delicate sepoys opposed to men of such stature. In the last seven days, the loss of lives in the Burmese army was very great, and, what was probably of more consequence to them, every gun they had, and the whole matériel of their army, was captured, and remained in our possession.

The enemy, thus beaten in every attempt, now wholly disappeared, with the intention of falling back on the strong frontier of Donabew; but numerous reinforcements had been sent down, and these met the retreating army at Kokeen, about four miles beyond the Great Pagoda; upon which Bandoola, with the remains of his old army, now reduced to less than twenty-five thousand men, and the new levies, determined to strengthen this position, in the hope of yet retrieving his fallen fortunes. In an incredibly short space of time the height was completely stockaded round about with the solid trunks of trees, encircled by a broad and deep ditch, in front of which was a thick line of felled trees, the branches sharpened at the points; and thus strongly posted, the Burmese commander next endeavoured

endeavoured to combine treachery within the British lines to force from without. Numbers of Burmese had now returned to Rangoon, and, among others, deserters from the Burman army. On the night of the 12th December, the cry of 'fire' resounded through the town, and the whole place was immediately in a blaze; the incendiaries had evidently placed the matches in various parts of the town; fortunately, the depôt of stores and ammunition was in a quarter that the fire did not reach; but half the town was destroyed.

This determined Sir A. Campbell at once to march against Kokeen, though he could spare no more than fifteen hundred men for this desperate service, which was to attack a formidable field-work defended by at least twenty thousand men. Their minds, however, were firmly wound up to the trial. 'They had been too long accustomed to success to doubt its attainment, even on the present occasion; and, formidable as the place appeared, they well knew there was no retreating, and that no choice was left between victory and an honourable grave.' Having cleared a forest they had to march through, the enemy's sharpshooters began to annoy them in flank and rear, which determined them on an immediate attack.

'The signal gun was no sooner fired, than the troops with their scaling-ladders moved steadily forward; the enemy, apparently regarding the attempt as madness, continued for some time stamping and beating time together, with their hands upon their breasts, and their muskets at the shoulder, instead of attempting to check the assailants while yet at a sufficient distance from their works; and when at length they did open a fire, it proved all too late to save them from defeat: the troops had already reached the ditch, and were in a great measure protected from its effects. Brigadier-general Cotton's column experienced the greatest difficulty in reaching the interior of the stockade: they had several strong entrenchments to carry before they gained the main work; in doing which, four officers and a considerable number of men of the thirteenth regiment were killed, and many officers and men wounded.

'The attack in front, uninterrupted by any outworks, instantly succeeded: the leading troops, entering by escalade, drove the Burmese from their ramparts at the point of the bayonet, and were speedily followed by their comrades from every corner of the work: the enemy no longer thought of resistance for any other object than the preservation of their lives, and the confused multitude, galled by continued volleys, retired in great disorder, through the few outlets in the rear, where, in crossing the narrow plain that led into the jungle, they were met by the Governor-general's body-guard of cavalry, by whose well-used sabres many perished. The interior of the stockade, as well as the ditch, were strewed with dead and dying, and many of the enemy, who found escape impossible, with the never-failing cunning and ingenuity of their nation, besmeared themselves with blood, and lay down under the dead bodies of their comrades, in the hope of escaping when darkness

darkness set in: but they were mostly discovered, and made prisoners. Here ended the operations in front of Rangoon: the British troops returned, the same evening, to their cantonments, and the remnant of the Burmese army retreated finally upon Donoobew, leaving posts on the Lain and Panlang rivers, to harass and detain the British force in moving forward.'—pp. 125—127.

None of the enemy's troops appearing any longer before Rangoon, or our advance posts, on the 11th February the force equipped for the expedition against Donabew was put in motion. The land column, under the immediate command of Sir Archibald Campbell, consisted of thirteen hundred European infantry, a thousand sepoys, two squadrons of dragoons, a troop of horse-artillery, and a rocket troop; the marine column, under Brigadier-general Cotton, consisted of eight hundred European infantry, a small battalion of sepoys, and a powerful train of artillery; and these were embarked in a flotilla of sixty boats, each carrying one or two pieces of artillery, (twelve and twenty-four pound carronades,) and commanded by Captain Alexander, of the navy, escorted by the boats of the men-of-war lying at Rangoon, containing upwards of one hundred British seamen. The first column was to proceed parallel with the Lain, and the latter up the Panlang river, and, driving the enemy from his stockades at Panlang, to push on with all possible expedition to Donabew.

The march of the column under Sir Archibald Campbell was through a country almost wholly deserted; all the villages had been burnt down, and the inhabitants had either fled or been driven away; the wild hog and tiger alone seemed to have escaped the general persecution. Some wretched families of Rangoon were frequently found wandering in the woods in the last degree of misery and want. This column marched on till it reached Sarrawah, full thirty miles beyond Donabew. Here it remained inactive four days; on the fifth day, says Major Snodgrass, they heard the *agreeable* sound of a heavy cannonade at Donabew: they believed it to proceed from the marine division, and when it ceased, felt a strong conviction that Donabew had fallen. We do not exactly understand the grounds on which they were so easily convinced that a small corps, not exceeding one thousand men, had succeeded in capturing one of the strongest positions in the Burman empire, manned with fifteen thousand veteran troops, under the command of its ablest and most-experienced general. Such, however, seems to be the case; and Sir Archibald Campbell, with his land column, very coolly continued his march towards Prome, though, his historian says, 'starvation stared us in our face at every step we had proceeded.' On the fourth day of their advance, however, that is to say, on the 11th March, official intelligence

ligence was received 'that our troops had *failed* in their attack upon the outworks of Donoobew.' Not one word more is said of this 'failure,' nor does the name of Captain Alexander, of the navy, who commanded, or at least accompanied, the flotilla, once appear in the operations of this marine column. We can, however, fill up some of these blanks from another source.

The fortress of Donabew consisted of three stockades; the largest, on the upper part of the stream, having a strong battery to the river side, and another looking downwards to defend the second stockade; and this second stockade, with the same kind of defences on the river, looking down upon and protecting the third and smallest stockade. It might have been supposed that the object of Brigadier-general Cotton would be to pass the whole fortress and take the enemy in flank, and thus render all his guns, in their present situation, useless: instead of which, he attacked the smallest stockade, and that lowest down the stream, first, which, after an obstinate resistance, was taken; he then proceeded to the second, where he met with the severest check that the European troops had received during the whole war. Three hundred of our men were killed and wounded; and the retreat was so precipitate that the wounded were not carried off. The whole flotilla retreated ten miles down the river, constantly assailed and tormented by the Burmese war-boats. The next day most of the killed and wounded men, who had been left in the stockade, were crucified upon rafts, which were sent down the stream to remind the invaders of their ill-concerted and injudicious attempt.

Here the flotilla lay waiting for the land column, under Sir Archibald Campbell, from the 7th, the day of the unfortunate attack, till the 26th, when the latter appeared before Donabew, and commenced its attack at the point where the former ought to have done so. The flotilla now moved up the river to co-operate with the General's column.

'At nine o'clock this morning, the flotilla was seen in full sail up the river; and they were no sooner observed than the garrison sortied in considerable force, infantry and cavalry, with seventeen war elephants, fully caparisoned, and carrying a proportion of armed men. This attack was, as usual, directed upon our right: and while the flotilla came up in full sail, under all the fire of the fort, the cavalry, covered by the horse-artillery, was ordered to charge the advancing monsters: the scene was novel and interesting; and although neither the elephants nor their riders can ever be very formidable in modern warfare, they stood the charge with a steadiness and courage those animals can be rarely brought to show. Their riders were mostly shot, and no sooner did the elephants feel themselves unrestrained by the hand of their drivers, than they walked back to the fort, with the greatest composure. The flotilla having passed the fort, with trifling loss,

loss, anchored on our left. During the heavy cannonade that took place between the boats and the stockade, the Bandoola, who was superintending the practice of his artillery, gave his garrison a specimen of the discipline he meant to enforce in this last struggle to retrieve his lost character and reputation. A Burmese officer being killed while pointing a gun, by a shot from the flotilla, his comrades, instantly abandoning the dangerous post, could not be brought back to their duty by any remonstrances of their chiefs; when Bandoola, stepping down to the spot, instantly severed the heads of two of the delinquents from their bodies, and ordered them to be stuck up upon the spot, "*pour encourager les autres.*" '—p. 170.

For five days the two contending armies remained nearly quiet; —the Burmese strengthening their works, and the British constructing batteries, and landing heavy ordnance. On the 1st April the mortar-batteries and rockets began their work of destruction. At day-light, on the 2d,

'The breaching batteries opened, and almost immediately afterwards two Lascars, who had been prisoners in the fort, came running out, and informed us, that Bandoola had been killed the day before by a rocket; and that no entreaty of the other chiefs could prevail upon the garrison to remain, the whole having fled or dispersed, during the preceding night. The British line was, in consequence, immediately under arms, and the place taken possession of. Sufficient proof remained in the interior, of the hurry and confusion of the flight; not a gun was removed, and even the large depôt of grain which had been formed, remained uninjured—the dread of detection having prevented the enemy from putting the torch to what they well knew would be a most valuable acquisition to the British army. In the fort we found a number of wounded men, who all concurred in saying their general had been killed; and one poor fellow, with both his feet shot off, related the story so circumstantially, as to leave no doubt whatever of the fact: it was as follows:—"I belonged to the household of Menghi Maha Bandoola, and my business was to beat the great drums that are hanging in the viranda of the Wongee's house. Yesterday morning, between the hours of nine and ten while the chief's dinner was preparing, he went out to take his usual morning walk round the works, and arrived at his observatory, (that tower with a red ball upon it,) where, as there was no firing, he sat down upon a couch that was kept there for his use. While he was giving orders to some of his chiefs, the English began throwing bombs, and one of them falling close to the Wongee, burst, and killed him on the spot: his body was immediately carried away and burned to ashes; his death was soon known to every body in the stockade, and the soldiers refused to stay and fight under any other commander. The chiefs lost all influence and command over their men, every individual thinking only of providing for his own personal safety." But, even in a desultory and disorderly flight of this nature, the characteristic cunning and caution of the nation was conspicuous, effecting their retreat with such silence and circumspection,

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as would have been a lesson to the best-disciplined army in Europe. The character of Maha Bandoola seems to have been a strange mixture of cruelty and generosity, talent with want of judgment, and a strong regard to personal safety, combined with great courage and resolution, which never failed him till death. The acts of barbarous cruelty he committed are too numerous to be related: stern and inflexible in all his decrees, he appears to have experienced a savage pleasure in witnessing the execution of his bloody mandates; even his own hand was ever ready to punish with death the slightest mark of want of zeal in those he had intrusted with commands, or the defence of any post. Still his immediate adherents are said to have been sincerely attached to him; uncontrolled license to plunder and extort from all who are unfortunate enough to meet Bandoola's men, may no doubt have reconciled them to their situation, and confirmed them much in their attachment to their leader.'—p. 173.

This victory may be considered to have decided the fate of the war. The road was now open to Prome: on our march to which, an elderly man came in as the bearer of a pacific communication from the chiefs of the Burman army. This old gentleman drank much too freely for a diplomatist; and in taking leave whispered in the General's ear, 'They are frightened out of their senses, and you may do what you please with them.' To another communication, demanding that the city of Prome should not be occupied by British troops, it was answered, that the military occupation of that place could not be dispensed with.

On arriving at the ridge of hills which cover Prome to the southward, each hill was found to be fortified to the very summit; but the stockades were unoccupied; and the column, pushing on to the city, found it already in a blaze, which, with great exertion, was got under, but not until it had destroyed a great part of the town. It seems that, after setting fire to the place, and destroying everything that could be supposed to be of use to the invaders, they began their disgraceful flight, in the utmost confusion, headed by the Prince Surrawaddy, burning and laying waste the villages on their route, driving thousands of helpless, harmless people from their houses to the woods.

Our army were now established in comfortable winter-quarters at Prome; and in order to avail themselves of the resources of the country, a detachment was sent to take possession of Tonghoo, about forty miles east of Prome, and at one time the second city in the empire. Wherever a Burmese force had preceded the British column, desolation marked its track; 'even Russia,' says Major Snodgrass, 'in her memorable resistance to the armies of Napoleon, did not offer to the invading host such a continued scene of desolation: neither man nor beast escaped the retiring columns; and heaps of ashes, with groups of hungry, howling dogs,

dogs, alone indicated where villages had been.' Prome, however, now afforded an asylum for the persecuted inhabitants, who poured in from every quarter with their families, cattle, waggons, and whatever property they might have saved out of the general wreck. The surrounding plains were once more covered with numerous herds of cattle, which the Burmese had no objection to sell to be killed by strangers, though they could kill none themselves without violating the most sacred precepts of their religion,—that religion of Boudh, which, while it spares the life of the meanest animal, has no regard for that of man.

Nor were the Burmese government idle: new levies were raised; and among others, the Shan tribes, or mountaineers bordering on China, were called upon to furnish a contingent of fifteen thousand men, to be headed by their own chiefs or Chobwas; so that by the end of September, an armed force of not less than seventy thousand men was in readiness to oppose the advance of the British upon the capital. In the beginning of October, their head-quarters were at Meaday. A letter had been sent by Sir A. Campbell, offering lenient terms of peace for their acceptance; in consequence of which, a meeting took place between the Kee Wongee, or prime minister, and the British General, each escorted by six hundred men—this being the smallest number with which the Wongee's dignity could permit him to move—at a place half-way between Prome and Meaday. Here an armistice was concluded; but it was almost as soon broken by the Burmese troops; predatory bands of whom constantly made their way over the line of demarcation, burning, plundering, and laying waste the country to the very gates of Prome. Towards the expiration of the armistice, a note was received in the following laconic terms:—'If you wish for peace, you may go away; but if you ask either money or territory, no friendship can exist between us: this is Burman custom.'

This notice was followed up, on the part of the Burmese general, by an advance upon Prome, in three divisions; the right and left each consisting of fifteen thousand men; and the centre of from twenty-five to thirty thousand, under Kee Wongee, the prime minister. To oppose this overwhelming army, the effective British force, after garrisoning Prome, was about five thousand men; of which about three thousand were Europeans. As the usual slow stockading and entrenching system was again pursued in front of the British line, Sir A. Campbell resolved at once to become the assailant. The attack was made by the British in such a manner, as to separate the three divisions of the enemy, and thus to beat them in detail. The column of Brigadier-general Cotton attacked in flank the division under Maha Nemiow,

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an old and experienced general, who directed the operations of the army.

'The Shans, encouraged by the presence of their veteran commander, who, unable to walk, was carried from point to point, in a handsomely-gilded litter, and cheered by the example, and earnest exhortations to fight bravely, of their fearless Amazons,* offered a brave resistance to the assailants; but no sooner was a lodgment made in the interior of their crowded works, than confusion ensued, and they were unable longer to contend with, or check the progress of, the rapidly-increasing line which formed upon their ramparts, and from whose destructive vollies there was no escaping: the strongly-built inclosures, of their own construction, everywhere preventing flight, dead and dying blocked up the few and narrow outlets from the work. Horses and men ran in wild confusion from side to side, trying to avoid the fatal fire; groups were employed in breaking down and trying to force a passage through the defences, while the brave, who disdained to fly, still offered a feeble and ineffectual opposition to the advancing troops. The gray-headed Chobwas of the Shans, in particular, showed a noble example to their men, sword in hand, singly maintaining the unequal contest, nor could signs or gestures of good treatment induce them to forbearance—attacking all who offered to approach them with humane or friendly feelings, they only sought the death which too many of them found. Maha Nemiow himself fell while bravely urging his men to stand their ground; and his faithful attendants being likewise killed by the promiscuous fire while in the act of carrying him off, his body, with his sword, Wongee's chain, and other insignia of office, were found among the dead. One of the fair Amazons also received a fatal bullet in the breast, but the moment she was seen, and her sex was recognized, the soldiers bore her from the scene of death to a cottage in the rear, where she soon expired.'—pp. 234, 235.

Among the fugitives was seen another of the Shan ladies crossing the Nawine river, and before she could gain the opposite bank a shrapnel exploded above her head, and she fell from her horse into the water, and was immediately borne off by her attendants. One of the Chinese sages has said, 'if you wish to conquer your enemy, send him plenty of pretty women and soft music.' If these unfortunate ladies were put forward on that system, as a lure to entrap the British commander-in-chief, they paid dearly for their temerity. With their deaths, and that of old Nemiow, the spell was completely dissolved—the Shans dispersed, and in their route through forests and unpeopled deserts to their distant homes, numbers whom the sword had spared miserably perished from famine and disease.

* Among the numerous petty princes and Chobwas of the Shans, were three young and handsome women, of high rank, whose qualifications were of that peculiar nature as to be thought, by their superstitious countrymen, to confer on them the miraculous power of rendering the balls of the English wholly innocent and harmless.

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The Wongee's division was next attacked, and driven at the point of the bayonet from hill to hill, so that the whole position, nearly three miles in extent, was entirely in our possession; all their boats and stores were captured by the naval flotilla; between forty and fifty pieces of artillery were taken, and the whole matériel captured or destroyed; vast numbers were killed and wounded; and still greater numbers deserted from the army. The right still remained, but these were soon driven out of the stockades by a brisk cannonade from the boats of the men-of-war, and took refuge in a second line of stockades, where they were not allowed to rest long, but became an easy conquest to the assailants: 'hundreds fell in the desperate efforts to escape, and the nature of the country alone prevented the whole corps from being taken; which, dispersed and broken, now fled in all directions through the woods.'

It was now determined to advance upon Ava. The natives voluntarily offered their services to the commissariat as drivers to the artillery; the officers and men were in robust health, and the former now enjoyed the luxury of being mounted on Pegu ponies, instead of walking, as they had done from Rangoon to Prome. On their march, however, through elephant-grass jungle, fifteen or twenty feet high, the men were so deluged with the wet, that cholera broke out among them, and carried off numerous victims. To add to the misery of their situation, the country was wholly depopulated, and the villages either burned or laid in ruins; not a head of cattle or living thing, except some sick and dying straggler from the Burmese army, was met with in the march. The following extract exhibits a melancholy picture of the horrors occasioned by such a war as this:—

'Marched to Meaday, where a scene of misery and death awaited us. Within and around the stockades, the ground was strewed with dead and dying, lying promiscuously together, the victims of wounds, disease, and want. Here and there a small white pagoda marked where a man of rank lay buried, while numerous new-made graves plainly denoted that what we saw was merely the small remnant of mortality which the hurried departure of the enemy had prevented them from burying. The beach and neighbouring jungles were filled with dogs and vultures, whose growling and screaming, added to the pestilential smell of the place, rendered our situation far from pleasant. Here and there a faithful dog might be seen stretched out and moaning over a new-made grave, or watching by the side of his still breathing master; but by far the greater number, deprived of the hand that fed them, went prowling with the vultures among the dead, or lay upon the sand glutted with their foul repast.

'As if this scene of death had not sufficed, fresh horrors were added to it by the sanguinary leaders of these unhappy men. Several gibbets were

were found erected about the stockades, each bearing the mouldering remains of three or four crucified victims, thus cruelly put to death—for perhaps no greater crime than that of wandering from their post in search of food, or, at the very worst, for having followed the example of their chiefs in flying from the enemy.'—pp. 253, 254.

In this deplorable state the country continued for one hundred and forty miles beyond Prome, without the party meeting an inhabitant along the once thickly-peopled banks of the Irrawaddy, or being able to procure a single day's supply from a country so recently abounding in cattle. 'We appeared to traverse a vast wilderness from which mankind had fled; and our little camp of two thousand men seemed but a speck in the desolate and dreary waste that surrounded it, calling forth, at times, an irksome feeling which could be with difficulty repressed, at the situation of a handful of men in the heart of an extensive empire, pushing boldly forward to the capital, still three hundred miles distant; in defiance of an enemy whose force still outnumbered ours in a tenfold ratio, and without a hope of further reinforcement from our distant ships and depots.'—pp. 255, 256.

At length, however, it was announced that a commissioner from Ava had arrived at Melloone, to treat for peace And here, on the arrival of our little army, and its accompanying flotilla, a treaty of peace was concluded, which 'he of the Golden Foot' did not think fit to ratify. Hostilities were resumed, and our troops established themselves in a few hours in the interior of their works, having entered them by escalade. 'A prouder or more gratifying sight,' says Major Snodgrass, 'has seldom been witnessed than this mere handful of gallant fellows driving a dense multitude of from ten to fifteen thousand armed men before them, from works of such strength.' All their artillery and military stores fell into the hands of the victors, with thirty to forty thousand rupees, and copies of the treaty which had been signed but a few weeks before, which had never been sent to Ava, and, as was now evident, had been entered into for no other purpose but to create delay. The general despatched this unratified treaty to the Kee Wongee, with a note, merely to say, that in the hurry of departure from Melloone, he had forgotten a document which might now be more acceptable and useful to his government than it was considered to be a few days ago. The Burman, with characteristic coolness, returned his best thanks for the paper, observing, that the same hurry which had caused the loss of the treaty, had obliged him to leave behind a large sum of money, which also he was sure the British general only waited an opportunity of returning.

On the 31st January, the little army on its march to the capital was met by Dr. Price, an American missionary, with an assistant-surgeon—now set at liberty by way of civility and conciliation—and four other prisoners of war; the missionary was the bearer of the king's

king's request to know the lowest terms on which peace would be granted. He was furnished with those that had been offered and accepted at Melloone; and the general promised, at his request, not to pass Pagahm-mew for twelve days, to afford time for preparing and bringing down the money from Ava. On approaching that place, however, it was rumoured that, as soon as the fall of Melloone was known, a levy of forty thousand men had been ordered; that this new army was to receive the flattering and animating appellation of *Gong-to-doo*, or 'Retrievers of the King's Glory!' and that it had been placed under the command of a savage warrior, styled Nee-Woon-Breen, which some translated 'Prince of Darkness,' others 'King of Hell,' and others as 'Prince of the Setting Sun.' Such were the tidings; and when Sir A. C. had come within a day's march of Pagahm-mew, all doubt as to the further prosecution of the war was at an end, this new general being already prepared to meet the advancing force under the walls of the city. The British column, considerably under two thousand fighting men, moved forward in order of attack, and, after several skirmishes in the jungle, debouched into the open country, and discovered the Burmese army, from sixteen to twenty thousand strong, drawn up in an inverted crescent, so as to threaten the small body of assailants on either flank. The little column, however, fearlessly charged the centre, which was instantly overthrown, leaving the disconnected wings to reach as well as they could a second line of redoubts under the walls of Pagahm-mew: into these they were closely followed by our troops, and again routed with great slaughter:—'hundreds, jumping into the river to escape their assailants, perished in the water, and, with the exception of two or three thousand men, the whole army dispersed upon the spot:' the unfortunate *Nee-Woon-Breen* himself had no sooner reached Ava than he was cruelly put to death by order of the king.

On the evening of the 13th, Mr. Price again arrived in camp, to announce the acceptance of the terms, but bringing neither prisoners nor the first instalment of the money; and with a petition that six lacs, instead of twenty-five, might be accepted, and the rest paid at Prome, and that the force should not approach nearer to the capital. A positive refusal was given to every part of this request, and the army immediately put in motion. It now seemed, from the improving state of the country, that all their difficulties as to provisions were at an end.

'The country from Pagahm-mew to Ava is most beautiful—extensive plains of the finest land watered by the Irrawaddy, interspersed with evergreen woods, only sufficiently large to give beauty and variety to the scenery; and the banks of the river so thickly studded with villages, pagodas, temples, monasteries, and other handsome buildings, as

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to give, under one coup-d'œil, all the charms of a richly-varied landscape, with the more sterling beauties of a populous and fertile country.' —p. 282.

The army, continuing to advance, was met at Yandaboo, only forty-five miles from Ava, by Mr. Price, and two ministers of state, accompanied by the prisoners that had been demanded, and the stipulated sum of twenty-five lacs of rupees. The envoys now stated without reserve that the government had at last given in, and were ready, under the sign manual, to agree to such conditions as the conquerors might think fit to insist upon. On the 24th February the treaty was, for the second time, settled—and finally signed; the Burmese government at the same time engaging to furnish boats for the conveyance of a great part of the force to Rangoon.

Thus ended this most harassing and every way extraordinary war, in which a great, populous, and powerful empire was completely subdued by a little handful of men, who had never appeared above five thousand strong in the field, and who were now, after marching six hundred miles through the country, and advancing within forty miles of the capital, considerably under two thousand. That it was not in the nature of a British soldier, after so many conquests, to turn his back upon the 'Golden City' without some feelings of regret, will readily be imagined. 'That Ava would have fallen,' says Major Snodgrass, and we perfectly agree with him, 'no man will doubt, and perhaps a handsome booty might have enriched the captors; but this could only have been attempted at a great political risk, and the probable sacrifice of every object for which the government of India had been so long contending; for we should undoubtedly have found neither king nor ministers to treat with; and with all the honour and glory of subduing the capital, we should most probably have occupied merely the deserted space within its walls.'

We have now traced all the main features of this proud specimen of the extraordinary superiority of British valour and discipline over a brave but undisciplined army, amounting to more than ten times its numerical force; and we have done so, wherever we could, nearly in the author's own words. The narrative is drawn up in a clear and easy style, interspersed with notices descriptive of the country and people. Some trifling inaccuracies, and here and there an inconsistency, occur, which we have not deemed of sufficient importance to interrupt our abstract. We may notice, however, that Major Snodgrass seems to state the numbers of the enemy, if not at random, at least on no authority; that he is not always correct in his mention of distances; that his chart, if it deserves the name, does not correspond with the text; and,

and that, on one occasion, he reports events to have taken place on a day that does not exist—a *dies non*—the 31st June! (p. 45.) But these are trifles when compared with the serious charge we have to prefer against Major Snodgrass: this gentleman has deemed it expedient, among his numerous omissions, to pass over the services of the naval part of the expedition almost in total silence; and where he does condescend to slip in a short sentence in its favour, incidentally as it were, this serves only to 'damn with faint praise.' Yet it is perfectly well known, that, had it not been for the exertions of the small naval force employed in this service, Sir A. Campbell could never have advanced five miles beyond Rangoon, if, indeed, he had succeeded in taking Rangoon at all; for, in point of fact, the Liffey, and the Liffey alone, placed this city in possession of the troops; the soldiers having stepped on shore without firing a musket—in truth, there was nothing left to fire at, except pigs and dogs, and a few straggling, terrified Chinese; the authorities of the town, with the men, women, and children, had all decamped when the shot went through the custom-house.

We have said that the valuable services of the navy in the Burmese war are well known;—we might have added that they have been acknowledged. This appears from the repeated thanks of the governor-general in council, and of Sir Archibald Campbell, who gives it unqualified praise. That excellent veteran-officer, Sir Thomas Munro, has pronounced the little naval force to have been the life and spirit of the expedition, without which they could have done nothing. How can it have happened that Major Snodgrass has been betrayed into this glaring injustice of suppressing services avowed by his superiors to have been of vital importance to the successful issue of the war? 'The jealousy,' says a naval officer, who bore a great share of the campaign, 'that constantly existed respecting the naval command, will account for the very little notice that is taken of the navy in the recent publication of Major Snodgrass.' Sir Archibald Campbell (who happens to be father-in-law to the Major) has, of course, been made to share the blame; but, we think, most unjustly, for no man appears to have lamented more than he did the baneful effect of the jealousy in question, the seeds of which had been sown in Calcutta. The governor-general and his council had no objection to his Majesty's ships Liffey and Larne convoying the expedition to Rangoon, but at the same time they thought fit to place the whole of the Company's ships, the transports, the cruisers of their marine, and the gun-boats, under the orders—of whom?—one of their own naval officers?—No such thing; but, under the orders of the quarter-master and adjutant-general!

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The mischief likely to arise from such an absurdity was honestly represented at the moment by a captain of the navy to Sir Archibald Campbell himself;—but the general, inexperienced as he then was, coolly replied, 'That he could very well have dispensed with the services of the navy, and that he had no doubt they could get on as well without as with it.'

Now, let us see, in the first place, what sort of a thing is the composition of a naval expedition from India, that we may the better be able to judge how far the abilities of the quarter-master-general were likely to manage the unwieldy and heterogeneous machine. The regular India ships taken up for the conveyance of troops are manned chiefly with Lascars; and their masters—captains, as they style themselves—are high and important personages; the company's cruisers are manned with English, Hindoos, and Mussulmen; the hired transports with what they can get; the gun-boats with Coolies; and the Malay vessels with Malays. The army, which these vessels were destined to carry, was composed of Europeans, some king's, and others company's troops; the latter partly of Mussulmans—partly of high caste Hindoo sepoys, and partly of Hindoos of lower castes, with whom the higher will no more associate than with Europeans, each separate class eating alone, and each having their separate provisions and water;—and lastly, we must take into account the usual followers of an Indian army, equal in number to the army itself, crowding the ships, and always in the way. The expedition of which we are speaking was composed of all these discordant materials, and in a very peculiar manner required the order and discipline which were to be expected from nothing but the controul of a naval officer. The governor-general and council thought otherwise, and placed the whole under the command of the quarter-master-general, who was probably sea-sick during the whole passage. The consequence was, as might have been expected, that all were commanding, and none obeying. The gentlemen of the company's cruisers, who have long been aspiring to take rank with the officers of the navy, and to wear the naval uniform, were not sorry not to obey the officers of the navy; the masters or captains of the Indiamen did not deign to obey the gentlemen of the company's cruisers. On the fall of Rangoon, provisions, stores, and ammunition were indiscriminately lying on the beach, without any responsible person to take charge of them; boats laden with powder remained for days at the wharf, all sorts of people running over them to step into other boats, frequently with lighted segars in their mouths; complaints and murmurs without end were heard on every side, and remained without redress; the

masters of transports refused to let their boats be sent on service, as being contrary to their charter-party; the agent for these transports was continually quarrelling with the quarter-master-general, and, to general scandal, expressions were made use of, which no gentleman ought to make and none ought to receive; the Europeans commanding the gun-boats tendered their resignation; engineer officers were ordered to inspect these gun-boats and their carronades by the quarter-master-general, though both the boats and their guns could only be efficiently worked by the seamen of the men of war. Capt. Marryat, of his Majesty's ship Larne, threw up in disgust all command and responsibility, except over the officers and men of his ship, but, at the same time, declared himself ready to go on any service that might be required of him. It was not long before Sir A. Campbell, feeling to his cost the consequences of placing a naval flotilla under the orders of a 'soldier officer,' attempting to direct naval operations, and employing an engineer to fit out gun-boats, solicited Capt. Marryat to resume what he had abandoned. Indeed, it was very soon discovered, that, without a rigid state of discipline in the marine part of the expedition, nothing but disgrace and disaster was likely to occur. The people who manned the gun-boats refused to work the guns, alleging that they were told, when hired at Calcutta, 'that they were only to pull and not to fight.' Whenever, therefore, it became necessary to cannonade a stockade, to make a practicable breach, the men-of-war's men were obliged to leave their own boats to man the guns; when the troops were to be landed, the men-of-war's boats were obliged to precede the gun-boats; receiving thus the first volley in every attack, and suffering out of all proportion. For example—on the 16th May, when the first hand to hand conflict took place, in storming a stockade and outwork about two miles from Rangoon, the command of the boats was fortunately given to Lieut. Wilkinson, of his Majesty's ship Liffey, who led in with the men-of-war's boats to the very foot of the stockade, which was immediately carried; but the Burmese fought desperately, leaving upwards of a hundred men killed in the stockade. Our loss was twenty-two killed and wounded, among the former was Lieut. Kerr of the 38th regiment, and in the latter Lieut. Wilkinson himself. Not a syllable of this conflict is mentioned by Major Snodgrass. One circumstance occurred which could hardly have escaped his recollection. When the sailors, with that characteristic carelessness and prodigality of life for which they are distinguished, jumped out of the boats and scrambled up the stockade, the Burmese soldiers, not knowing what to make of men without arms,

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in rusty blue jackets and tarry trousers, stood looking and laughing at them; meanwhile the *blues*, making a rush upon them, drove them fairly off the parapet.

As military secretary to the commander-in-chief, the major, we imagine, can scarcely be allowed the plea of ignorance for his numerous omissions; and the existence of a publication called the 'London Gazette,' bars that of a want of recollection; yet, in the grand display of the feats of the army, during the first seven or eight days of December, which we doubt not was well merited, the co-operation of the navy is nearly passed over in silence; whereas, the fact is, that the boats of the navy were constantly on the alert night and day; were the first to lead in to the attack on the strong stockades on the Dalla creek; were the only opponents of the powerful war-boats, numbers of which were captured; and, lastly,—were the only people who could grapple with the immense and destructive fire-rafts, which, but for them, must inevitably have burned the whole fleet of helpless transports lying before Rangoon. Day and night, for weeks together, were the boats of the navy employed in watching, seizing, and towing away those formidable fire-rafts.

In the fatigue undergone there was no comparison between the two services; fresh troops were sent to each several attack, but owing to the smallness of the naval force, the same officers and men had to attend every expedition, and to lead in to the hottest fire; otherwise the boats in which the troops were could not have moved an inch. The consequence of this severe service was, that out of about one hundred and thirty men, the complement of the Larne, at one time not more than eight were fit for duty; the rest, officers and all, being laid up with fever, cholera, and dysentery. In this season of sickness, while the rains continued, the army and navy lost nearly two thousand men.

When it was determined to make an attack on Kemmendine, on the 3d June, Captain Ryves of the Sophie was requested to take the command of the flotilla; but, on finding that Sir A. Campbell meant to embark personally, that no plan of the attack was given to him (Captain R.), and that, to all appearance, no means of communication with the land column, by signals, had been thought of, he very properly declined it. What was the consequence? The fire from the flotilla, managed by landsmen, killed and wounded many of our troops on-shore, who returned the compliment on the floating force. The Burmans held the position, and both land and marine columns were obliged to retreat in disorder, leaving one hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. This disaster could not be concealed, and is accord-

ingly published (though not with all its unfortunate circumstances) in the London Gazette; but, strange as the circumstance may appear, not one syllable of it is to be found in Major Snodgrass's book!

Again, coming to the time when Sykia Wongee, on the 1st July, made his attack on our lines before Rangoon, Major Snodgrass seems to have forgotten the part which the navy bore in repulsing this large force; and that, when, to distract our operations and destroy the shipping, not fewer than fifty-three of their huge fire-rafts, protected by gun-boats, were sent down the river towards the fleet at the same time, all of these were, by uncommon skill and exertion, towed off and rendered harmless. Five months afterwards, indeed, when the value of naval co-operation had been fully discovered and duly appreciated, and when, mainly by naval exertion and skill the important post of Kemmendine had been saved, the major does, tardily and coldly enough, admit that 'the skill and intrepidity of British seamen proved more than a match for the numbers and devices of the enemy; entering their boats, they grappled the flaming rafts, and conducted them past the shipping, or ran them ashore upon the bank.'

The most extraordinary omission is, however, that which we have already noticed, of the operations of the marine flotilla and its little corps of some eight hundred or one thousand men, which Sir A. Campbell left behind him to capture Donabew—that strongest of the Burmese fortresses, manned with fifteen thousand veteran troops, commanded by the most experienced of their generals. But the Gazette supplies what this writer has suppressed. It is there, also—and it is only there—we find that the strong stockade of Tantaben was stormed and carried by the seamen and marines under the orders of Capt. Chads of the Arachné, before the troops got up, and that numerous fire-rafts and war-boats were at the same time destroyed. 'I have again,' says Lieut.-Col. Godwin, who commanded the expedition, 'the pleasure to mention the name of Lieut. Keale, of his Majesty's ship Arachné, who, with Lieut. Hall, of his Majesty's ship Alligator, and their boats'-crews, were the first to enter the enemy's position, and their conduct was most conspicuous:' and, in the same gazette, this officer mentions an 'immense quantity of fire-rafts destroyed up the two branches of the Panlang river by Capt. Chads and Lieut. Keale;' —not a syllable of which—nor of the services of Capt. Alexander, of whose zeal and gallantry the general speaks in such handsome terms—nor of Capt. Dawson, who was killed in the attack—nor indeed of the disastrous affair itself before Donabew, is once hinted at by Major Snodgrass!

Indeed

Indeed the manner in which he conducts the army along the Irrawaddy, till within forty miles of Umerapoora, without once adverting to the unwearied exertions of the flotilla under Captain Chads, but for which the troops could not have advanced a step beyond Prome, is quite inexcusable; the more so as this officer and the men belonging to the Arachne were thirteen months from their ship, during nine of which, both officers and men constantly slept in their boats, and in general lived on salt provisions; and as, to give Captain Chads's own words, 'although they suffered very considerably both by death and sickness, from exposure, privations, and long confinement, still not a murmur was ever heard; on the contrary, every service was performed with the utmost cheerfulness and alacrity.' We shall put the matter in its clear light by one simple fact; the reader would not discover, from Major Snodgrass's narrative, that any such person as Captain Chads was present with this army, had not his name appeared to the final treaty of peace. The same observation may be made with regard to Sir James Brisbane; though he was joint commissioner with Sir Archibald Campbell, and though he had been repeatedly thanked for his exertions and bravery while in command of the flotilla, his name, like the other, appears for the first time in the signature to the treaty.

We do not mean to charge Major Snodgrass with wilful misrepresentation, or intentional slight on the naval service, by the suppression of various affairs in which it was principally concerned; but we do think that an *amende honorable* is due from him to the Navy, and which, should a second edition of his book be called for, he will do most effectually by availing himself of that authentic publication called the 'London Gazette.'* He will there perceive how much is wanting to render his 'Narrative of the Burmese War' a faithful record of the brilliant exploits that led to a final peace. We should think he would be glad of an opportunity of rendering this act of justice to a service, without whose efficacious aid it is at least doubtful, whether he and his comrades would have received those additional honours, rank, and emoluments, which have followed the close of the campaign.†

* He will be reminded of what the valuable services of the navy have been in this war by consulting the following Supplements to the London Gazette:—November, 1824. February 23d, March 25th, April 24th, August 10th, 20th, October 28th, December 13th,—1825; April 25th and 26th,—1826.

† We take this opportunity of noticing an unintentional oversight in the last paper in which we had occasion to mention Burmese affairs: (Article on Baptist Missions, in No. LXV.) The readers of that paper might be led to believe that Mrs. Judson, one of the missionaries' wives, had *voluntarily* attended the execution of some criminals. We should have taken care to mark the words 'we went to witness, &c.' as quoted by Mrs. Judson (who is we understand a most amiable person) from the Journal of a Mr. Heugh.

ART.

ART. VIII.—1. *Peveril of the Peak.* 4 vols.—*Quentin Durward.* 3 vols.—*St. Ronan's Well.* 3 vols.—*Redgauntlet.* 3 vols.—*Tales of the Crusaders.* 4 vols.—*Woodstock.* 3 vols.

2. *Brambletye House, or Cavaliers and Roundheads.* A Novel. Third Edition. 3 vols.—*The Tor Hill.* By the Author of 'Brambletye House.' 3 vols. London. 1826.

3. *Wallenstein: translated from the German of Schiller.* By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

ALL countries have had their popular poetry; yet of all the forms of composition, the poetical is the least popular. Pure and elevated poetry in all ages and countries must, indeed, have been an art of most unvulgar acquirement, and of far from general acceptation. It is impossible for an imperfectly developed intellect to comprehend the creations of the highest genius; the utmost that it can attain, is some faint and indistinct apprehension of transcending excellence and beauty. How few can thoroughly relish the great productions of Milton—while the poetry of Bloomfield generally pleases! A genius like Bloomfield's is sure of a wider sympathy. The minds possessing his degree of native energy and cultivation are numerous. He requires not of his reader any extraordinary ability, and no learning; some activity of fancy, some congeniality of feeling, is all that is demanded. His associations are limited; he sees but little more in any object in nature than the most ordinary observer; everything he beholds is as naked as his mind that perceives it: so true it is, that all our perceptions are coloured with the particular character of individual intellect, partake its idiosyncrasy, and are qualified by its acquirements or deficiencies. To such a mind as Wordsworth's—

> 'The meanest flower that blows, can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;'

while, with Peter Bell,

> 'A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.'

It was with Bloomfield as with Peter Bell; it was with Milton as it is with Wordsworth, but in a different way. Wordsworth clothes the objects of his perceptions with the feelings of his own heart, and the emotions of his own mind; he invests them with human faculties. Milton arrays them in the gorgeous furniture of an intellect rich in classical associations; he clothes them with a *very* drapery of words; he expresses nothing as an ordinary man would express it; everything seems as if it were the result of continued effort—but it is *we* who make the effort, not the poet.

He

He speaks from the fulness of his experience; and poetry, like a passion, draws into the same vortex, and forces, to one common centre, every remembrance; in the hurry and the frenzy of the occasion, re-collects, from each chamber of the understanding and fancy, every image and idea from whatever source derived; and fuses them all together into one glowing mass of illustration and eloquence:—like a dream, 'it curdles a long life into an hour.' But the mind not furnished with the same associations has much to learn before it can understand, much less feel, the diction composed from such resources.

Thus it is that what is called poetic diction has been built up; and that it fails of effect with all but cultivated minds. It gives majesty to an epic poem, but should be prudently used in dramatic composition. The example of Shakspeare proves that it may be introduced into the higher order of tragic works, and will give them additional value in the estimation of intelligent readers: but it is not essential to the success, and, unmingled with a large portion of other matter, would altogether preclude the performance of a play. These remarks might be easily extended, but sufficient has been said to answer our immediate purpose, which was to account for the comparative unpopularity in our time of the poetical form of composition.

Works, however, conceived in the spirit of poetry, but not assuming the poetic form, nor rendered difficult of apprehension, or repugnant to taste by an injudicious employment of poetic diction,—are the most popular of modern productions. We mentioned not long ago several reasons why the ancients had no novel;* and we might have added this,—that it was not rendered necessary by the state of poetical composition in their time. In its progress and improvement, poetry had not arrived at that condition when it becomes a science as well as an art; demanding much acquired knowledge, as well as great native aptitude, either to write or to appreciate it with judgment and taste. The novel, in short, is an accommodation of the ancient epic to the average capacity of the numberless readers of modern times. It is not probable, that, with the exception of Fielding, the writers in this species of composition deliberately proposed to abide by the rules of the Stagyrite, yet we shall find that all the most skilful and successful of their productions have been conducted conformably to the principles on which those rules were founded. A complete critical examination, therefore, of the conduct proper to the construction and execution of the novel, would tend to develope the laws by which even the loftier efforts of genius should be regulated;

* See Quarterly Review, for June, 1826.

and

and even such a hasty survey as we can promise will prove two important truths: first,—that the rules of classical poetry originated not merely in caprice and custom, but are founded in truth and general nature; secondly,—that every good writer originates them again in his own mind, and by the laws of his own intellect necessarily prescribes their observance to himself, while engaged in the labour of production. And we may, perhaps, be enabled to illustrate this position, that, *unless he does so originate them by the necessity of his own mind,* the mere knowledge of them is insufficient to constitute a good writer, and their mechanical observance will fail to produce a lively and vigorous work of imagination: in other words, that his performance, however correct in point of form, will in spirit be discovered to want that foundation in truth and nature which is essentially necessary to support and animate the external resemblance,—to produce that harmony between the substance and the visible sign, in which the real charm of Art consists, and without which the imitation must be imperfect, wanting life and voluntary motion.

We have, of course, no intention of entering into an historical criticism on this class of fiction from its commencement to its meridian, which is already sufficiently effected in a former paper; nor is it our intention even to extend our illustration over any very large field of instances: our purpose is to glance only at the general subject, and to attempt very briefly a fair estimate of the merits of some recent productions in this way that have obtained attention, and more particularly those of which the titles introduce the present article.

The novel is divisible into as many kinds as the narrative poem, or the drama; the interest may be serious or comic, or a mixture of both, and it may be founded on fiction or history. Of the fictitious novel, the class is very extensive, and contains productions of transcendent merit: but we think justice has been already awarded to it, and the principles of its conduct sufficiently expounded and understood. Under this head, St. Ronan's Well might very properly be considered, but in spite of the beautiful character of Clara Mowbray, and all the noble pathos that hangs about her, this novel is not one of the happiest efforts of its author, nor of the description to which his genius is peculiarly adapted. It is in the novel suggested by historical occurrences, and partly founded thereon, that he is altogether unrivalled; and has established a reputation that will endure as long as the literature of the country.

The author of 'Waverley' evidently came furnished for his undertaking with the energies of genius, and the acquisitions of study.

It

It was impossible to read the work without being convinced that the writer possessed great poetical power and a cultivated imagination, with sufficient knowledge of the principles of his art, and much skill in their application. We feel at once that we are in the power and at the will of a master. Tradition and history give up the dead from their burial-places at his bidding, and they pass before us on the stage 'in the habit that they lived,' and surrounded by the same scenery and customs. They are evidently veritable persons, having life and motion, and subject to all the skiey influences and all the circumstances of life—the social and the solitary, the polished and the rude; they are cultivated and ignorant, philosophic and superstitious, brave and fearful: wisdom and folly, and idiocy and madness, fanaticism and party-spirit, and all the actual conditions of life, are to him as a nurse's tale and an old wife's fable. But it is equally evident that all these persons and circumstances, with all their attributes, are the shapings of the poet's pen. We shall look for them in vain elsewhere; they are not to be found in tradition or history, or in the common world about us; they had their birth-place and their cradle in the brain of the poet, and are the legitimate progeny of his own creative genius. It is granted that much was derived from external sources; but this is the privilege of a poetical mind, to identify all its acquisitions for its own; its knowledge is alchemized and the base metal comes out from the intellectual crucible in the form of gold, and the ore is purified from the dross. That which was before precious in itself, in proceeding through the mint of his imagination, acquires a different impress; when again made current, the coin bears his image and superscription—and rightly: for of the treasure derived from this intellectual commerce, the most part is defaced and the motto worn out, and it must be melted down again, and stamped anew to be fit for use.—If, when thus given back to us, his descriptions appear as living symbols, or vivid resemblances of persons and things that we were before acquainted with, so much the better—this is the triumph of the poetic art. Thus it was with Shakspeare. But we shall find that they do not strike as copies merely, but with the force and feryour of originals. Like the statue in The Winter's Tale, 'you would deem they breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood; the very life seems warm upon their lips; the fixure of their eyes has motion in it; an air comes from them, and the fine chisel has cut breath.'

The poet does not sit down as a limner to a model, in all the drudgery of imitation; his models are in his mind, wherein he discovers a world that is as real in its own way as the world around us. True poetic genius reflects nature by a plastic operation,

tion, analogous in all respects to the processes of nature herself—in the same manner as the vital sap of the tree is nourished by the shower and the dew, but puts forth bud and blossom; thus converting all outward influences to its own ends, by the activity of inherent vigour. It is in this that Fielding's personages are distinguished from Smollett's. The poetry of Fielding 'is as a gum which oozes from whence 'tis nourished;' and thus the actions and manners of his characters proceed rather out of their peculiar dispositions, than from accidental impulses; and the characters themselves are, in a similar manner, produced voluntarily and freely from the mere fertility of his fancy—

> 'His gentle flame
> Provokes itself, and like the current flies
> Each bound it chafes.'

Smollett, on the contrary, individualizes his characters by the peculiarities of their situation, their personal appearance, or their habitual eccentricities; with him,—

> 'The fire i'the flint
> Shows not, till it be struck.'

And, we think, similar differences are observable between the genius and productions of Cervantes and Le Sage.

There is no small portion of this poetical power, of this ideal creation, in Waverley. Whatever there is of acquired knowledge, and there is a great deal, is reproduced in another form, differently organized for a peculiar purpose, as (to revert to our former illustration) the tree reproduces the dew and the shower in spontaneous foliage and blossom. And freely as the tree expands her branches, and multiplies her leaves, has the author of Waverley continued to produce with a fertility apparently inexhaustible. Neither are we wearied with his repeated appearance, nor satiated with his abundance, any more than with the tree for opening its leaf every spring, or bearing its fruit every autumn.—But let no one vainly imagine that, whatever his genius may be, he can, without long preparation and profound study, produce works like these. The mind must be nourished and enriched with the appropriate aliment, and disciplined by patient exercise and practice, before it can possibly attain to the tenth part of an hair of excellence like his—still less can a writer of little genius hope to succeed as his rival or imitator. There are writers of some talent, though not very elevated either in kind or degree, who seem to think that to imitate the construction of his fable, to collect some scraps of antiquarian lore, and to introduce old names at intervals, is to write a novel in the style of Waverley. It is an error, and a fatal one.

The

The inferiority of this author's latter novels, compared with the earlier, seems principally to consist in a certain baldness of plot, incident, and character. 'It has been with him as with fiction itself, in the several stages of its history. In the earlier stages, there was an exuberance of action and of manners. The old romances are full of the most astonishing occurrences, following each other in rapid succession, produced by the agency of a crowd of persons, and sometimes the intervention of supernatural beings. In time, a principle of selection obtains; and the feelings are touched, and interest sufficiently excited, by the skilful developement of a few well-chosen incidents and characters. In the subsequent stages of its progress, their number is still further diminished, and the intervals are filled up with speculation on motive, and description of scenery; with sentiment and eloquence, and philosophical solution. This course is advantageous with regard to fiction in general; yet, though a necessary consequence of writing much, is not so conducive to the interest of an individual author's later productions; and the reason of the difference is easily explained. Fiction at large has no boundaries but those of time and space; the fiction of an individual genius, however splendid, must have very different limits.

The truth of what we have been saying might be well illustrated by a comparison between the earliest of the Scotch Novels and one of the latest. Waverley is produced from the outpourings of the writer's mind. 'From the fulness of his heart his mouth speaketh.' The familiar and romantic, the gay and the grave, are blended and harmonized with peculiar grace and vigour. He seems impatient for opportunity to sparkle —to be witty—to relieve his teeming fancy of its inventions, and his understanding of its stores of fiction and story, accumulated for the matter and embellishment of his narrative. The Spirit of Poetry is breathing all about, and glancing upon it, in the happiest lights and the most amiable aspects. There is an instance of prodigality, arising from a confidence in superabundant resources, in Mrs. Rachael's tale of 'Poor William,' and of Lucy St. Aubin, who lived and died a maid for his sake, and who, 'when she found herself sinking, desired to be brought to Waverley Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my grand uncle, and caused the carpets to be raised, that she might trace the impression of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there was not a dry eye in the house!' Then follows a fine effusion of poetry and feeling:—'You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropped around her without a gust of wind; and indeed she looked

looked like one that would never see them green again.' The writer who could afford this expense of feeling and fancy upon such an occasion, must have felt satisfied of the sufficiency of his resources;—and that he did not vainly presume on their extent, what he was able to do in the subsequent portions of that work, and in those that immediately succeeded, abundantly testified.

Redgauntlet is an inferior kind of Waverley. It has little of the romantic, and less of the historical merit. The heir of the Stuarts is again introduced, but in the winter of his fortune, and in the vale of years. The uncle of the hero is another Fergus M'Ivor—his sister, a feeble Flora—Peter Peebles is as vigorous a sketch as the Baron of Bradwardine; they are both descriptive of intellectual aberrations, in different ways;—Callum Beg is the elder brother of Little Benjie. The inferior characters have their counterparts in that earlier production; perhaps Joshua Geddes, the Quaker, is *sui generis;* but for Wandering Willie, and the senior Fairford—are they not of the same class as Davie Gellatly and the Baillie M'Wheeble?—In the progress of the plot, and the grouping of the characters, there are also resemblances and coincidences. Both heroes are abstracted in a state of insensibility, for the purpose of being attached, by interested parties, to the cause of the Prince; and the scene in the farm-house, where the second hero is attended upon by one Dorcas or Cicely, is very similar to that in the hut, where Rose Bradwardine flits about the bed of the first during his convalescence. Both are presented to the Chevalier, whose cause is in each instance unsuccessful; but here the coincidence is in the historical fact, not in the novelist's fiction.

But we must not be misunderstood. In the plot and construction of Redgauntlet, however comparatively defective, the hand of a superior artist is constantly apparent. The epistolary opening is written in a superior style to the subsequent parts of the book. The form adopted is decidedly poetical; composed of episodes, but not of the sort condemned by Aristotle, if we except those of Wanty Ewart and Peter Peebles, which are connected slightly,—yet so judiciously, as to deepen the shades of the litigant's character, whom no term or degree of endurance and misery, suffered in his own person, can discipline to sympathy or repentance for the ruin inflicted by himself on the widow and the fatherless, that might be justified by legal form and judicial process. In the uniformity of the story, there are differences—in the identity of the characters, there are distinctions. It has been usual to speak of the latter as mere duplicates, one of the other; but this is incorrect. They are of the same class, not the same individuals.

The

The *invention* of the author is still exercised; and the greatest masters of their art have preferred the representation of the individual to the species. Shakspeare's characters are not all of different classes—many are individuals of the same. His classes may be more numerous than those of the Scottish Novelist, but that is a question in which we are not at present paramountly interested in, and which would at any rate lead us into much too wide a field of discussion.

Aristotle contends for the construction of the fable, and the combination of the incidents, as the principal parts of tragic composition; but justly observes, that the *first attempts* of dramatic writing rather excel in the language and manners; and a modern writer, whose poetical genius is not less elevated than his philosophical reason is profound, from a critical analysis of the two earliest works of Shakspeare—'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,'—has abstracted the following marks, as indicative of extraordinary poetic power—1. The perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject, and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant; 2. the choice of a subject remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself; 3. the power to modify images copied from nature by a predominant passion, or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion; and, 4. depth and energy of thought. In the succeeding productions of our great poet, 'the creative power and the intellectual energy,' says the same writer, 'wrestle as in a war-embrace. At length in his drama they were reconciled, and fought, each with its shield before the breast of the other. Or like two rapid streams, that at their first meeting, within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermix reluctantly, and in tumult; but soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend, and dilate, and flow on in one current and with one voice.'

In the more matured works of individual genius, strength is frequently substituted for sweetness—the other marks remaining the same, but regulated by a more methodical judgment—with the addition of fable and action; and, in the first novels of the Waverley series, it was impossible not to recognize the hand of an artist whose genius had already arrived at this characteristic point of excellence. We found there a diction diffuse, not from weakness, but the facility resulting from much practice in composition; not ambitiously ornate, yet not rejecting

ing embellishment; a rhythm possessed of much variety, neither complicated nor sonorous, but easy and flowing—

> 'Like a river's lapse,
> With not a pebble to obstruct its course
> But for the music:'—

a confidence in his resources, without any apparent anxiety to keep the reason constantly excited, but trusting to the ebb and flow, and the gentle undulations of the story, to awaken the requisite interest, and the picturesque or romantic collocation of events to enliven attention. There is an apparent reliance on his theme—it seems as if the fable and action did all for him, as if his strength lay in the choice of his subject; yet the subject is excogitated from his own mind, not given by history, though suggested by it, and (which is the result of much art) apparently growing out of it; and after all, his real power is in the language and the manners. In concealing this, great skill was manifested; it was eloquence losing itself in its own effects, and surrendering its claims in favour of a narrative which had no value, but as it was embellished by its gifts. The very display was, as it were, 'the hiding of its power;' for the writer had perfect mastery over the instrument of language, using the faculty as possessing it, not as being possessed by it, which is a mark of a superior and well-disciplined genius.

But the demon at length over-mastered the magician; combinations of incident may be exhausted, neither is the variety of action absolutely infinite: and the period accordingly arrived when the mind was thrown back on its own fertility, and compelled to recur to the simplicity of its primitive creations. A writer of less eloquence, whatever his imagination, could then have written no more; his forms of expression being appropriated, and the facility of his execution insufficient. The mind of this author is as a living fountain; what depends upon itself it will always be able to supply:—But (at least as far as regards each man's particular horizon) Nature and Observation are bounded; circumstance merely possible is limited: the probable is contracted within still stricter dimensions. We accordingly feel a deficiency of interest in the subject of his later productions, frequently a defect of construction, and always a comparative lassitude in the action of the fable. Still the same hand of power is felt; if not visible, it is palpable. The interest, never violent, is yet there; if it be not awake, it at least lies dreaming before us, and ever and anon it starts in its broken slumbers, and we feel ourselves gently agitated, and a higher animation gradually pervades our curiosity, though, no question, much inferior

ferior to that energetic thirst of desire with which the reader is hurried on in the perusal of

— 'The wondrous tale,
Where doubt and terror still prevail,
And lead you through the mazes wild,
By passion's powerful voice beguiled;
'Till ye, at length, reward distress,
Whereof ye wished, yet feared, to guess!'

We have rather indicated than expressed our opinion on the diction of this author: the subject, however, deserves a more enlarged consideration. It is one of his greatest advantages, and enables him to write a more readable novel from less interesting materials than almost any other author can produce with the happiest of subjects, and the most poetical of imaginations. Diffuse style is of more kinds than one. In some it is mere verbosity, either pompously inflated or vapidly extended. In him it is neither: he talks on—but he has something to talk about; and he is contented to tell it in familiar terms. There are people in society who astound one with their phraseology, words of learned length, and sentences of majestical rotundity; and yet the thought beneath shall be simple enough, perhaps not worth the undoing of the gorgeous wrapper that envelopes it: others again express the most complex ideas in the simplest language and the most conversational tones, so that the hearer is apt to think that nothing can be easier to understand than what they deliver, and to form a higher opinion of his own capacity and wisdom than he had been accustomed to entertain. Thus it is with our great Novelist—the excess of what he has to communicate makes him diffuse; and the consciousness of power to dilate on learned and abstruse discussion with familiar grace and homely energy inspires him with the confidence of ability to engage, without wearying, attention. On the other hand, however desirous to level the tone of his composition to the average intellect of readers, he is careful never to descend from a certain dignity of manner equally bespeaking the gentleman and the scholar. His delineations of rustic or uneducated characters are without coarseness. He appears not to deem it necessary to make them out either by vulgarity or ungrammatical construction. Though Balafré informs us that 'he could no more write than he could fly,' and leaves us in doubt whether he could read, and indicates all the rudeness and obesity of an uneducated man, yet there is no material difference between his diction and that of Quentin Durward, his nephew, who was possessed of both accomplishments. It is better at all times to distinguish individual character by the matter than the manner of discourse. The latter should never be altogether neglected;

neglected; sometimes, perhaps, it alone may be sufficient; but it is less permanent, and less general in its application, than the other, which has to do with intellectual distinctions; and which partaking, therefore, of the qualities of intellect, permanence and universality, is intelligible in all ages, and into whatever language translated. The occasional employment of blank verse in our old comedy had, among other happy effects, a tendency to produce this uniformity of diction. The novelist, on the other hand, has no particular inducement to maintain any pomp of phrase or stateliness of movement: he has, therefore, every facility for the introduction of the inferior modes of marking the rank and education of his fictitious persons; but the prudence of so doing is, even in his case, more than doubtful—at all events the method would only be constantly resorted to by a writer of inferior genius, or unacquainted with the better principles of composition. Where superinduced upon the nobler distinctions, as frequently done by our author in the instance of Scottish character, it adds a charm, which is as much owing to the beauty of the dialect itself, to previous acquaintance with it in the exquisite ballads of the old minstrels, and Robert Burns, and the consequent associations that men connect with its use, as to the facility which it affords of broadly distinguishing the nation and individuality of the character. Indeed, inasmuch as it *broadly* distinguishes these differences, the effect is injurious. A reader of taste is most interested in tracing the minuter shades, and more delicate lines of distinction, and finds a pleasure in abstracting the spirit of wit from the form of its manifestation. After all, the method is more suited to the display of humour, than of any nobler power, and befits the talents of a Ben Jonson better than the genius of a Shakspeare. It may be found united with much that is better, in the 'Beggar's Bush' of Beaumont and Fletcher: were it not, however, blended with that more excellent stuff, the reference to the slang glossary would be no pleasant duty, independent of the repugnance which every polished mind feels in condescending to an acquaintance with cant of any kind, and vulgarity of all degrees. —We must not, however, be misunderstood, in thus justifying the principle on which much of the dialogue in the Waverley novels is written. If an imitator were, from such an exemplar, to compose a dialogue remarkable for nothing but its monotony, that would be no argument against the principle we are upholding. Such is the dialogue of the two productions by a Mr. Smith, which we have classed in our title with the later works of the Scottish Novelist. We shall, however, in due course, arrive at a full illustration of this part of our subject.

Waverley

Waverley is not the best constructed of Sir W. Scott's tales; it is formed, at the commencement, on the historical model; afterwards an air of mystery is thrown over the situations, by leaving unexplained the secret causes and motive-springs till the last volume,—where, after all, some of them are not cleared up in a manner entirely satisfactory. His following productions, for the most part, were modelled on the epic form, which is better; and in his later works, the dramatic manner obtained his decided preference. From the first, great dramatic power was displayed in the dialogue, and this did not long escape the eyes of the theatrical managers; it gradually developed itself, and is now the best support and ornament of his writings. His stories are digested into scenes, and they often differ from plays only in that the stage-directions, instead of being degraded to the margin, are wrought into sentences, and the *nexus* between the scenes and acts, instead of being left to the imagination of the reader, is expressed in continuous narration. Quentin Durward and Woodstock are obviously of this class.

To Shakspeare the works of the old romancers and novelists were of particular advantage—they furnished him with incidents, manners, and characters—sometimes with entire plots; and our greatest novelist has repaid to himself the obligation in which our greatest dramatist was indebted to his predecessors. He has not, indeed, gone to the Poet for his plots and persons, but he has modelled much of his dialogue on the Shakspearian standard, particularly that of the prose portion of the historical plays. The historical drama is a distinct species, and may be considered (notwithstanding some previous attempts) as being the proper creation of Shakspeare's individual genius. It admitted a mixture of styles, the elevated and the familiar; the alternation of verse and prose, therefore, if not necessary, was allowable, and perhaps expedient. This assimilated it to the form of the novel more closely than 'gorgeous Tragedy with her sceptred pall' could have admitted. There is, however, this distinction—that the serious part of *the historical drama* is composed of characters and sentiments essentially dignified and classical, cast in the higher forms of the imagination, such as befit the majesty of the tragic Muse—and not to be distinguished from the solemn measures of that elder sister, who, in uniform state, came

> ' sweeping by,
> Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine ;'

—while the higher manners of *the novel* never require more than the grace of a romantic interest, and the ornament of eloquent imagery. There *is* this distinction—and it is of sufficient import-

ance to justify a remark or two in passing, but will not hinder the developement of the essential principles of both forms of composition, by means of a comparison of their conduct. The historical dramas of Schiller, however, approach nearer to the romantic cast than to the severe construction by which the greater efforts of our own poet are distinguished; they are, therefore, more upon a level with the publications under review, and better suit the purpose of comparison. Of his historical plays, Wallenstein is the most elaborate and the best; it, besides, has the high advantage of having been translated by Mr. Coleridge,* and there are special points of resemblance between this tragedy and the novel of Quentin Durward, that induce us to place them in juxta-position.

We know that there is a prejudice against the historical novel; but whatever objection obtains against it must equally obtain against the corresponding species of the drama, and with yet greater force against the epopée, of which, as we have seen, the novel is but a popular modification. We are no advocates for the falsification of historical fact, the distortion of character, or the reversion or inversion of events; but we are altogether blind to the evils of embellishing an historical outline with graceful and not improbable fiction;—taking advantage of the doubtful points of history—and giving them the colouring most expedient for the fable, or conducive to the cause of truth and morals. The prejudice, however, is confined to a few; the superior success of this class of fictitious composition in the present day demonstrates the favourable impression that it is calculated to make on the general reader. It is, we must continue to think, not much more difficult to use historical materials rightly (as in Old Mortality, or Waverley,) than to use them wrongly (as in some parts of Kenilworth and Woodstock); nay, it is possible, without affecting higher interests even than mere historical accuracy, to construct a fable, from the relation of facts, in which the boldest imagination and the brightest fancy may be freely exercised. What could require more cautious treatment than the subject of the Paradise Lost? Nevertheless the inventions of Milton do not jar upon, but harmonize with, our most religious

* Some gentleman has lately been so very superfluous as to give *another* version of Wallenstein in blank verse: we have not met with this courageous essay. It is, however, pleasing to see, that the business of rendering from the German language is now getting in general into competent hands. We would particularly notice the 'Stories from the German,' by Mr. Gillies (in three vols.); 'Specimens of German Romance' (four vols.), by the translator of Wilhelm Meister; and Two Tales of Tieck, 'the Pictures and the Betrothing,' the anonymous translator of which has prefixed a learned and eloquent critical essay of his own.—We may add, that we are glad to hear of more than one of these gentlemen being engaged in the scheme of a new journal, entirely devoted to foreign science and literature, about to be published in this metropolis.

feelings.

feelings. The few anachronisms and misrepresentations of which Shakspeare is guilty, are chiefly owing to his imperfect information, and the defects of the chronicles to which he had access. Indeed, he is scrupulous to a fault in his adherence to the contents and order of the stories, even when these are purely fictitious, on which his plays are founded. But to come to the works before us—Schiller had engaged in the composition of the 'History of the Thirty Years' War,' previously to the production of Wallenstein; the accuracy of his detail may therefore be, *à priori*, concluded. And the author of Quentin Durward evidently in this, as in most previous instances, studied the sources of history well, ere he proceeded to the construction of what we may venture to call his narrative drama.

Wallenstein, as we have on a former occasion intimated, may be better considered in the light of a romance than as a drama; and we wish Mr. Coleridge had observed this. We can scarcely concede to the translator all the allowance that he would claim for his author, on the plea of the tragedy being of the historical kind. We may not expect rapidity in this species of the drama, and pardon many prolix speeches from characters whose deeds and sufferings have formed the most interesting tales of our early life; but we hardly contract, in a drama of any sort, for scarcely perceptible motion in the progress of the action, and for speeches that are set lectures on the philosophy of mind and morals, and which their speakers are in no particular anxiety to bring to a speedy conclusion; while, on the other hand, such methods and materials may be introduced with perfect propriety in the modern romance or novel, where the incidents and persons are few, but well selected and contrasted, and as much interest is derived from the metaphysical analysis of different states of feeling and peculiarities of manners, as from the complication of the events and the situations of the characters. To take an example:—the following speech is put into the mouth of a woman, whose character, though contrived to be the vehicle of such and similar disquisition, is yet not naturally compatible with the utterance of sentiments so abstruse and subtle, in language so metaphysical and well defined. It is easy to perceive that the passage is essentially undramatical, and in a narrative production would most probably have been delivered in the author's own person by way of reflection on the subject of his story, and of apology for his hero's conduct. Wallenstein has been debating with his sister* the propriety of revolting from the emperor, who had loved

* Mr. Coleridge, by the way, makes this lady Wallenstein's sister-in-law, not his sister: he translated from a theatrical manager's MS., which accounts for this and some other errors.

him and esteemed him. She reminds him that his services had been ill repaid;—that the emperor formerly deserted him to the hate of all ranks and conditions in the empire, who were justly offended by his exclusive zeal for his master's greatness,—that though afterwards restored to honourable employment, yet he was only so restored because the state needed his services; and that the same law of necessity will now justify him in rebelling against his prince. She then proceeds to strengthen her case in the following manner:—

'Affection! confidence!—they *needed* thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served; who'll have the thing, and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office; it was she that gave thee
Thy letters-patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still helps themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image, and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature,—of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs
. Thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;—
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
But *they* are in the wrong, who, fearing thee,
Intrusted such a power in hands they feared.
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.'

It is clear, that no dramatic poet would have thought of introducing such an argument in such a form into his dialogue. The characters of Schiller also frequently expound, instead of expressing, their *feelings*,—a proceeding often of much advantage in a narrative,

narrative, but which is injurious and ineffective in a drama, as being inconsistent with the vehemence of natural passion or emotion. Lastly, Wallenstein himself is eminently metaphysical in almost every sentiment he utters: which is agreeable to the character, but renders it rather undramatical in its essential principles. These remarks will show abundantly that this production has a nearer relation to the novel or romance than to the legitimate drama, and may serve to vindicate the use we are about to make of it.

The novel of Quentin Durward has, we think, been underrated. The author does not, perhaps, expatiate so freely in the gardens of France as when 'his foot is on his native heath'; yet there is high vigour displayed in the execution of the story, and much dramatic effect in several of its situations. Sir Walter Scott had probably no intention of imitating the greatest work of Schiller; certainly, none of rivalling it. The ideal of the incidents and characters evidently originated with himself, and from the *Mémoires* of Philip de Comines, to which he referred for historical data; but it is exactly this want of intention that renders us desirous of tracing the resemblances between the two works. Any attempt of the kind would have been precluded if the design of the novelist had been to imitate the poet; the task would not only have been superfluous, but without a motive. But now we are induced to gratify a feeling which is not deficient of utility—although the poet of Christabel has thus expressed it:

'Perhaps, 'tis pity to force together
Thoughts which are unlike each other.'

The termination of the novel is happy—of the play most tragic. The action of the latter is simple, flowing rather from the character of Wallenstein than from the incidents, as the misfortunes of Lear are mainly derived from his obstinacy and self-opinion. The novel is accompanied with the ornament of peripetia, consisting of a revolution of fortune brought about by means apparently likely to produce a contrary effect. It is, to adopt the author's words, the story of a 'fair-haired, light-eyed, long-legged emigrant from his native country, willing in stirring times to take up the gallant profession of a cavaliero of fortune.' He is engaged by Louis XI. of France, after a series of accidents, in which he escapes the sword, the cord, and the river. This extraordinary Prince—whose superstition was in proportion to his want of religion, and who had dreamed that St. Julian presented to him a young man, saying, that his fate should be to escape the sword, the cord, the river, and to bring good fortune to the side which he should espouse, and to the adventures in which he should be engaged—receives the hero of the tale as expressly

expressly sent to him by the Saint to serve him in the most difficult, the most dangerous, and even the most desperate undertakings. The fact of his having neither kin nor interest in France, to interfere in the execution of the royal pleasure, had also its share in determining the king to intrust him with the important mission, which, had he performed it in the manner intended, would have led to his own destruction and his employer's ruin, but which, through his most unexpected disobedience of orders, terminates successfully. Wallenstein is superstitious, but not irreligious. Like Louis, he is a believer in the science of astrology; but his faith appears to be derived from higher considerations. In Louis, it arises from a combination of scepticism and credulity, those perpetual yoke-fellows and twin-ministrants of Catholicism—the result as much of nurture as of nature: in Wallenstein, it is the effect of physical accident operating upon a mind of great energies, strong, splendid, daring—the distemperature of fancy rather than the fault of education. Wallenstein also is determined in his choice of the man who should remain faithful to him in all changes, by the events of a dream, and the apparently miraculous corroboration of ensuing circumstances.

'There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy star,
And as on some great number, set their all
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction;
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
I yearned to know which one was faithfullest
Of all this camp includes. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with some token of his love:

And

And thinking this I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse killed under me: I sank;
And over me away, all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm:
It was Octavio's;—I awoke at once.
'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
"My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
In love to me. A strong dream warned me so."
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatch'd me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.'

In this man Wallenstein was deceived; Louis was more fortunate; but the possibility of the falsehood of the science is suggested by his politic barber and confidant from a truth recently exemplified, namely, that those who claim to be gifted with prophetic knowledge have not the power of foreseeing those events in which they themselves are personally interested. 'It seems,' said *Oliver Dain*, 'as if a man could not see his own hand by means of the candle which he holds, and which shows him every other object in the apartment.' 'He cannot see his own features by the light which shows the face of others,' replied Louis; 'and that is the more faithful illustration of the case.' Louis, however, forgets that his own hopes rest on the probability that the possessors of such knowledge *have* the power of foreseeing their own destiny; for this very probability it was that had guided him in his choice of Quentin Durward. Not so with Wallenstein; he believes in the truth of the questioned doctrine firmly, and even when the event demonstrates that it has led him to an erroneous choice, he will not give up his science.

'The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false cheat
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination rests;
Where Nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.'

But they agree in this; both are determined to defend the practical utility of the art they practise, in opposition to the assurances of reason and experience. Their faith, they both contend, is

is established on the profoundest science. The only difficulty they find is in believing that the latter can possibly be false; each lays the flattering unction to his soul that he has a pledge from Fate, and neither will consent to enforce the important query—

'Hast thou a pledge that this pledge is not false?'

The astrologer Galeotti Martivalle seems to have given very little credence himself to the science in which Louis trusted, and, in the end, would readily have sold the king to his enemies. The Seni of the play is a diviner of a different character; he gives evidence of his fidelity to Wallenstein, and throughout there is much solemnity in the demeanour and behaviour of

'The dwarfish old man, with his friendly face,
And snow-white hairs.'

Thekla's description of the astrological tower, and the ensuing reflections of young Piccolomini, constitute, as the translator justly observes, a fine poem of themselves. We cannot refrain from extracting the splendid passages referred to. They are, we must think, still nobler in Coleridge than in Schiller.

'It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star,
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars; all seemed to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man;
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both these bring but little luck to man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glittered, silver bright,
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star;
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.'

The

The following are the reflections of the young lovers:—

'MAX.—Oh never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's PRIDE that people's space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of LOVE
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his house, his birth-place;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

'THEKLA.—And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.'

There is nothing so fine as this in the correspondent passages of Quentin Durward, and but little that is equal to the reflections of Wallenstein upon the conjunction of the planets and their relation to the operations of the mind. Take an instance:—

'Jupiter,
The lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,
Lead-coloured shine, lighted thee into life.

The

The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With serviceable cunning knit together,
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! But whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
Which from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministeries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.'

The reason that he gives for taking immediate advantage of a particular conjunction, and hastening into action, is as sublime as its expression is concise:—

'For the heavens journey still and sojourn not.'

To parallel these passages we have only the reflections of Martivalle on the new-invented art of printing, some specimens of which, just issued from the Frankfort press, Louis surprises him in examining.

'You are engaged, father,' said the king, 'and, as I think, with this new-fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts by the intervention of machinery. Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import interest the thoughts of one, before whom heaven has unrolled her own celestial volumes?'

'My brother,' replied Martivalle,—'for so the tenant of this cell must term even the king of France, when he deigns to visit him as a disciple,—believe me, that in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury, as by any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science has hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search; how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease; how liable to be diverted, or altogether dried up, by the invasions of barbarism; can I look forward without wonder and astonishment to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded, fertilizing some grounds and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms.'

'Hold, Galeotti,' said Louis, 'shall these changes be in our time?'

'No, my brother,' replied Martivalle, 'this invention may be likened to a young tree, which is now newly planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the garden of Eden,—the knowledge, namely, of good and evil.'

This

This is well introduced; it has besides the familiarity of truth, as well as grandeur of conception, and, associated with the celestial volumes of the heavens, elevates our ideas of the productions of human intelligence, so that, in the spirit of the poet, who exclaimed

'An undevout astronomer is mad,'

we may assert with a consciousness of intellectual dignity, that he who reads at all, and feels not 'that he is greater than he knows,' has read to little purpose, and with less sympathy for the loftier exercises of reason and imagination. There is an inherent sublimity in this subject which not even the powers of Schiller could educe from a conception insufficiently grounded on an hypothetical connexion of the movements of the heavens with human thought and action. But the familiarity of truth frequently subtracts from its apparent importance; and this is a truth on which we are not accustomed to meditate as it deserves, and which we should find to be pregnant with ideas, far more magnificent and abundant than are derivable from fiction, however fanciful or novel. It is like the air and light which we enjoy unconsciously, but which to the philosopher are subjects that astonish him with their sublimity; or like Time, of which 'we take no note but from its loss.'

There are other points of much interest in which the characters of Wallenstein and Louis may be contrasted or compared. Wallenstein has more human feeling than Louis; they are both, however, more anxious after the objects of their ambition or policy than careful of the interests and rights of their dependants and followers. Of Louis, we are told, that his tyrannical disposition was less founded on natural ferocity or cruelty of temper than on cold-blooded policy and jealous suspicion; and we have a curious instance of this sort of policy in the very employment in which he engages Quentin Durward, which was, ostensibly, to escort the ladies of Croye to the residence of the Bishop of Liege, but, in reality, to betray them into the power of William de la Mark—a business in which their unsuspecting conductor might possibly, nay, most probably, would fall a sacrifice. The atrocity of this conduct is increased by the fact, that the young man had just before preserved the life of the monarch, when fallen into peril at the termination of a boar-chase. But this consideration he passes by as not having any particular claim on his gratitude, with the remark, that 'It skills as little that the messenger is slain after his duty is executed as that the flask is broken when the wine is drunk out.'

With the same intuitive insight into the arcana of individual character

character and conduct, Schiller describes even his noble Wallenstein as capable of perpetrating an injury to another; and out of this injury the catastrophe of the piece proceeds. Wallenstein was eagerly assassinated at the command of the emperor, in the moment of success, by Butler, an Irishman, who had 'clomb up from lowest stable duty' to high rank in the army, and the chief object of whose ambition was to procure the title of Count in reward for his services. For this title he had petitioned the imperial government, impelled to the measure by the duke himself, who yet, at the same time, from a policy of withdrawing the affection of the troops from the emperor to himself, wrote to the minister counselling him to give sound chastisement to Butler's conceit—a piece of treachery to be in the issue revenged by another yet more terrible. The moral interest which this involves is driven home in a scene between the duke and Butler, when, upon the news of Octavio's treachery and desertion, and, immediately after the chief had speculated upon the enormity of that offence, and congratulated himself upon the honesty of his own heart, he is met by Butler, who apparently remains faithful, and on whom he lavishes all the tendernesses of friendship, in terms the extravagance of which attests his consciousness of the injury he had in reality inflicted on the Irishman. We tremble as he leans affectionately on the man whose revenge was even then ready to 'pierce him to the heart.' We struggle in vain against the irrepressible conviction that an injured friend is

> 'A broken reed, at best; but oft a spear;
> On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.'

Nor does Wallenstein appear to be wholly insensible to this truth; but he is to his destiny. He is

> 'Blind
> With his deep-seeing eyes.'

Schiller has shown great judgment in the construction of this character of Butler. He is the assassin of the piece, and we never can approve the principle of revenge by which he is actuated. An inferior artist would have made him a consummate villain, like Glenalvon in Douglas. For such a person we cannot possibly feel any interest, and our abhorrence of his crimes is unmixed with any pleasurable emotion. But Butler is redeemed within the limits of our sympathy, first by the injury he has received, and next by the natural temper of the man. With him revenge is virtue, and for the supposed neglect which he had endured from the Emperor, he would readily have joined the cause of Friedland. He is as ambitious as his general, and almost as proud. He acts upon the opinion, that 'we all do stamp our value on ourselves,' and the price he challenges is estimated by a high standard.

ard. Though of low extraction, he holds it quite as important to him, as to the man of princely rank, that he should maintain his honour. This is more to him than the life of any man; and he makes it a point of honour to slay the duke.

> 'I must ransom
> The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
> And he must die.'

We have said that the Duke of Friedland has more human feeling than the King of France; he has a stronger hold on our kindliness. As a father, he is all tenderness—but his pride is excessive. Louis's affection towards his daughter Joan is frozen by what in ordinary life would have had a different effect, by her deformity; and besides, the solitary state of his situation naturally blunts the feelings of the parent. Pride and ambition, however, constitute Wallenstein what the circumstances of his station and political necessity make of Louis. If not a king, he is kingly; and upon the altar of his ambition he is ready to immolate his daughter's happiness. Though of rank and ancestry, of noble disposition and manners, and his dearest friend besides, he rejects the idea of consorting Thekla with Max Piccolomini, because, forsooth, the lover is a subject:

> 'My son-in-law
> I will seek out among the thrones of Europe—;'

and disdains, 'like a soft-hearted father,' to

> 'Couple together in good peasant fashion,
> The pair that chance to suit each other's liking.'

Nevertheless his daughter is to him

> 'the jewel
> Which he has treasured long, his last and noblest;'

and, even in his pride, the excess of his paternal tenderness breaks out—

> 'It is my purpose not to let her from me,
> For less than a king's sceptre.'

Thus it is that the most opposite passions may be amalgamated, and of such discordant elements may the unity of individual spirit be composed.

Louis appears to be equally without pride as affection. He has none of the marks of royalty—he affects the vulgar and the sordid. However political in his liberality, we give the duke credit for generosity—he is agitated with patriotic emotions, is incapable of suspicion, and reposes unlimited confidence in the fidelity of his dependents, and feels even in his revolt a lingering affection for the emperor, and tender remembrances of the attentions with which he had been honoured. Both he and Louis pride themselves on superior cunning, a fatal propensity that too often 'returns the poisoned

poisoned chalice to our own lips.' Its possessors attain such perfection in the art of deception that at last they deceive themselves. Like Satan, their master, they may be proved the greatest of fools for all their cunning. But the plans of Louis are not adopted without the advice of his barber and astrologer. Wallenstein is his own counsellor. He makes no one the intendant of his secret purposes —but is sufficient to himself. Forsaken and deserted, he preserves the calmness of his temper, and his confidence in himself increases in proportion as he is thrown back on his own resources. There is much of the latter quality in the conduct of Louis also, when made prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy. Both are remarkable for presence of mind in the hour of peril, and their eloquence is equal to every occasion, and ready for every emergency.

The points of resemblance between these great men originate in the essential elements of character and intellect; the differences result from circumstance and situation. The want of pride in the demeanour of Louis was only apparent:—those born to hereditary power are, in their manners and language, unlike a 'fire-new noble,' such as Wallenstein: their garments sit with graceful ease upon them, for they have worn them long. The latter has a consciousness that he is making an unwonted claim on the respect of those whom he addresses, which is equally awkward to them who give and him who receives—for the same reason, that both are unaccustomed to the duty and the honour. The sense of strangeness is not soon got over, and the old feelings return, with claims as stubborn as unwelcome. Like grief, indeed, this will be worn down by time;—but that time never came to Wallenstein. Louis could easily afford to divest himself of the appearance of pride: he might chuse to forget his dignity, satisfied that no one else could dare to do so; and that if any did, he always had the power of bringing them back to their senses. It was of continual importance to Wallenstein that he should seem of importance. He had to *create* opinion, and must show a good one of himself, before he could expect that it should be entertained by others. Once well seated in power, the philosophic calmness by which he is eminently distinguished would have enabled him to be careless enough of external observances, and superior to conventional distinctions. In whatever rank of life he had been placed, he would have shown himself above it. And this superiority of spirit manifests itself in different modes, according to circumstances. It acts upon the principle of contrariety: otherwise, indeed, it could not well be distinguished; in lower stations, by an assumption of dignity and a demand on the esteem of others that they are always somewhat reluctant to render; in the highest rank, by neglect and contempt even of the dignity that had been the chief object of ambition: for hope still maintains

tains her peculiar privileges, and the value of the 'things hoped for' decreases as we approach them.

But the widest difference between the characters of Louis and Wallenstein is seen in the greater degree of decision manifested in the conduct of the former. Louis is all action; Wallenstein is all procrastination. The monarch plunges into peril by his precipitancy—the rebel chief loses his life by his delay. The one seizes 'the moment that is indeed sublime and weighty;' 'the transient and rapid pause, in their confluence, time enough for him.' The other suffers the 'single threads long woven by prosperous fortune, in one potent web instinct with destiny, to unravel of themselves.' He 'waits upon the stars and on their hours, till the earthly hour escapes him.' This remarkable difference is readily resolvable into the circumstances by which each was surrounded. Louis has no feelings of solitary weakness—no compunctious visitings of conscience. Strong in numbers and possession, seated on an ancient consecrated throne, the power that he exercises is 'founded in old custom,' and

> 'By a thousand strong and stringy roots
> Fixed to the people's pious nursery faith.'

He therefore has no reluctance to enter into action, no fear of the want of sympathy, no dread of censure, no apprehension of desertion. He has

> 'the right
> And sacred will; the many guard it for him.'

Wallenstein stood alone. He had forsaken the high road of duty, the old broadtrodden road. Wronged, and insulted, and restored to command solely on account of his abilities, he was not disposed to wear his faculties meekly. He felt their use and importance too strongly. He was tempted by free-will, and the power to do or not to do. It was possible for him to revenge himself for his first dismission from office, and to seize upon a rank equal to that of his capricious employer. He too might be a king. With this dream he fed his heart.

> 'Was it criminal
> To make the fancy minister to hope?
> To fill the air with petty toys of air,
> And clutch fantastic sceptres moving toward me?'

But with all this he had not decided. He had never honestly confessed his object to himself. He only 'dallied with a devil.' He kept the road of duty close beside him, and thought that it would be easy to regain it. But before he was aware he was transplanted he knew not whither. The 'stern on-look of necessity' compelled him; and though not without a shudder, his 'human hand grasped the mysterious urn of destiny.' This play terminates without

without an apophthegm—many of our old plays have this ornament; the exode of the Grecian tragedy sometimes only consisted of the moral; the same sentence serving Euripides for several of his tragedies. To this drama might have been added the following passage from the Epistle of St. James, on which Milton founded his famous allegory of Sin and Death. 'Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then, when Lust hath conceived it bringeth forth Sin; and Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth Death.'

The indecision of Wallenstein arose from the peculiarity of his political situation. In all other respects, he was a man of brave resolution. He feared 'no strife of strength with strength'—

> 'I brave each combatant
> Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
> Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage
> In men too.'

His irresolution arose from fear of another and more metaphysical kind, which he describes in the following beautiful passage:

> 'It is a foe invisible
> The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
> Which in the human heart opposes me,
> By its inward fear alone made fearful to me;
> Not that, which, full of life, instinct with power,
> Makes known its present being, that is not
> The true, the perilously formidable.
> O no! it is the common, the quite common,
> The thing of an eternal yesterday,
> What ever was, and evermore returns,
> Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
> For of the wholly common is man made,
> And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them
> Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
> House furniture, the dear inheritance
> From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
> And what is grey with age becomes religion.'

From what has been written it will be seen, that Wallenstein is in every way proper for the hero of a tragedy. His character is just sufficiently elevated and admirable to impress us with a sense of greatness and worthiness; but it is not so perfect as to outrage our moral feelings with the infelicity of his fate. The circumstances of his assassination, and the dim presentiments of his mind that are its harbingers, are as touching and as thrilling as any thing within our dramatic experience. The passions of pity and terror are appealed to by the proper means, and most successfully excited.

In addition to the ground of preference already mentioned, Louis was induced to trust in Quentin Durward by the discovery, on the casting

casting of his horoscope, that this unfriended youth had his destiny under the same constellation with his own. The same reason is also adduced by Wallenstein for his confidence in Octavio—

> 'Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior,
> Besides, I have his horoscope,
> We both are born beneath like stars.'

But it is not in this old warrior that we are to look for a counterpart of Quentin Durward;—but in his son Max Piccolomini, of whom we have as yet said little. Quentin Durward differs somewhat from the general run of that author's heroes. He is not so passive as Waverley and Redgauntlet, and most of the rest. He has at any rate a re-action on the fortunes of the other characters, and a latent resistance that is of consequence to the event; and here he agrees with Max Piccolomini. Both are meant to be made the blind instruments of others—both have a sense of honour and rectitude—both are cautious in the business of life, and of unimpeachable fidelity—and both, by force of their virtues, controvert the designs of the cunning and the interested, and overturn the purposes of those who would practise on their simplicity and inexperience. But here all resemblance ends. The conduct of Quentin Durward leads to a fortunate issue. Max is inextricably involved in the web of destiny, and sacrifices himself in the heroism of his affection; and the lady of his love follows soon after to the 'deep quiet' of the young warrior's grave. Max is a more poetical, a gentler being than Quentin Durward. The latter is a good honest youth, but has no very refined preferences either for peace or war. His archetype in other respects, differs from him in this. He feels painfully that the toil of war had robbed him of his youth,—

> 'Left him a heart unsouled and solitary,
> A spirit uninformed, unornamented:'

and understands that this 'mere rustling nothingness cannot be the sole felicity.' With what enthusiasm he contemplates the

> 'Day thrice lovely, when at length the soldier
> Returns home into life; when he becomes
> A fellow-man among his fellow-men!'
>
> 'The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
> Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
> Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
> The caps and helmets are all garlanded
> With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
> The city gates fly open of themselves—
> They need no longer the petard to tear them;
> The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
> With peaceful men and women, that send onwards

Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.'

Max has another claim on our regard. He was intended, by the author, for a representation of the youth of Wallenstein. We have thus the portrait of the chief complete, exhibited in the ardour of early life, 'clothed with the golden exhalations of the dawn,' as well as in the sadness of his decline, when the shadows of coming night closed in upon his setting.

There is more philosophy than poetry exerted in the construction of the character of the elder Piccolomini. It is somewhat of a metaphysical abstraction; but still there is an individuality, and a bodily presence as it were, in its conduct, which makes us feel that we have before us a person and not a shadow. His virtues are equivocal, and their better part sacrificed to state-policy and an ambition to make his name princely. 'He had fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house from a count's title to the name of prince.' Animated by this motive, he undertakes to circumvent Wallenstein. But while acting treacherously towards the man who confides in him, he is careful to preserve appearances. He neither flatters nor lies; yet he suffers himself to be folded into the bosom of 'the easy-hearted man,' and leaves his venom there. He is true with the tongue, but false with the heart. His end is honest, because it is the service of his emperor, and he is but doing his duty in preventing treason and revolt. Neither are his means precisely bad: we can neither much approve nor condemn him; but we are rather inclined to condemn him. He might have reconciled his duty both to his sovereign and his friend. Wallenstein's destiny lay in his hand—it was in his power to have redeemed a great mind from a temporary aberration. He, however, preferred encouraging him in his error, that he might rise upon his ruin. But he is like a hunter taken in his own toils; the means that he adopted to exalt his ancient house, laid it desolate. His plans succeed against his friend, who, by his means, is supplanted and assassinated; and the diploma, under the imperial seal, conferring on him the title of prince, arrives when it can be of no earthly use to him—when Max is no more. How must he have envied the doom of Wallenstein! With him it was well; but for Octavio, there could only remain a future of remorse and unavailing repentance.

Diderot well observes, that 'the connexion of events frequently

quently escapes our observation in nature, for want of knowing the entire combination of the circumstances: in real facts we only see the accidental occurrence of things; but the poet wishes to show, in the texture of his work, an apparent and sensible connexion: so that, if really less true, he has more the appearance of truth than the historian. This sort of connexion is maintained throughout this excellent drama:—we are let into the secret springs by which all the characters are actuated; and every event and change of fortune is the effect of a cause, the intimacy of which is clearly made out and defined: as a whole the piece is constructed upon a principle of concurrence which leaves nothing for solution, and is complete in all its relations. It is a perfect study for the young poet, who would be an artist in his composition, and for the critic, who would understand the principles of the art before he pronounces on the merits of its productions.

But with all its excellence, this drama is chargeable with a great fault, which, as an essential element in its very conception, pervades it throughout. It is cast in too philosophical a mould —its characters are distinguished by shades which are too metaphysical. The author had come fresh from the study of the transcendental idealism. He had applied it to criticism on the works of taste; but soon felt that the habit of criticism injured his poetical power. He *saw* himself *create* and *form*, and his close-watched fancy no longer moved with the same freedom as when without a witness of her operations. But he had hopes that *art* would ultimately become a *second* nature; and, doubtless, so it would, if life were long enough. Shakspeare and Milton, in a certain sense, were metaphysicians. Milton, indeed, engaged in philosophical and theological discussion; and Shakspeare has displayed a knowledge of the operations of the mind, and of the modes in which the human spirit manifests itself in its different moods of passion and apathy, that renders his characters peculiarly convenient for psychological illustration and analysis. And, perhaps, there never was a great poet who was not also by nature a great philosopher: but then he is one according to Nature, not according to a system; he works in her liberty and light, not by line and limit. His operations, like hers, have no reference to any set formula of opinions, but are of universal acceptation. For a metaphysician to be a successful poet, it is necessary that he should have been a poet before he was a metaphysician. No formal rules, or acquired power, can communicate the vigour of the spring-tide of the heart. This vigour must be nurtured, and develope itself predominantly in early youth, and burn on with increasing energy for many years. Then the poet begins to analyse the powers and instruments with which he has worked; and

this, it is well known, is a task that has exhausted the lives of eminent writers. There is, therefore, reason to believe that before the art thus acquired can become a second nature, the frost of age, if not of death, will have chilled the heart of the most ardent poet. None ever existed of a more audacious spirit and vehement energy than Schiller; with all his powers, we have seen what he was able to accomplish. His art still remained art, and had it not been for the extraordinary vigour of his genius, would have obscured what still remained to him of the force and freedom of original nature.

One of the greatest beauties of the Waverley novels is, that there is no appearance of system in their creations. Whatever there is of abstruse and subtle distinction is decently embodied in familiar representation. It is, however, the perfection of art to conceal its instruments; and to produce striking and permanent effects, by apparently ordinary means, is a singular merit. But Nature 'is excellent in working.'

In the novel of Kenilworth, Shakspeare is introduced for a moment—in the present, the same liberty is taken with Philip de Comines, the historian of the period, whose memoirs of his own times were said, by Catherine de Medicis, to have made as many heretics in politics as Luther's works had done in religion. In Kenilworth, our great poet was evidently introduced by way of embellishment; in Quentin Durward the historian has a part to act, and the author has kept to the probabilities of history. We are induced to notice this, from the very liberal advantage which has been taken of Sir W. Scott's example to use this license to an extent, which is as absurd in effect as it is unjustifiable in principle. But thus it is with imitators: they find the nobler portion of the works they attempt to mimic inimitable by their limited powers; but some prettiness introduced by a writer of genius as a graceful, though somewhat licentious, relief to the more inventive passages, or some mannerism, which they who write much, or do anything of the same kind constantly, are apt to fall into—is immediately adopted by the servile hand, and, indeed, becomes the staple commodity of his manufacture. We all recollect the excess to which the style of Scott's poetry was imitated. The town was deluged with octo-syllabic verse, and boarding-school misses and bluestocking spinsters new-strung a hundred old spinnets, to adventure the ballad epic. Nor did Lord Byron's misanthropical heroes escape the monkey-tribe of authors, the features of whose minds (so to speak) appear better calculated to catch the resemblance of whatever is *outré* or deformed in the human face divine, than the more harmonious and better traits by which the countenance of genius is animated; exhibiting whatever

ever was grotesque in his representations, but of their finer spirit attempting no resemblance. And no sooner did he in his Don Juan open a splendid seraglio for whatever was licentious, voluptuous, extravagant, and lewd, than the minor pandars of the worser half of human nature must needs set up at every corner their petty brothels for whatever was low, and despicable, and disgusting —abortive things, which, having done their little dirty jobs of impiety and pollution, are already gone into perdition. The success of these novels, tales, and romances has produced the usual consequence—many are the apes, but they 'imitate humanity abominably!' Very few are capable of approximating to their excellence, but dozens attempt to catch the external manner, and that with too many passes off nearly as well. But the form of composition is so popular, and has such an effect in influencing the tastes, feelings, and conduct of the youth of both sexes, and of a considerable portion of the reading public, that it becomes a duty to preserve the excellence of this branch of our literature, which bids so fair to supersede the dramatic and poetical: otherwise, instead of purging the passions by means of pity and terror, they will be nourished by improper excitements; instead of refining the feelings by generous sentiments, they will be degraded and blunted by a mere sentimentality falsely expressed; and to form the taste of growing men we shall have style every way mean, and subjects altogether unworthy. The mind becomes imbued with the character of what it is in the habit of conversing with, books or men; and the best of both give it the tone which is most desirable and advantageous both for our temporal and eternal interests. Let us, therefore, be careful to preserve from corruption a kind of writing, which from its comparative facility is liable to abuse, and which, even in our time, has been rescued from a state of seemingly hopeless degradation by the might of a master. Let us keep it as much as possible in the hands of men of genius, and by so doing we shall gradually assimilate the general mind to theirs, and advance it to a state of excellence sufficient to enable it to relish nothing but excellence.

We have done some injustice, perhaps, to the author of Waverley, by subjecting one of his inferior works to a comparison with a production of such elaborate merit as Wallenstein. We, however, did this purely from choice, and freely submit to censure. But in the task which we are about to perform, and which is one of necessity, we shall be enabled to make ample reparation. The author of Brambletye-House and Tor-Hill has a reputation chiefly as an imitator. The *nom de guerre*, by which he wishes to be known, is as 'one of the authors' of a little volume composed of

of imitations of our popular writers, which, being well-timed, met with much success. Without genius of any sort, he appears to support his pretensions to authorship by a peculiar tact for the mimickry of the style of other men. But his resemblances are only external; of that which gives animation to arrangement, he appears to be utterly incapable; and we should be slow to believe that he had much to do even with the livelier portion of the 'Rejected Addresses.'

His first novel, Brambletye-House, in style and structure, in many of its incidents and characters, and in its general idea, is an almost servile copy of the later productions of the Author of Waverley—for the imitator appears to be conscious of insufficient vigour to attempt the better models,—and, in particular, of Peveril of the Peak. But it is deficient in those marks, which the authority we formerly quoted demands, as indicative of original genius in an author's earliest work—in particular, the two last. He has not the power to modify what he copies by any predominant passion, nor by any associations awakened thereby; he transfers no human or intellectual life from his own spirit; neither has he any depth in his thoughts, or energy in his sentiments. The result has accordingly been a total want both of unity and of interest. Of this poverty of spirit the manner in which the historical circumstances and persons are introduced is a remarkable illustration. To make occasion for the introduction of these, appears to have been the writer's chief anxiety. In fact, it would seem as if his story were only framed for this purpose, and yet why they should have anything to do with the story at all, must, we are assured, puzzle the gentle reader.

The author, after a sedulous perusal, 'for the nonce,' of some memoirs of the period, discovered that of persons there were Cromwell, Milton and Marvel, the Duke de Crequi and Monsieur Mancini, Charles II. and his queen, the Duke of Ormond, the Duke of Monmouth, Izaak Walton, De Witt, Elias Ashmole, Sir Jonas Moore, Lilly, and Booker, the Duchess of Newcastle, Dr. Wilkins ('afterwards Bishop of Chester'), Waller ('the poet'), and a host of others; and for incidents, the plague, the king's-evil, and the fire of London. Accordingly, he proceeds to elaborate a fable that shall give opportunity for the introduction of all these things and persons.

In the latter years of Cromwell's protectorate, a troop of the Lord Protector's own regiment come to Brambletye-House, to search the premises and arrest Sir John Compton, who had engaged in some premature plots for effecting the downfall of the usurper. They enter without resistance, during the absence of Sir John. Jocelyn, his son, a youth of twelve or fourteen years of

of age, from a music balcony over the hall in which the intruders are dining, aims an arrow at Colonel Lilburn; he is seized, and carried as a prisoner to London, where he is taken into the presence of the Protector just at the time that the Duke de Crequi and Monsieur Mancini, deputed from Louis XIV., and the Cardinal Mazarine, happen to be approaching his highness to congratulate him upon the successes of the united English and French forces: after this the boy is ushered into a spacious and noble library, where he sees Milton, as Latin secretary to the Protector, dictating to Andrew Marvel as his amanuensis. With the Protector, the Duke de Crequi, and Monsieur Mancini, the Colonel dines; upon which occasion Dr. Goodwin, the chaplain, commences prayers, and the celebrated Hugh Peters expounds a text of Scripture; and the lucky foreigners are introduced to the Protectress, to her daughters, the Ladies Faulconbridge and Rich, and the deservedly favourite child of both parents, the Lady Claypole. They are nobly regaled; a long grace is pronounced by Jeremy White, and Dr. Goodwin favours the company with a second sermon; and then Mr. Milton asserts that psalm-singing is the noblest of all music, and, seating himself at the organ, plays a psalm which had been set to music by his friend, Henry Lawes; and then Mr. Milton executes a lighter measure of the French cast from Matthew Locke's 'Consort of Pavans, Ayres, Corants, and Sarabands.' Orders having been given for the preparation of a little concert, Davis Mell and Paul Wheeler, two of the best musicians of the day, appear as performers; and the incomparable Balztar of Lubeck gives a solo on the violin. The attendance of James Quin, the bass singer, had been expressly commanded; he is well plied with sack, and pleases his highness so well, that he promises to restore him to his student's place at Christ Church, from which Mr. Quin had been dismissed for intemperance.

While Colonel Lilburn is thus entertained, Master Compton, being conducted to the gate-house prison, finds himself in company with Hannah Trapnell, the quaker prophetess, and the crazy fanatic James Naylor, and other gaol birds. Escaping to France, he proceeds with his father (who had been enabled to cross the sea by the contrivance of the Marquis, afterwards Duke, of Ormond) to join the king at Bruges, but stops one day at the quarters of Sir Henry de Vic. Sir John is charged by the king with dispatches to the Duke of York at the siege of Dunkirk. Returning to the king, Sir John is introduced to Mynheer Gerhard Douw the artist, 'who was named at Rome *Il Pittore Cavalieresco*,' to whom Charles, by good chance, is sitting for his portrait. Anon, he is sent to the post-office, to redeem a packet of letters

letters intended for the king, among which there is one informing his majesty of the treachery of Captain Manning, who is afterwards pistolled at the gate of a strong castle adjacent to Colen, to which he was sent as a prisoner. Thus ends the first volume.

Sir John and Jocelyn arrive in Paris, and the latter is placed under the care of Sir Richard Browne by his father, who straight returns to Bruges. Jocelyn is instructed in the academy of Monsieur du Plessis. Wandering one morning into the gardens of the Luxembourg palace, he strolls to a pool of water where the Duke of Orleans kept a number of tortoises. A fellow-countryman, a few years younger than himself, had taken up one of these animals to examine it; a French gentleman in splendid clothes arrogantly commanded him to replace it in the water—a quarrel ensues, and Jocelyn trips up the Frenchman, who runs off in a transport of rage, calling for the guards. Mr. Compton is told by an old Frenchman, that his antagonist is the young Duke of Anjou, and is advised to make his escape. The youth whom he had assisted describes himself as 'James Crofts, son of Lord Crofts, who was in the train of Henrietta Maria;' in the sequel, however, he turns out to be the Duke of Monmouth. With Monmouth, after the restoration, Mr. Jocelyn accompanies the queen-mother to London, on a visit to her son, Charles II. Having, immediately on his arrival at Gravesend, hastened to join his father, who had now been fain to take up his residence at an old moated house in the vicinity of Brambletye, he discovers that the venerable gentleman is kept out of his estate by a rascally Roundhead, and that the king has returned no answer to his applications for redress. He, therefore, determines to go to the court, and personally press his suit for Sir John. He accordingly arrives in London, with letters of introduction to Lord Rochester and the king, and succeeds in the same way that Julian does in Peveril of the Peak; and after obtaining a glimpse of Nell Gwynn, obtains the office of vice-chamberlain to the queen. Here he becomes acquainted with, or is in the company of, or is told stories about, Lady Castlemain, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Ashley, Sir Thomas Killigrew, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Arlington, &c. &c. Lady Castlemain had insisted with the king on being made one of the queen's ladies of the bedchamber; at a grand evening's entertainment given by the queen, her ladyship is presented to her majesty by the king himself; and at this party, Lady Babington is introduced, whose bald, disjointed chat serves as a vehicle for Mr. Smith to tell all he knows, from Evelyn and Pepys, of the names and characters of the courtiers. The queen is indignant at the conduct of her royal husband, and Jocelyn, feeling too strongly for the insult to which his Mistress

tress had been exposed, is led into a duel with Bagot, one of the king's cupbearers, in which the latter is dangerously wounded. By the agency of the queen, Mr. Compton is enabled to avoid arrest, and takes refuge at Walthamstow. The pursuers discovering his retreat, he is indebted to Izaak Walton, the author of the 'Complete Angler,' who happens to be fishing by the river Lea, for the accommodation of the disguise of an angler, till the bailiffs proceed elsewhere in their search. Our hero escapes to Holland, and obtains hospitable reception at the house of Mynheer Adrian Beverning, a merchant, and one of the burgomasters of the city of Rotterdam; whose daughter, Constantia, he discovers to be the very lady whose black eyes had some time before enamoured him at a carousal at Paris, and in whom he, in turn, inspires the tender passion. His stay at the burgomaster's involves in trouble his host, who is suspected of entertaining an English spy. It is, therefore, necessary that he should leave the place, and he is escorted to an uncomfortable habitation on the Rhine, where Valentine Walton, one of the regicides, conceals himself under the name of Strickland, and performs several tricks of somnambulism and hypochondriasis, much to the disturbance of the family and the terror of our hero. But Walton has a daughter, Julia, whose attractions efface the impression made by her friend on the susceptible heart of Jocelyn. A letter from court, however, soon instructs him that he may safely return to England; and so ends the second volume.

Beverning having been of the republican party, at the head of which was the celebrated pensionary De Witt, finds it necessary to emigrate to England, and proceeds to Turret House at South Lambeth, the residence of his friend Mr. Elias Ashmole; whom he has the pleasure to find not only in good health and spirits, but 'in close confabulation with his intimate associates, Sir Jonas Moore, the mathematician, and the celebrated astrologers, William Lilly and John Booker; the object of their conference being to fix a day for the annual astrologers' feast, of which Ashmole was steward, at Painters' Hall!' Returning one afternoon from the play, the worthy burgomaster is taken ill, and shortly afterwards dies of the spotted fever.

Jocelyn finds his way back to England in a fishing-boat, but not before the boat had been brought-to by the Royal Oak, commanded by Sir John Lawson, who, suspecting him for a spy, sends him on board the flag-ship, commanded by the Duke of York! 'At the time of Jocelyn's mounting the ladder of the Royal Charles, its illustrious commander was standing on the deck, attended by the Earl of Falmouth, Mr. Boyle, and Lord Muskerry, the latter of whom *fortunately* knew our hero personally, and gladly vouched for

for his identity'!! Lord Muskerry charges him with a letter to his wife, and he is allowed to proceed in his fishing-boat. He arrives in London just at the time of the PLAGUE, is infected, and is only saved, by the opportune interference of Constantia, from being smothered by an inhuman nurse. Favourably received at court, he becomes private secretary to the queen. Invited by her majesty to a splendid entertainment, and conceiving that the conversation between Lord Mordaunt and an old lady is not meant to be overheard,—

'he mixed himself with the company, anxious to get near the fantastical Duchess of Newcastle, whom he saw at a little distance, attracting all eyes by the preposterous singularity of her dress and discourse. This lady, who had written thirteen volumes upon speculative subjects, was inquiring of Dr. Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, who had attempted to show the possibility of a voyage to the moon, where she was to stop and bait, supposing she were to undertake the journey. "Madam," said the Doctor,—(and Mr. Smith might have added that every jest-book repeats the saying,)—"of all people in the world I should least have expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you might sleep every night in one of them!"'

Jocelyn now becomes intimate with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, and the Duke of Monmouth, and also with Sedley, Etheridge, and Killigrew, and plunges into all the dissolute courses of the time, with the ignorance as well as with the zeal of a novice. He indulges in a *liaison* with two actresses, and makes no scruple of engaging in improper connexions with the mistresses of his associates to boot. Returning once from Aldersgate-street, he was held in pursuit by two bailiffs; after keeping up a sort of flight through a variety of streets, he at length found himself in the Artillery Walk adjoining Bunhill Fields, and being nearly exhausted with his efforts, turned suddenly up a passage, resolved to seek shelter in the first house that should offer; a side door presenting itself, he pulls the latch and quietly enters a room full of the smell of the Nicotian herb. Here he hears MILTON, in a deep, solemn, and sonorous voice dictating, in the adjoining chamber, a passage in the twelfth book of 'Paradise Lost;' entering the inner apartment, he beholds the poet himself and his two daughters. By this very curious and remarkably ingenious contrivance, the author has been enabled to contrast the two situations of Mr. John Milton, as the inmate of a palace and the ornament of the court, and as living in an obscure retreat in comparative poverty, with no comfort but the muse and a pipe of tobacco. — Receiving a large sum of money from an unknown hand, our hero sallied forth to pay his creditors, when, behold, he observed a considerable crowd around the doors of the Banqueting-

Banqueting-house, and having learned on inquiry that the king was at that moment touching for the evil, a ceremony which he had never seen, he walked into the palace, and was gratified by a sight of that extraordinary proceeding!—Then follows the FIRE of LONDON. From one of the burning houses, Jocelyn preserves Julia Strickland. But her beauty attracted the notice of King Charles II., who chanced to be passing by, and who conveyed her away in a coach, while they were restoring Mr. Compton, who had been almost suffocated with the smoke, from a state of insensibility. Then succeeds the trial of Valentine Walton, murderer, traitor, and regicide; on which occasion his wife, who is the sister of Oliver Cromwell, acts as counsel. The discovery that Julia is the daughter of a regicide is an almost insuperable obstacle in the mind of Jocelyn to matrimonial union with that young lady; but this is most fortunately removed by an explanation of Mrs. Walton, that she was a foundling; and she is in due time discovered to be the daughter of Sir William Compton, a kinsman of Sir John's. And, after an arrest of Jocelyn, on suspicion of being concerned in a plot for procuring the king's death,—and his rescue by the running of a Dutch boat on board the Tower wherry, which was carrying him from the Tower for examination by the privy council,—Jocelyn and Julia are comfortably settled in life; and the disinterested Miss Constantia Beverning, having made over all her property to Mr. and Mrs. Compton, takes the veil.

We are afraid that we have presumed too much on the patience of our readers, in the outline which we have thus attempted to give of the features of this novel; but we were anxious to do justice to the author, even at the risk of prolixity. Our principal purpose has been to show his very original manner of introducing historical persons and events. But whatever praise may be due to him on the score of originality, we are afraid that we can afford him little on that of propriety. In his desire to emulate the Scottish Novelist, he has evidently mistaken that author's special merit; which, so far from consisting exclusively of antiquarian research, lies, as we before observed, in the peculiar command of a subduing and absorbing eloquence, that, like flame, converts all things into its own substance. He was deceived by the exquisite art of his master, the perfection of which is to conceal itself, and which led an incompetent imitator to attribute his success to anything rather than to the real occasion. We much suspect, that Mr. Smith was animated by a desire to excel his master in this particular—that he thought it possible to display an appearance of more antiquarian research; and indeed he has more of the display—but he has nothing else.

The

The abundance of his materials of this sort is not indicative of his opulence, but of his want of habitual knowledge, and of his most grievous want of taste. There is the extravagance of ostentation, without the refinement of selection; a hasty accumulation of materials, but no choice, nor arrangement. They are likewise extrinsic to the interest of the piece; they are not at all adstricted with the plot, and are entirely unmodified by character, passion, or sentiment. Of the crowd of historical persons, no more mention is made than for the most part is contained in our outline; of ninety-nine out of a hundred only the names are given, and no attempt is made to illustrate their characters either by description or dialogue. They have no connexion with the progress of the narrative, and only interfere with its unity. For example—on Jocelyn's return to England, his fishing-boat is brought-to, only for the purpose of introducing the name of Sir John Lawson, by whom he is suspected for a spy, only for the purpose of mentioning the Duke of York, the Earl of Falmouth, Mr. Boyle, and Lord Muskerry. Then he is permitted to proceed, because the latter happened *fortunately* to know him personally, though of this personal knowledge the reader knew nothing before, and hears nothing after. This, as the reader will perceive, is only one instance out of a thousand. In this respect his fiction is more deficient than history, instead of being more perfect, as is demanded by Diderot, and exemplified in Wallenstein, and in general observed by every good novelist. Everything in Brambletye House is of accidental occurrence; there is no apparent connexion, only juxta-position. The poetical imagination is in this matter identical with the philosophical. The latter is not satisfied with the succession of day and night, as giving the relation of cause and effect, but refers for the 'grateful vicissitude of morn and eve,' to the diurnal motion of the earth. And so the poetical imagination looks for an intimate connexion between the events and in the combinations of the incidents, and without this the work is not only unsatisfactory, but inartificial and imperfect. In this novel, however, there is not even constant succession to indicate mutual relation; for, as in the instance already mentioned, the case only occurs once for that particular purpose, and is a trick so palpable and obvious, that the merest boarding-school girl would detect it at once. This is not the way in which historical persons should be introduced —this is not the way in which they are introduced by the Author of Waverley. By him they are well selected—are made to increase the interest of the story, and are modified by the nature of his narrative and the attributes of his own genius.

We have endeavoured to show the principles of the composition

tion of the novel, by a comparison with the conduct of a dramatic production. What would Mr. Smith say to a tragedy composed upon the plan of Brambletye House? Whatever might be his opinion, we are persuaded that it would not be intelligible either to an audience at the theatre, or to a reader in the closet. Indeed, the thing would show itself so palpably absurd, that no author, with any feeling for his art, could possibly fall into the error. Besides, no knowledge is communicated by these means. All who choose to take the trouble can possess themselves of the antiquarian facts, but the novelist undertakes something more than merely to transcribe from the old documents, or to plunder (which is all that Mr. Smith has any notion of) some recent collection. He is to go beyond the letter that kills, and to give us the spirit that makes alive. The persons that exist in those records only as names, are to exist in his page as individuals, quick and stirring, in a breathing world. So of the events:—it is not enough, that they be extracted from some general account, and detailed in the style of a newspaper paragraph, but some imagination or fancy must be exercised upon them, and they must be represented graphically and vividly. We would recommend this author to see how Dryden and Wilson have treated the Fire of London and the Plague, and compare their richly poetical pictures with his most prosaic and repulsive sign-posts. Poets have the art to make horror fascinating:—nothing can equal the disgust with which the perusal of Mr. Smith's description of the Plague is accompanied. The murderous conduct of his old nurse towards her patient is read with precisely the same abhorrence and heaving of the gorge, with which the naked account of a similar transaction in the newspapers would be read by every subject within his majesty's dominions—unrelieved by any touch of feeling—unredeemed by one grace of fancy or sentiment.

The deficiencies complained of appear to result from the author's poverty of invention. It will be found, that in all its substantial elements his story is the same as that of Peveril of the Peak. It arises from the claim of a Roundhead on the estate of a Cavalier, and some of the incidents are the same. The mode in which Lord Rochester introduces Jocelyn is copied from that adopted by Fenella for the introduction of Julian to Charles II., and the reason for the manner of the introduction is in both instances the same—the morbid insensibility of the monarch to anything that was not capable of exciting him by its suddenness or rarity. The way in which, by the contrivance of Constantia, Jocelyn is rescued from the Tower-wherry, is the same that is proposed by Fenella for the liberation of Julian, on his conveyance

to

to the Tower. The classes of character likewise are the same as in the elder novel; and, unfortunately, some of the individuals are identical. Mr. Smith's portrait of Charles II. is sadly inferior to his master's, and his Rochester is but an affected caricature of the other's Buckingham. Both Julian and Jocelyn are introduced into the levee of their respective patrons, to await their rising very late in the day. The levee of both is composed of the same sort of people. To subject his work to such direct comparison with an earlier and better production was, to say the least, exceedingly injudicious:—this is not only servile imitation, but direct plagiarism. Jocelyn himself we readily consign to the author as his own creature. He is without a single virtue, if we except that of personal courage, which, as Dryden says, 'is at best but a holiday kind of virtue; to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity—affability, mildness, tenderness, and good nature, are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind, and the staff of life.' There is also a *mysterieuse*, who would fain be a sort of Meg Merrilies, or Madge Wildfire; but a machine more thoroughly contemptible was never invented. Her only spell consists in the utterance of two words—'Anathema Maranatha!'—which she denounces at intervals from some concealed locality, and then makes her escape, which is assisted by her constantly wearing a black dress, into a black forest. Meg Merrilies and Madge Wildfire are household words. When will our children be familiar with the name of Molly Lawrence?

In Peveril of the Peak, Fenella performs the part of a *mysterieuse*. She is one of the most delightful inventions of the author. She is so interesting, that we reluctantly admit that her deficiencies of speech and hearing were only assumed for a sinister and destructive purpose, and are scarcely willing that she should depart into exile with so unprincipled a villain as her father: for in her there are noble elements, though doubtless inconsistent with her education and station. She should have been less idealized first, or less common-place afterwards. At the outset of his work, the author was free to choose the form and disposition of the portrait that he intended—at the termination, he was bound by the circumstances of his evolved story. To the law of connexion, so violated by Mr. Smith, he was compelled in part even to sacrifice the attributes that rendered the character interesting to his readers and dear to his own imagination. We regret that he has not reconciled both requirements by a more skilful management. The novel in which Fenella appears is full of incident and character, and throughout most felicitously written. Major Bridgenorth, and Alice Bridgenorth, and old stout Sir Geoffrey Peveril, are names that 'will not leave us till we die;'

nor,

nor, in the meantime, will little Geoffrey Hudson be forgotten. For these high-souled personages, Mr. Smith gives us Winky Boss and his wife, old Bevering and Sir John Compton—characters of some humour, but coarse and ungainly; and Julia and Constantia, the materials of the circulating library, time out of mind, and essentially prosaic.

There is something noticeable, also, in the choice of subjects of the two authors. The one is contented with a breach of the Royal Indemnity Act and Titus Oates's plot, which demand invention to render them interesting; the other will be satisfied with nothing less than the Plague and the Fire of London, which are subjects that in good hands do everything for themselves, but overwhelm a feeble wit with their magnificence. Thus it has been in the case of the work before us. Moreover, a judicious writer might well pause before treating of subjects consecrated by the touch of preceding genius. But

'Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread!'

There is, indeed, one historical character which Mr. Smith has originally attempted,—that of Cromwell; but he has not trusted himself far with the Protector. We hear no more of him after the first volume, where he is introduced upon the occasion already mentioned. It is but a sketch—meagre, and ill understood. It was reserved for the author of Woodstock to give to the character personality and vigour. This he has done, though we are free to confess, that there is room for a man of genius to improve upon the outline of the novelist, and we wish it had been filled up by him in a style less sentimental. As it is, it is the best representation that we yet have of the character; but if he should see reason to attempt it again, we have no more doubt of his success than of his ability to succeed. The mind of such a man as Cromwell is a subject worthy of such a developement as Sir W. Scott could give to it, if he would.

The Tor-Hill is a very inferior production to Brambletye-House, but written in precisely the same manner. The author is an imitator, but no artist: he is a mere literary mechanic, who puts parts together according to direction or precedent; but is incapable of preconceiving a whole: he is a builder, not an architect. We cannot afford to illustrate this second piece of joinery, by a detail of its construction: it is enough to say, that the historical characters and events are equally accidental in their introduction as in the former novel, and have no peculiar influence on the interest of the narrative, and no intimate connexion with the arrangement of the argument, or the progress of the fable. There is, perhaps, more selection; they are not huddled together in such crowds as on the previous occasion, but they are quite as useless

less and idle. Neither does the story tend to illustrate the time in which the action is laid: all that happens might have happened at any other period; the characters are not necessarily of that age; we have only the author's word that such things were, and overcame men like a summer's cloud without their special wonder. We have the names of Henry VIII., of Anne Boleyn, of Cardinal Wolsey, and a whole-length portrait of the Laureate Shelton; but all that they do or say neither gives, nor has any tendency to give us, any clearer conception of the events or motive-springs of the Reformation than we had before; indeed, if we had only this novel to refer to, we should not be able to form any conception at all of its character. It would really be performing an act of cruelty towards the author to attempt any outline of his fable, or to analyze the heterogeneous materials of which these volumes are composed. We should benefit nothing by an endeavour to detect the principles of the composition of a work evidently written on no principle intelligible to its author. But still we did expect to find some discrimination and portraiture of character. The characters of Winky Boss, and the old Burgomaster Beverning, induced us, at least, to expect some small faculty of this kind; but we are persuaded that Mr. Smith must now feel that the thing is altogether a failure: indeed, of this he must have been conscious, even while in the act of composition. The fact is, that he has broken down under every one of his principal characters, and the inferior ones are of a class incapable of conducting him very far on his journey; and accordingly, they almost desert him and his reader at the end of the first volume. His personages have exactly one joke a-piece, which stands the author in stead upon every occasion.

The first character is Sir Giles Hungerford, an over-angry personage slain in the wars at Calais, before the eightieth page of the first volume. This important knight is chiefly remarkable for having invented a helmet, or skull-cap, (which the most antiquarian author uses as convertible terms,) on a principle which, being his own, he defends as an improvement, though, entirely owing to its absurdity, he has just received a mortal wound in the face from an arrow. The facetious novelist endeavours to make the circumstances of his death ludicrous, by the old knight's contempt of arrow wounds. He is willing to die of a trivial blow which he had received from a battle-axe, but he disdains to die 'of a bodkin in his face;' and this stuff is repeated till the breath is out of the body.—Poyns Dudley, his nephew and squire, to whom he intrusts his last letter, directed to the guardian of his son, Cecil Hungerford, is a mere tool in the author's hands to carry on the story, to whom, therefore, it would have been inconvenient

venient to give any consistent character. Of Pierre, his Anglo-Gaulish servant, the humour (as Ben Jonson would say) is, that he is either a Frenchman or Englishman, as occasion serves; 'proud of being a British subject, whenever profit or honour was attached to that title, while in every other, wherein the French bore the palm, he took care to claim a share of the distinction, by assuming *them* for his countrymen.' Though he has two countries, however, he has only one joke in his mouth. When rebuked for his gaiety by his master, who is vexed at successively mistaking his way, in endeavouring to reach Wokey Hole, in Somersetshire, he replies, '*Pardi, Monsieur*, we always laugh at these things in France.' When wishing to disclaim any kindred with some barbarous lead-miners, he exclaims, 'Morbleu! we have no such savages in France.' Admiring the singular beauty and construction of the cavern, called Wokey Hole, he observes, '*Pardi!* they have no such wonders in France;'—and so on to the end of the booby's history.—There is something a shade or two better in the characters of Sil Faucit, who keeps a public-house, and of Friar Frank, of Glastonbury Abbey. We may also make an exception in favour of Sir John Dudley, but not one of them is of sufficient merit or importance to give a tone to the production.

The principal characters, we said, have been too much for the author. First, we have Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, the king of the Tor, and guardian of Cecil Hungerford; whom he deprives of education, and endeavours to deprive of reason, for the purpose of securing to himself possession of his estates. Upon this character Mr. Smith has expended all his strength; but the imbecility of his all is pitiable. The purpose is to terrify the reader every time the name of Sir Lionel is written; but here is a 'vaulting ambition, that o'erleaps itself and falls on t'other side.' We are to believe that Sir Lionel is possessed of supernatural power, that he is a 'dabbler in the occult sciences, a pursuer of impious and forbidden studies, one who, for some unholy and horrible consideration, has formed a direct alliance with the powers of darkness.' He has, moreover, exclusive control over the 'perjury market,' and by means of legal process acquires the manors and estates of his neighbours, and is, to complete the matter, unfaithful to his lady, and a bigamist. He is an adulterer, a despot, a murderer, and a magician. Here is a character with elements enough to produce effect; and yet the author has so contrived the situations, as to be in no single instance successful in exciting the least emotion. The daughter of this dreadful personage is haughty, brilliant, and independent; but we are neither awed by her pride, dazzled by her beauty, nor inspired by her spirit. Cecil Hungerford is a

boy of delicate frame and crazy mind, but this is not all—he is also unnatural and unintelligible. He is the poetical personage of the piece, as far as the author can write poetically; and though totally uneducated, is made to say the best things in the best style that the writer can command. He exclaims, 'Life is but a spark that divides the darkness of the antenatal and posthumous infinities: but evanescent as it is, oh! that mine might more quickly become extinct.' And he addresses the sun in an eclipse, as 'the central eye of God, with its lid drawn down!' We have before said, that the characters are better discriminated by the matter than the manner of the dialogue,—it is the matter of which we complain here. We have no objection to Mr. Cecil Hungerford's delivering his sentiments in accurate, or even elevated diction, if Mr. Horace Smith could put anything of the sort into his mouth, but it is with the sentiments themselves that we quarrel. They are altogether out of place, unnatural, and impossible.

We have reserved the mention of the only tolerable person in the book to the last, the wife of Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice. Incongruous as she is with the character of her husband, and although evidently introduced for the purpose of *using up* the author's learning relative to the cookery of the period, she stands out from amidst the dramatis personæ as the only being at all naturally conceived, or executed with any touches of common sense.

What these volumes are chiefly deficient in is dramatic interest. The author writes too much in his own person. Instead of suffering the action to pass in review, as on a stage, and the actors to speak for themselves, he is perpetually narrating and explaining. He has no dramatic power. This is the real secret of the inefficiency of his principal hero. He is said by the author to be a most active person—his machinations are said to extend everywhere—his matrimonial infidelity is said to be atrocious. All this is said, but nothing is done. Sir Lionel, in fact, does nothing. He has no meeting throughout the three volumes with the mistress whom he is said to have installed in one of his manor-houses. As far as the reader is cognizant of the fact, he scarcely stirs out of the Tor-House, and but seldom out of a particular room in it. Many actions are performed throughout the volumes with which Sir Lionel appears to have nothing to do, and in which we should not suspect him to be a party, until, in the last few pages of the last volume, we are told by a Father Barnabas, who is only introduced upon one trifling occasion before, and between whom and Sir Lionel not the least connexion is hinted previously, that he had been the prime agent of the king of the Tor, and had performed at his instance all these underhand tricks that were productive of so much distress. We, however, cannot believe Father Barnabas.

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We have heard enough of Sir Lionel before, and seen him frequently at the Tor-House; but we never heard of Father Barnabas as having anything to do with him, or with anybody else; and we are quite sure that we never saw the two gentlemen together. Moreover, we know nothing of Father Barnabas: by his own account, he is but a bad sort of fellow; and therefore we do not, we will not, believe him. But whether we believe him or not, his evidence comes too late; the jury have been long inclosed, and are not to be disturbed with new witnesses after their nightcaps are on.

Mr. Smith is equally deficient in dramatic language as in dramatic action: his dialogue has no eloquence, no animation; it is stiff and lifeless. He endeavours to catch the colloquial and even style of his master, but without effect. In this he resembles an inferior performer, who attempts to imitate the level manner of speaking in which a popular actor is so excellent, and in the attempt deprives his own delivery of all intonation. He who 'splits the ears of the groundlings,' does something; he makes some impression, though a disagreeable one: but the other excites no emotion, as he feels none. His tones are not subdued for the suppression, but from the absence, of passion. So it is with Mr. Horace Smith; had he elected to write in more inflated language, perhaps he would have written better. His genius does not appear to require breaking-in; we suspect that it was never very restive: his style wants elevation, not reduction.

Each of the chapters of Tor Hill is introduced with a stanza in verse, written by the author, as a motto. All these verses, without exception, are mere doggrel. Here is a specimen:—

'Alas! poor fond and simple dame!
When wedded love has lost its flame,
There's no revival.
Your husband sighs for guilty fires,
Therefore it is that he admires
And loves your rival.'

Perhaps this is exceeded by the following:—

'None can that fatal sword withstand;'
'Tis wielded by a ruthless hand,
Inured to tragic
Deeds of blood; 'tis said, he's armed
With talismans, his weapon's charmed
By rites of magic.'

But enough of this. Of the author's woeful and eternal mistakes in heraldry and the like matters, we have said nothing; nor of some gross bulls and solecisms in expression; nor of the injudicious admixtures of the old and new in style and subject:

we have only hinted at his mere affectation of antiquarian detail, while the spirit of antiquity is altogether wanting; for where genius is, all smaller faults are redeemed by its absorbing and transcending energy; and where genius is not, it is but laborious idleness to expose the errors of ignorance, inadvertence, or presumption. But we have said sufficient to show that, however inferior the later productions of the author of Waverley may be to his earlier ones, yet out of all sight and measure they excel those of his imitators (for Mr. Smith is only a fair specimen of a whole regiment of these.) We have judged the former by a high standard; we have looked upon them in the light of the prose epic, and compared them with the loftiest dramatic efforts, because we felt that they could abide the comparison. To have attempted this with the latter would have been futile; they are incapable of being measured by anything of an elevated stature, and we have found it impossible to abstract from them any rules of good writing. We have not estimated either by critical dogmas. We have only wished to exhibit the practice of both authors; we leave it to the taste of our readers to make their election.

It is clear enough that this end would have been still more triumphantly answered had it been our business to review the earlier productions of the Novelist of Scotland; and yet here we have to blame ourselves in so far; for there *is* one work among his later productions, worthy of the earliest reputation of this prolific writer—the Crusaders. It is deserving of much more detailed consideration than we shall be enabled to bestow upon it, owing to the length to which this article has already extended. Of the two tales, the Betrothed has much wild grace and delicate romance; but the Talisman is of surpassing grandeur and effect. This latter story is constructed with the skill of a consummate artist. The incipient poet and novelist might learn from this the proper use of traditionary lore and historical knowledge. The historical characters here are not introduced accidentally: something more than their mere names is given; they are active agents, having all the attributes of personality, and the vigour of real existence.

How poetical is the subject! how creative the invention of the poet! his style is elegant, his sentiments are fine, and his moral noble. The diction and the dialogue are as highly polished as in Lessing's dramas; the plot is evolved with as excellent skill. The dramatis personæ are happily discriminated. What chivalry in Sir Kenneth—what noble affection in Lady Edith—what feminine majesty in the Queen Beringaria—what blunt honesty in the Lord de Vaux—what leonine bravery in Richard! The English hero is well contrasted with the imbecile Duke of Austria and the politic

politic King of France. The two dwarfs are embellishments as graceful as grotesque, and the Hermit of Engaddi is an impersonation no less imaginative than savage and fantastic. Saladin, in his several characters of emir, physician, and soldan, is replete with excellent attributes, such only as a master could have so delicately blended and so effectively distinguished. The Saladin of the novelist might, not without advantage, be compared with Lessing's Saladin in Nathan the Wise. But our chapter of comparisons must come to an end.

To Lessing, the Germans are indebted for their admiration of Shakspeare's genius, and their knowledge of his inimitable writings. He seems perfectly to have understood the principles of dramatic composition, and the true nature of poetry. He perceived almost intuitively, and proceeded to demonstrate, that the so-called irregularities of Shakspeare were not essentially violations of the rules of Aristotle, as asserted by the French critics; not offences against the principles of dramatic writing, but only deviations from the mere *accidents* of the Greek theatre, which, having no foundation in nature, resulted from the peculiar necessities of their modes of representation. He saw that the conveniences of the modern stage offered advantages not possessed by the ancients, and in benefiting by which the poet was not only justified, but fulfilled the higher purposes of art, and worked more in the spirit of the precepts of Aristotle than they who, without genial ambition, bound themselves slavishly to the dead letter. The dramatic works of Lessing, composed under these convictions, differ from what is generally understood by the German drama; being chaste and sober, well-constructed and highly polished. The ideal of the German drama may be found in the Robbers, the irregularities of which are essentially different from those of any work of Shakspeare. They offend not only against the unities, but the better principles of the poetic art. Schiller lived to consider his earliest work as a dramatic monster, and, in some of his later productions, went to the contrary extreme. In the meantime, however, many thought themselves released, by the doctrines of Lessing, and the example of Shakspeare, from the authority not only of Aristotle but of nature—a presumptuous error, and one for which we have no toleration.

He who has most improved the advantages, very early discovered the disadvantages, of the historical fable. In works the interest of which depends greatly, though not mainly, on the excitement of curiosity, it is an inconvenience that the *denoument* should be anticipated from the beginning. To avoid this inconvenience, he suspended that species of interest on the fictitious portion of his narrative.—

narrative.—But it is objected that this practice tends to make the historical action only episodic. Yet, what choice has the novelist? It is clear that curiosity is not excitable for an event already known. To those who judge that the historical action is the nobler portion of the argument, it will be a sufficient apology to remind them, that the appetite of curiosity is the meanest that a writer of genius can condescend to gratify, and that this inferior kind of interest is attached, by their own showing, to the inferior part of the fable. Not all our author's tales require this apology, or are liable to that objection. Yet, however defensible *his* practice may be in this respect, to make historical events such mere conveniences, and historical persons such stark puppets, as the author of Brambletye House and Tor Hill has presumed to make them, is an abuse of privilege, and a license that, we apprehend, is capable of no vindication. The propriety of the principle when accurately applied, and rightly used, we think cannot long be doubted. Was the wrath of Achilles anything more than an episode in the history of the Trojan war? But there are critics who read Aristotle instead of Homer; hence they know all about poetry, but nothing of it.

ART. IX.—1. *Starkie on the Law of Slander, Libel, Scandalum Magnatum, and False Rumours.* London.
2. *Holt on the Law of Libel.* London. 1816.

AT a period like the present, when education and intelligence are every day spreading more widely through society—when commerce and freedom occasion an extraordinary activity in the public mind, and rapidity of intercourse between all parts of the empire—the Press has naturally acquired a range and intensity of power altogether unparalleled in history, and such as none of our forefathers could ever have ventured to predict. The occurrences of every day bear perpetual witness to the energy and extent of the influence which it exercises over society in all its departments. The vast increase of habits of reading is attended with a corresponding augmentation of publications of all descriptions, suited to every kind of taste, and every degree of education and capacity. But while every class of writings is supplied in varied abundance, the extraordinary increase of political publications, and of fugitive and periodical literature, is a singular characteristic of the modern press, and certainly must be reckoned foremost amongst the means of that active and wide-spreading sway which it exerts over the minds of so many millions of individuals. Learned folios may suit the retired lucubrations of the university and

and the convent; but the full influence of free publication on the minds, manners, actions, and habits of men in social life, must be in a great degree effected by the more rapid and lively appeals of reviews, journals, and newspapers.' It appeared, from authenticated statements (founded in part on Parliamentary returns) made by Lord John Russell to the House of Commons in April, 1822, that a single firm of booksellers, in London, were in the habit of selling five millions of volumes annually; that they paid about 5500*l.* per annum for advertisements of their publications; and kept employed continually not less than two hundred and fifty printers and bookbinders. In the year 1821, there were not less than 23,600,000 newspapers sold in Great Britain; of these the London daily journals sold not less than fourteen millions, and the weekly papers two millions. In 1782, the newspapers published in Great Britain and Ireland were only seventy-nine—in the next eight years, to 1790, they had sustained the extraordinary increase to one hundred and forty-six: but in the following thirty years, ending in 1821, they had augmented to not less than two hundred and eighty-four. The greater journals published in London were at the first period (1782) eighteen; in 1790, they were thirty-two; and in 1821, they had increased to fifty-six. Prior to 1790, weekly papers did not exist; in 1821, there were not less than thirty-two such papers published in London alone. Circulating libraries had increased with the same extraordinary rapidity. In 1770, there were only four in the metropolis; in 1821, the number was not less than one hundred; and about nine hundred were scattered through the country. Book clubs, and reading societies, which were unheard-of till within the last twenty years, existed, in 1821, to the number of 1500 or 2000.

We leave these facts, without comment, to speak for themselves. Every one's observation will, indeed, satisfy him of the prodigious activity of the press of the present day; but we have referred to these details in order to remind our readers of the extraordinary ratio in which that activity has increased within the last thirty years, and in which, or in nearly an equal degree, we may fairly presume that it still continues on the advance. The change is not alone in the mere mass of publication issuing from the press; the advance and improvements in the average quality of its productions (setting aside, of course, some extraordinary examples, and single high and stately departments of literature)—is not a whit less remarkable. Any one who has even cursorily compared the newspapers, magazines, and reviews of the present day, with the corresponding publications of thirty years ago, must have been struck with the superior information—the increased vigour

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of thought and style—the far superior command of all the weapons of authorship, and all the means for producing effect on readers, which belong to the contemporary writers of this description.

That so much talent and activity should be unaccompanied by any tendency to transgression and excess;—that so much of good and utility should exist without its leaven of abuse,—was more than could be expected. On the contrary, it was to be anticipated that as the energies of the engine became more and more developed, its dangerous tendencies must become more conspicuous, and, of course, call for adequate safeguards against a redundant vigour—and, accordingly, the reports of our law proceedings at the present day bear witness, that, with the advancing influence and authority of the press, there has been a corresponding increase of appeals to the law against the mischiefs of its exuberance and licentiousness. The government, for a considerable period, has not stood forward among the complainants against authors; but scarcely a week now passes without producing several instances of private individuals, or public bodies, coming into the courts, and claiming the protection of the law against the calumniators and censurers of their conduct. We think the present, therefore, not an unfit season for offering some observations on the law for punishing and restraining the excesses of writers, as it stands—and inquiring how far certain popular objections lately originated, or revived, against that law, are well or ill-founded. It is of the last importance that a law of such general influence and use should be rightly understood and freed from all misrepresentation—that it should be approved if wise, amended if defective.—We do not propose to enter into any historical view of the progress of the English law of libel; we shall not inquire whether it came to us from the court of Star Chamber, or the Roman republic, or emperors;—thus much may be said in passing, that if the law came to us from Rome, few traces are to be found in it of descent from a code which punished libels on the state (famosi libelli) with *death*, and allowed individuals to recover damages for written calumny, *whether true or false*. But such inquiries are rather of historical curiosity than of direct practical interest. The claims of every law to the approbation of those who live under it, must rest on its operation and influence, rather than on any merits of pedigree, and the vices of its origin are of slight importance, if its actual condition and effects are proved to be sound and salutary.

Nothing, we conceive, can be more superficial than the objection occasionally raised against the English law of libel, that it is not defined—that there is no statute, nor even book of authority, wherein the various kinds of libel are set down and enumerated,

merated, so that the precise limits of the offence may be ascertained. Those who make such objections must have considered very inadequately the peculiar, the intellectual nature of the offence, and the very wide distinction that separates it from all ordinary delinquencies, consisting in some physical act operating against corporeal persons or property. What definition could any lawgiver devise, to embrace and mark out every species of composition, which may be a means of occasioning any one of the innumerable descriptions of injury, which the characters and feelings of men are capable of receiving? The only approach to definition which can be attempted, must be made with reference to the tendency and intention of the writing. To describe, or enumerate, or classify the writings themselves, by any other criteria, is obviously impossible; and even taking this, the most certain mode of description which the subject admits, a little attention will convince any one, that the most elaborate efforts must end at last in a generality of description, not less vague than that which our courts from necessity adopt. It is easy for the definer to declare that every writing, imputing to an individual any legal crime, is libellous—and he may extend the definition with certainty to every writing imputing any moral offence. But where will he discover the terms to mark out all the other compositions or symbols, which, imputing neither legal nor moral guilt, yet having, when wantonly published, a tendency to vilify, or render ridiculous, or provoke, the law wisely considers as fit subjects for punishment? The most logical of the advocates of definition appears to have arrived at nothing more satisfactory than declaring libel to be* 'the imputation falsely of all acts hurtful to the person against whom the imputation is brought, by reason of the disrepute and dislike which attach to him by whom such acts are supposed to be committed:'—a description at once open to every charge of vagueness advanced against our law, and, at the same time, marvellously faulty; first, in excluding all writings not imputing acts,—whereas the most malignant libels often consist in the imputation of mere qualities and dispositions—and still more in omitting altogether the ingredient of malicious design in the writer, which, although in general an inference from the composition itself, is still of the essence of the offence, and the omission of which would render libellous a multitude of innocent and excusable communications, which one individual, in the ordinary transactions of life, may, under honest mistake, impart to another. But does any rational man suppose that any thing is gained in point of certainty of reasoning, or security of free-

* Mill's Tracts.—Art. Liberty of the Press.

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dom, by any such legislative definitions as these, or any others which could be arrived at, on a subject at once so subtle and so multifarious? General definitions, in moral and practical subjects, are, in truth, the least certain and most hazardous things imaginable; and nothing so easy as to stretch them or contract them in their application, for the admission or exclusion of any particular facts. Those, therefore, who reject any but a law of definition, must either be content to leave the transgressions of the press entirely without control—or they must admit the State for their critics as well as their rulers, according to Milton's phrase, and adopt the expedient of a preliminary censorship.

To a few perverse thinkers, it may be no recommendation, that the English law of libel is administered by a jury; but we may venture to suggest to the public at large, who prize and revere that institution, that this very indefinite nature of the law of libel has materially contributed to bring its practical administration so peculiarly within the jury's province. Had the law of libel been written and defined, like the law against forgery or the law against obtaining money on false pretences, there can be no question, that to this day the application of the law to the particular facts of each case, would in libel cases, as in the other species of offence, have remained entirely with the judge, instead of being, as it is now, vested in the hands of the jury. The case of libel would never have been made, indeed it would not have required to be made, an exception to the ordinary rule, that the criminality or innocence of any particular act is the result of the judgment which the law pronounces on that act, and must, therefore, always be a question of law, and *not* a question of fact;* and judges would have gone on to this hour—as they did till the passing of Mr. Fox's Act, 32 Geo. III., c. 60, and as they were bound, in our opinion, by the principles of law to do—requiring the jury to find a verdict of guilty on the mere proof of the publication of the libel, and on their being satisfied that the sense ascribed to it by the information or indictment was sound and correct. The jury would have thus continued to be now, as they were formerly, excluded entirely from one half of their present important functions—debarred altogether from pronouncing on the vital question in the prosecution—*viz.*, whether the writing has or has not a calumnious or seditious character and tendency—whether it be or be not a libel. But it was precisely the difficulty of dealing with so delicate a subject, and the danger, or at least the apparent danger, of entrusting the sole application of a law so indefinite to judges appointed by the crown,

* See the Answers of the Judges to the questions of the Lords previous to the passing of the 32 Geo. III., c. 60.—Lords' Journals, vol. xxxix., p. 412.

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which called for legislative interference, and occasioned the law to be what the 32 Geo. III., c. 60, has now made it. It was to guard against a judicial power so liable to abuse, and still more to suspicion, that the legislature resorted to the only sound and satisfactory cure for the evil of a vague law, viz.—that of withdrawing its application from the judge, and leaving the whole matter, as Mr. Burke expresses it, 'to the province of popular judgment.' The judicial anomaly, therefore, of the extraordinary powers of the jury in cases of libel, is, in truth, to be regarded as a wise and efficient compensation for the necessary uncertainty and imperfection attending the very best descriptions of this crime. Instead of striving at a hopeless remedy in metaphysical definitions and futile word-catching, the legislature looked for a practical safeguard in an impartial and popular application of the law. They thought it right that a penal rule, inevitably wanting the ordinary securities of precise and defined terms, should be applied to particular cases, by a popular rather than a professional body—by a body whose constitution peculiarly guaranteed their independence and purity, and especially ensured public confidence, and whose minds were better fitted by the absence of technical habits for the determination of questions depending on plain sense and popular feelings. If the law, therefore, be indefinite, it is not on that ground insecure. What is wanting in the certainty of the rule is abundantly made up by the integrity of its application.

Our law, as finally established by the statute of the 32 Geo. III., has thus left this important question, in the last resort, to the arbitrament of twelve jurors, whose mode of selection, since the improvement of Mr. Peel's Jury Bill, is such as to place their independence beyond question. But though *libel* in England (and as yet no other country can boast of such a definition) may thus be stated to be *that, and only that, which twelve impartial citizens, declare on oath to be libel*, yet it is not to be supposed that all principles of law on the subject are superseded, and that juries can conscientiously decide upon the matter according to chance or caprice. The law does all it can by laying down the broad characteristics of the offence; and it leaves the application of these general rules to particular facts for a jury, guided, but not governed, by the skilful directions of a judge.

What the principles of law on the subject are, we will now succinctly state.—The law denounces as libellous all writings published with intent, and having a tendency, to revile, or ridicule, or degrade the Christian religion, the Holy Scriptures, the established church, or any of its rites, the king and his government, the houses of parliament, the courts of justice, the magistrates—or, in short, any private individual, however humble and obscure. There must be 1. a publication—

a publication—2. a writing, or other sign, or representation—3. an offensive tendency to vilify and lower in public estimation—and 4. a malicious intent to produce such effect. When considered in the abstract, this definition may appear, perhaps, vague and unsatisfactory; but when applied in the concrete,—when the particular writing is brought to the test of the law, and the question is to be decided, whether that be or be not marked by the required characteristics—much of the difficulty vanishes; and (except when prejudice or party-spirit warp the judgment) there are few cases wherein any two intelligent men would long differ in deciding whether the libellous qualities are made out or not.

No publications, therefore, being libellous, but such as are distinguished by all the above criteria, a slight observation will at once show the wide and multifarious field of free publication, which is left totally open from the restraints of the law.—The English law of libel applies only to written compositions. Words spoken, however defamatory and malicious, are subject to no criminal proceedings, though they may, in certain cases, be the subjects of a civil action: (we do not at present inquire into the soundness of this distinction.) The noxious or defamatory tendency of the writing will not alone constitute it libel, where the circumstances are such as to negative a wicked or malicious, and to raise a presumption of honest and conscientious, motive in the publisher. On this principle, fairly and temperately to discuss and animadvert on the doctrines, the rites, the ceremonies of the national religion—to question the soundness of particular doctrines, or the propriety of particular ceremonies, is entirely lawful, provided the manner be decent and the intent honest, and provided Christianity, as a whole, be not attacked or impeached. So, also, to agitate abstract or even practical questions of government, policy, and morals receives no check from the law, so long as truth is the real and honest object of the writer, and the pursuit of it is not made a colour for attacking and vilifying the existing government, and institutions, or for tainting the public mind with immorality or irreligion. So also with respect to public men, and their measures, and conduct, from the highest individual in the realm to the lowest civil functionary. Their proceedings and conduct in their public character may be made the subject of discussion, and of censure even strongly expressed, provided the writer confine himself to their public conduct, and clothe his remarks in a decent and temperate, though censorious, style. In a prosecution for a libel on the highest person in the realm, Lord Ellenborough thus expresses himself:—'The information treats this as a libel on the person of his Majesty, and his personal administration of the government of the country. But there may be error in the present system without any

any vicious motives, and with the greatest virtues on the part of the reigning sovereign. He may be misled by the ministers he employs, and a change of system may be desirable from their faults. He may himself, notwithstanding the utmost solicitude for the happiness of his people, take an erroneous view of some great question of policy, either foreign or domestic. I know but of one Being to whom error may not be imputed. If a person, who admits the wisdom and the virtues of his Majesty, laments that, in the exercise of these, he has taken an unfortunate and erroneous view of the interests of his dominions, I am not prepared to say that this tends to degrade his Majesty, or to alienate the affections of his subjects. I am not prepared to say that this is libellous—but it must be with perfect decency and respect, and without any imputation of bad motives.'—The King *v.* Lambert, 2 *Campbell's Reports*, 402. So also with respect to private individuals—though the statement of falsehood is punished both civilly and criminally, so long as the writer keeps within the bounds of truth in his communications, his real and effectual responsibility to the law is very slight. He is subject neither to a civil action, nor to a criminal information. It is true he may be prosecuted by indictment;—but the serious disadvantages to which such a proceeding subjects the prosecutor render it of comparatively rare occurrence and inefficient operation. And it is to be observed, that neither this, nor any proceeding at all, can be supported, where the publication is made under such circumstances as show the writer's motive to have been laudable, and the publication to be useful or necessary for any fair objects in the ordinary relations of life.

Instances will best illustrate the great extent to which useful communications, though reflecting severely on private character, may be made with perfect impunity. Thus the true communication of the character of a servant, however injurious to his reputation—the published report of a court-martial, or duly-constituted board of inquiry, however prejudicial to the character of an individual—a confidential letter written by one partner to another, reflecting, however severely, on the conduct of a person in their joint employment—a letter written by a stranger to a gentleman giving him candid information of malpractices committed by his steward—a petition *bonâ fide* addressed to the Secretary at War by a creditor, in order to obtain an officer's pay, though containing matter highly derogatory to the officer's character—a petition presented to Parliament, containing calumnious matter as to an individual, if not irrelevant to the object of the petition—an advertisement, inserted by direction of a wife in a newspaper, for the purpose of investigating whether her husband

husband were or were not previously married, though such advertisement obviously imputed bigamy to the husband—all these cases, and many more of a similar complexion, have been held not libellous writings, since the circumstances and mode of the communication do away the inference of a malicious design, and show the publication to be useful or necessary, and the motive upright. In the same manner the fullest latitude is allowed to all statements, whether written or oral, published in the course of prosecuting or defending a party's cause, in a court of justice, or any other constituted court, although such statements may be calumnious on an individual, and even not strictly true. The circumstances and mode of such publications show them not to be malicious. And for purposes of public benefit, and to give full publicity to judicial proceedings, the law allows a publication to the world of the *real facts* and history of such proceedings;—and such reports, if given with truth and correctness, will scarcely, in any circumstances, be considered as calumnious in stating the guilt which may be proved against the *parties* to them, although the same degree of impunity will not always attend the statement of matters alleged in court, which inculpate *third parties* only incidentally involved. The privilege extends not merely to the narration of the facts, but to free comments and observations on the facts proved—on the conduct of the parties concerned, and on the judges and jurors, provided such remarks be decent and respectful in their style. Literary criticism, and the free discussion of the merits and defects of authors, as well as actors and dramatic representations, are also totally without any legal restraint—and even the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule are perfectly lawful for the purpose of exposing ignorance, bad taste, or false pretension. Lord Ellenborough's language on this subject is—

'One writer, in exposing the follies and errors of another, may make use of ridicule, however poignant. Ridicule is often the fittest weapon that can be employed for such a purpose. If the reputation or pecuniary interests of the person ridiculed suffer, it is *damnum absque injuriâ*. Where is the liberty of the press, if an action can be maintained on such principles? Perhaps the plaintiff's tour through Scotland is now unsaleable; but is he to be indemnified by receiving a compensation in damages from the person who may have opened the eyes of the public to the bad taste and inanity of his compositions? Who would have bought the works of Sir Robert Filmer, after he had been refuted by Mr. Locke? But shall it be said that he might have sustained an action for defamation against that great philosopher, who was labouring to enlighten and ameliorate mankind? We really must not cramp observations upon authors and their works. They should be liable to criticism, exposure, and even ridicule, if their compositions be ridiculous; otherwise, the first who writes a book on any subject

subject will maintain a monopoly of sentiment and opinion respecting it. This would tend to the perpetuity of error. Reflection on personal character is another thing. Show me an attack on the moral character of this plaintiff, or any attack upon his character unconnected with his authorship, and I shall be as ready as any judge who ever sat here to protect him; but I cannot hear of malice, on account of turning his works into ridicule.'—Carr *v.* Hood, 1 *Campbell's Reports*, 355.

Such being the law, it remains to notice the mode of procedure by which it is enforced.—Libels affecting the church, the state, public institutions, and public morals, not being of individual application, can of course only be regarded as public crimes, the subject of penal proceedings. Libels affecting individual character are also regarded as crimes, being *contra bonos mores*, and hostile to the peace and harmony of society—but, as they are *moreover* injurious to individual reputation, the injured party may seek compensation in a civil action for damages. All libels are thus punishable criminally; libels of private character are, in addition, the subjects of a suit for private reparation. The criminal proceedings are either by ex-officio information, filed by the Attorney-General, on behalf of the Crown, for libels on the Sovereign, the ministers, religion, the houses of parliament, or any other libels of a public nature, which that high public officer thinks proper to prosecute; or, secondly, by a criminal information granted by the court of King's Bench, at the instance of any injured party, on affidavits stating the publication of the libel, and asserting distinctly the applicant's innocence of the imputations cast upon him; or, thirdly, by an indictment in the ordinary course before a grand jury. The first mode is, of course, only resorted to, in general, against libels of a seditious and blasphemous character, or reflecting on officers of state or members of the government. The second is generally pursued in cases of private false libels on persons of some rank or station, or where the libel is of so flagrant a character as to call for an extraordinary interposition of the court; —for, it must be observed, that the proceeding by criminal information supersedes the office of the grand jury, and the party is called upon to plead, and held to bail, on the mere filing of the information, with permission of the court, instead of the preliminary finding of a bill by the grand inquest. The third mode of proceeding is adopted in cases where neither the Crown interposes, nor the case is such as to be a fit subject for an application to the court for a criminal information, and where the party prosecuting prefers this mode of avenging his wrongs to a civil action for damages.

As the law regards libel as a public crime, *on the technical ground* of its tendency to produce breaches of the public peace,—but, *in reality*, because the attack on reputation is so flagrant a private injury

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jury as to amount to a public outrage—it necessarily follows, that, in the view of the criminal code, the truth or falsehood of what is published is immaterial to the question whether the writing is a libel or not. Truth may be, and often is, the most effective instrument of malice and animosity; and, as far as the disturbance to society and the inroad on public tranquillity are concerned, it is, at least, as likely as any falsehood to produce noxious consequences. On the other hand, the civil action being a mere mode of compensation to the private party for the damage done to his fame—which the law protects *as a part of his property*—if the statement is proved to be true, the party's claim to compensation fails; hence it follows that a party suffering from a private libel, and anxious at once to punish the offender, and to clear himself from the aspersion, can only attain these ends by applying to the court of King's Bench for a criminal information, in doing which he must stand *rectus in curiâ*, and purge himself, on oath, of all the offences imputed to him;—*or* by instituting a civil action against the publisher, in which case he defies the accuser to substantiate the calumny by legal proof. Accordingly one or other of these proceedings is commonly adopted in cases of libel on individual character—the proceeding by indictment being comparatively rare in such cases, from its total inefficiency either in clearing up the reputation of the individual, or in indemnifying him against the expense of proceeding.

We come now to a point on which we desire to make some observations. That the remedy by a reparation in damages should be confined to cases of aspersions on an innocent party is so obviously consonant to common sense and justice, that the stoutest enemy to the licentiousness of the press never was found to assert that it ought to be extended further. No rational man could contend that a knave should pocket money for the injury sustained by the exposure of his knavery. But the other proposition of our law,—that libel is a public outrage and crime, whether its statements be true or false—or, to state it technically, that the truth of the libel is no bar, and not even evidence, in defence of an indictment or information, has often been attacked, and made the subject of plausible—we think, unsubstantial—objections. These objections have been principally urged by two classes of reasoners. By the first it is contended that our law is wrong, not in saying that truth *may* be libel as well as falsehood, and, consequently, that the *veritas convicii* shall never be *conclusive evidence* in favour of the defendant; but in saying that truth is *immaterial* to the question, and consequently not receivable in evidence at all. The other class of objectors go further; they boldly affirm that all truth ought to be legally published in all, or in nearly all, cases—that the person putting forth a statement, whether respecting the government or individuals, ought,

ought, if the statement be true, no more to incur liability to a public prosecution than he does at present to a civil action for damages.

We have no desire to impute views or motives to either class of objectors, beyond the object of rendering the law, according to their respective notions, more effective and beneficial. But whatever may be their views, we apprehend that the effect of the different alterations, which the two parties, or sects in question, wish to see adopted in our law, would be nearly, if not quite, identical; in short, that though the objectors of the former kind hold a more moderate language than the others, and profess by no means to contend for the free publication of all truth, yet, if even their milder innovation were adopted, the result would be, that all truth in effect *would* be published, and we should see an end to all practical responsibility of the press, except for the publishing of falsehood. Whether the truth be given in evidence as a conclusive bar, or only as one among many circumstances,—if the libeller is to possess in every case the power of coming into court and reiterating his libel by production of solemn proofs of his imputations, we apprehend there can be no sort of doubt that indictments for libels of all sorts will be most materially checked, and that proceedings for libels of truth would soon entirely cease. Prosecutors would naturally be deterred from a proceeding fraught with so much inconvenience and annoyance; and particularly when it is considered that a criminal prosecution, while it really benefits the public, does no service whatever, personally, to the individual: it neither compensates him in damages, nor clears his aspersed character, nor would it have this effect completely, even if the truth or falsehood were admitted in evidence on the trial—unless, indeed, it were admitted as *conclusive*. To expect, therefore, that prosecutors would be induced from mere patriotic motives, and without personal advantage, to come forward in courts of justice to front a battery charged with legal evidence of the frailties or crimes, by the mere statement of which they are goaded into prosecution, and that they would do this merely for the precarious chance of making out a case of malice against the defendant, so as to convict him, notwithstanding the truth of his libel, seems to us to be nothing less than to suppose men at once sensitive and shameless,—shrinking from exposure, and yet volunteering to face its confirmation by legal testimony. Any admission, therefore, of truth as evidence at all would, we think, have all, or very nearly all, the effect of admitting it as conclusive evidence; it would drive prosecutors from the courts,—render the proceeding by indictment a dead letter, as to libels of

truth,—in a word, proclaim a virtual impunity for the publication of everything not false, however useless, however defamatory.

But, in sound reasoning, is this evidence material to the question in issue, in a prosecution for libel? Those who contend for its reception assert, that though truth may not be conclusive against the malice of the statement—and though it clearly proves nothing as to its inoffensiveness—still, it is a circumstance which, as far as it goes, ought to be allowed to weigh with the jury, and assist them in deciding on the malice or innocence of the publication;—that it stands in the same relation to the question of *libel, or not libel*, which other evidence indisputably admissible bears, such as evidence of the manner of publication—as, whether in answer to inquiries *bonâ fide* as to character, in petitions to parliament, or reports of judicial proceedings, &c. &c., and the other instances which have been before mentioned;—and that to exclude evidence of truth really shuts out that which tends to throw light on the question before the court. Now, if the evidence of truth or falsehood really did stand in the same bearing to the issue as these other species of admitted evidence,—if it did materially affect the question of libel or not libel,—we allow the law would be not only inconsistent with itself, but highly irrational, in excluding it. But in what way does the truth or falsehood really affect the question, rightly understood and accurately stated? That it may, in a vague, lax, and popular sense, be connected with the question, we do not deny. It may be a fact that would be inquired about, on such a discussion arising in society. But the point is,—does it tend to its legal determination and solution one way or the other? The only questions which arise on a criminal prosecution for libel are—first, whether the writing is of so offensive and defamatory a character as to have a tendency to provoke dissensions, and lead to breaches of the public tranquillity; and secondly, whether the intent of the publisher was wanton and malicious.—(The latter, strictly speaking, is a question before the court, though we are aware that, in general, the malice or innocence of motive is a mere inference from the character of the writing itself, since every one is presumed to intend the natural consequences of his own acts.)—Now, the former of these questions is obviously independent of the truth or falsehood of the writing, since a true writing is at least as likely to lead to the apprehended consequences as a false one. He who is covered with true imputations is clearly not less likely to take a turbulent revenge than one of whom lies are printed. The latter, the question of malice, is as manifestly unaffected by the fact of truth or falsehood,—since not only the truest statement may be sent forth from

from a malicious motive, but a false statement may be published under circumstances which neither in law nor morals imply malice. The law, therefore, excludes the proof of the truth in these cases, on the principle on which it invariably excludes all irrelevant testimony,—to wit, because it not only does not prove, but does not *tend* to prove, the point in issue. It encumbers the case without elucidating it by collateral matter. As a mere fact, the proving the truth cannot advance the defendant's case one step: it neither blunts nor shortens the libellous sting; it tends in no degree whatever to show that the motive was innocent. If he proves *other* circumstances which disprove a bad intent, his innocence is manifest; but so it would be, although he made no attempt to establish the truth of his statement; and if he fails in deducing an honest motive from other facts, his guilt of the malicious publication of a defamatory writing is not a whit the less clear for his proof of its truth.

But it is said, why not receive evidence of the truth as one of the attendant circumstantial facts, while, in other cases, (such as cases of pedigree, boundary, &c.) the slightest and most trivial circumstances, though they in themselves prove almost nothing, are admitted to add to an aggregate of probabilities, which in the sum may not a bit the less turn the scale? The answer is—in all these cases, the evidence admitted bears directly, however slightly, on the point in discussion. They are, therefore, evidence, to be left to their due weight with the jury. The slightest ancient acts of ownership by a claimant's ancestor tend to raise a slight inference in favour of the claimant's case: they are at least more consistent with his right than with the contrary, in the absence of opposite circumstances. But the truth stands neuter in questions of libel; it is equally reconcileable with the hypothesis of malice or of innocence in the motive of the publication, and of injury or of harmlessness in its tendency. The reading of another paragraph of opposite and innocent effect in the same publication, is obviously very material to the question:—whether the author of the paragraph accused were or were not actuated by malice when he penned it? It tends to show the *animus* of the writer pervading the composition, which proof of its truth or falsehood does not. So also, proving that the libel is a fair and accurate account of what took place in a court of justice strictly tends to negative any malicious motive, and shows the honest and legal intention of reporting, for the benefit of the public, what the law allows, within certain limits, to be reported. And the cases of servants' characters, conscientious cautions, and information respecting individuals, all stand on the same footing. There is, in fact, no instance, in the law of evidence, of the admission of slight circumstances, which do not (when unencountered by other

proofs or presumptions) become conclusive circumstances on the side on which they are produced. Not so with the evidence of truth of a libel. Let it be admitted for the defendant, and let not a single counter-testimony be opposed to it—the balance still remains in equilibrio. The point of guilt or innocence of malicious motive is still to be made out—the evidence offered being quite as consistent with wicked as with honest intention. If, indeed, the evidence, supposing it to point one way, either to the truth or to the falsehood of the story, would be decisive of the issue, though, pointing the other way, it might leave it doubtful, the law certainly ought not to reject it. But it is clear that, pointing either way, it is equally inconclusive. If the evidence proves the truth, it is clearly not conclusive of the innocent motive. But suppose it shows that the statement is false, is the question of malice in the publication concluded, or even touched? Assuredly not. It is easy to imagine many cases in which a false statement may be put forth from an honest or excusable motive, such as the instances, before mentioned, of the advertisement to ascertain if the husband had been guilty of marrying two wives; or of the stranger conscientiously writing to the Bishop of Durham, informing him of supposed malpractices of his steward. If, therefore, the prosecutor advances not one step in reason and sense towards making out a case of malice, by proving the statement false, while the defendant does exactly nothing towards establishing an honest motive, by proving its truth,—if this be the state of the case, for what purpose should the truth or falsehood be discussed at all, unless it be to give to the libeller the opportunity of revenge, at least, if not of escape, by repeating the offensive charges in the face of a court, with additional details, greater solemnity, and the certainty of tenfold publicity in the shape of a report of the proceedings? These would be the infallible effects of a departure from the wholesome strictness of the law in excluding evidence which really does not bear upon the questions involved in a prosecution.

We are aware that this reasoning is technical, and that it may be objected,—if the real question in a libel prosecution be such, that the truth or falsehood is indifferent to it, the law ought to be altered so as to admit their bearing upon it, since, it may be argued, they do and ought to bear upon it in common sense. But we have hitherto only been discussing a question of evidence—we have merely been replying to those who agree with us, that the law is right in saying that truth *may be* a prosecutable libel as well as falsehood, and yet strangely insist that truth or falsehood ought to be given in evidence on the trial. This, we confess, appears to us the height of inconsistency—and to proceed from an erroneous view of the relation in which the evi-

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dence of truth or falsehood stands to the only real questions in a prosecution for libel.

Having thus disposed of the more technical question, as to the propriety of admitting the truth or falsehood merely as *evidence affecting the question*, we will proceed to the far more important and purely political question, whether the truth ought or ought not to be admitted as a *conclusive defence to a prosecution.* We are sorry to have detained our readers so long on a discussion hitherto somewhat technical and forensic. In considering the propriety of the law, which declares that truth may be libellous and prosecutable, we are anxious to reduce the question to its right light and proper limits by throwing out of it all that prejudices and embarrasses, without fairly belonging to it. It is obvious, that truth or falsehood, in language of even ordinary accuracy, can only be predicated respecting matters of *fact;* and, that though in common parlance we may frequently assert an opinion, or a conclusion, or even a sentiment, to be true or false, this is only a lax mode of asserting it to be sound or fallacious; facts alone are capable of being proved or falsified. Proof may be adduced that an individual claiming damages has really committed the theft, or the perjury, or the adultery, which the libeller charges upon him; but for the libeller to come into court with his witnesses and documentary evidence, to establish an abstract principle or opinion in politics, or morals, or religion,—to prove a calumnious metaphor—or figure,—or to substantiate a personal sarcasm, or sneer, would be a proceeding not less novel than nonsensical; and if the party did not in adopting it incur the risk of a commitment for contempt of court, he would at least be considered as an untimely and indecently audacious jester. The question, therefore, of truth or falsehood is, it must be admitted, one that can only concern prosecutions against libels which allege *matters of fact.* In prosecutions against any of the other endless varieties of libellous compositions, whether consisting in irreligious, or seditious, or immoral sentiments or reasonings, or in declamatory invective, or cold-blooded scoffing against individuals, the question of truth or falsehood in real effect can seldom any more enter into the inquiry than the colour of the paper or the ink by which they are set forth. The law, then, which says that *truth may be a libel,* in no way endangers or affects the freest discussion of any abstract or speculative questions, whether religious or political, and hardly ever of any public measures of the government, or its ministers; and it is a great error to suppose that any additional licence would be acquired for any such inquiries, were the law altered, by allowing truth to be a defence to prosecutions. The guilt or innocence of such publications, in almost all cases, depends

depends altogether on other principles, which the alteration of the law, by admitting evidence of truth, would in no degree touch. The privilege of giving truth in evidence, did it exist, could avail nothing to persons indicted for works against religion or the Holy Scriptures, and could very rarely assist those charged with libels on the government. It would have been amusing to have heard Mr. Erskine, on the part of Paine,* tender evidence before Lord Kenyon, of the truth of the statements in the Age of Reason, that 'the Bill of Rights was a bill of wrongs and insult,'—that 'William III. was rather a less evil than James II.,'—that 'the farce of monarchy and aristocracy was following that of chivalry, and Mr. Burke was dressing for the funeral,'—or that 'it requires some talents to be a common mechanic, but to be a king requires only the animal figure of a man,' and other similar declamations, which formed in effect the seditious sting of that unhappy man's libel. How could truth or falsehood have been proved as to such a libel as that for which Stockdale was punished,† 'that the impeachment of Mr. Hastings was carried on from motives of personal animosity, not of regard to public justice;' still less as to that in the King *v.* Frost,‡ 'that equality was every man's birthright, and that there ought to be no king;' or as to that in the King *v.* Lambert, § that 'of all monarchs the successor of George III. would have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular.' It is sophistry to say, that if libels do not impute actual facts, but deal in general declamation, they can do no harm, and ought not to be punished: for all the bad ends of exciting hatred against the government, or undermining the respect due to religion, the libeller's most effective weapons are precisely the vague sneer and general invective. Paley has said there is no arguing against a sneer, and still less is it capable of proof or disproof. The above are not instances unfairly selected, but taken at random. The libels in the cases of the King *v.* Hunt,‖ the King *v.* Drakard,¶ the King *v.* Burdett, the King *v.* Hone, might be referred to: on looking through the records of proceedings for libel against the government, extremely few instances indeed will be found in which the terms of the libel are such as to admit of the proof of truth, even if the law allowed it.

From the very nature of the case it must be so. Political crimes, errors of policy, invasions of public liberty, arbitrary interference with civil rights, form the substance of almost the only delinquencies which rulers, as such, can commit, or at least which they, in

* State Trials, vol. 22, 755.
† State Trials, vol. 22, 237.
‡ State Trials, vol. 22, 471.
§ State Trials, vol. 31, 335.
‖ State Trials, vol. 31, 367.
¶ State Trials, vol. 31, 495.

modern

modern days, are ever in the habit of committing. But the mere dry statement of such conduct, or conduct supposed to be such, unlike the statement of the legal or moral crimes of *individuals*, would in scarcely a single instance amount to a defamatory libel, —though it may easily be made so when exaggerated and inflamed by virulent comment and colouring. For instance, in Horne Tooke's libel,* alleging 'our American fellow-subjects to be *inhumanly murdered* by the king's troops, for preferring death to slavery,' the statement of the naked fact of the king's troops having shot some American rebels at Lexington would obviously have been no libel at all; it was only when the shooting was called an '*inhuman murder*,' and the condition of the Americans described as '*slavery*,' and their rebellion a laudable resistance to slavery, that the statement became highly seditious and illegal;—but it is obvious, that the proof of all that was fact in this statement would have availed Mr. Horne Tooke just nothing towards justifying its distortion and virulence—that is, towards doing away with all that made it libellous. In reality, the defendant here was actually allowed to prove the fact of the troops attacking and firing on the rebels—so entirely distinct was this considered from proving the *truth of a libel*. (20 Sta. Tri. 743.) The clamour, therefore, occasionally raised against the present state of the law, as tending to screen the government from the attacks of the press, and to prevent writers from freely and boldly censuring the conduct of their rulers is, we venture to say, the result of groundless mistatement and most gross exaggeration. We have shown that the law declaring that truth may be a libel, in the majority of cases, can have no such effect; and that the libellers of the government who have heretofore been brought under the lash of the law, must equally have suffered punishment had the law admitted truth as a justification. The case, indeed, is widely different with the assailants of individual character. The mere statement of facts of private conduct—of actions either immoral or ridiculous—may be in the highest degree defamatory and offensive, although unquestionably true—and even the more so on that account: what says the French proverb?—'*C'est la vérité qui blesse.*' To admit evidence of the truth in justification would, of course, entirely screen from punishment all publishers of such private defamation. The only persons, therefore, with scarcely any exception, who are really concerned in an alteration of the law, are not the canvassers of public questions, and the censurers of the measures of government, (writers who often do much good, and whose excesses often proceed from excusable causes,) but the slanderers of private fame, the traffickers in indi-

* The King *v.* Horne. Cowper's Rep. 672-82. State Trials.

vidual

vidual vices and frailties, the inquisitors of domestic life, the foul-fingered gropers for details which ought never to meet the light,—a class whose objects are, in general, mere malice or gain, and whose writings are scarcely ever attended with any advantage to society.

The question being thus placed in what we believe its only true bearing, is the law wise, or injudicious, which forbids the truth of the statement to be given in evidence on an indictment for libel? If the proof of the truth did away with the ground of the public prosecution, as it does with the basis of the private action, in all consistency it ought to be adducible. But if the libel tends equally to produce all the mischief which makes it criminal in the eye of the law, whether it be true or false, the allowing the proof of the truth would not only be a departure from principle, but would at once do away with the efficacy of the law in at least half of the cases falling within the mischief. We care not whether the law makes a libel criminal on the technical ground usually assigned,—viz. its tendency to breaches of the peace—or on the general policy of suppressing libellous writings; that is, because it considers the malicious and unauthorized attack on fame in the same way as it considers public nuisances, assaults, conspiracies to defraud, &c., &c.—not as mere matters of individual injury, but as public outrages, which the general peace of society requires to be criminally punished. It is puerile special-pleading to quarrel with the law, merely because the technical reason on which it rests may sound quaint and unsatisfactory, unless it can also be shown that its real object is mischievous or unwise. The public mischief of turbulent and unauthorized attack on character being what the law of a civilized country is to guard against, if it be clear that this mischief is produced equally, whether the libel be true or false, there is no principle on which the truth can be admitted in defence. Until the law ceases to regard libel as *an outrage upon the peace of society*, it cannot in consistency hear anything from the libeller but what tends to show that, in the particular instance, no such outrage has been committed; and showing the truth of the statement, so far from doing this, has rather the contrary tendency. Let it be declared that the traducer of private life, the malicious propagator of domestic foibles and obscure vices, is no public offender, but has only a personal account to settle in monies numbered with the individual whom he assails, and the law would be consistent at least, though, as we think, highly unwise. But as long as you continue to denounce the libeller as a delinquent against society, as a criminal public disturber, it is inconsistent to draw a distinction between true libels and false libels, since both are noxious to the public. By doing so, you allow the libeller

libeller to address *to society* a defence which is purely *ad hominem*,—which only applies to the individual object or victim. You allow him to throw rockets in the public streets, because he tickets them for his private enemy—to commit a public nuisance, and then set off against the public his score with A. B., for whom alone he tells you the nuisance was intended.—But the indictment, it is alleged, is after all a private proceeding, always prosecuted by the individual libelled, and on which no bill would be found if prosecuted by any other party: why not treat it, therefore, as a private proceeding, and allow the truth to be an answer to it? We deny that it is a private proceeding. True, the crime is generally prosecuted *by* the libelled party, but it is not prosecuted *for* him, but for the public only. The prosecutor gains nothing by the proceeding, but necessarily incurs expense, and trouble, and odium, and does not even clear his reputation. It has every quality of a public proceeding—the prosecutor is a witness—the form of action and the tribunal are accordant with a public and not a private proceeding—and the end is punishment, not compensation. Every prosecution for housebreaking or robbery might as reasonably be styled a private proceeding, because the party prosecuting is, in ninety-nine cases of a hundred, the party injured by the crime. The prosecutor in all such cases is obviously but the instrument which puts in force the public law for the public benefit.

Some writers on this subject take lofty ground: they boldly contend, that there is great hardship in a party being punished for speaking nothing but what is strictly true, since every one, say they, has the right of speaking the truth. That there is an *obligation* on every one to speak, and still more to publish, nothing but what is true, we admit; but we entirely deny that it follows from hence, that every one has any *right* to speak, and still less to print and publish, *all* that is true. The *right* is necessarily limited to such truth alone as is beneficial or not prejudicial to the public. The truths of science, of philosophy, of literature, and of all intellectual and moral inquiry being clearly advantageous to the world, are subject to not the slightest censure or restriction by the law of the land. But when the law is called upon to permit the publication of vituperative and defamatory truths, it becomes necessary first to inquire whether such truths possess an equal, or any real claim at all, to the allowance of the law. Do such publications contribute to improve morals, to check crime, to incite to good conduct? And, if so, do they attain those ends without counterbalancing evils and disadvantages, which outweigh the good effected? It must always be remembered, that the question solely relates to *volunteer* and *gratuitous* publications of facts, for the mere general object of holding up and exposing vicious and

and immoral members of society. We have before seen the great latitude allowed by the law for the communication of inculpatory truth, in all circumstances wherein its communication can be considered as imperative, or necessary, or even clearly useful, for any of the ordinary transactions or relations of life. Wherever the situation of the parties requires it, or the immediate prevention of fraud or evil, or the promotion of any direct good end is attainable by it, we have seen that the communication, in the manner and to the extent which the object demands, is strictly innocent and justifiable. In so far also, as the press is merely assisting and ancillary to the regular decisions of the law upon the conduct of individuals, we have seen that, in like fashion, scarcely any restraint is put on publication. When the judge condemns the fraudulent or immoral offender, the press may, with perfect impunity, lend its aid to his exposure, by publishing full reports of the proceedings, with all comments that are temperate and useful. Thus far the press exercises no judicial or censorial functions; it neither passes convictions, nor inflicts sentences. The law of the country, on legal evidence, has affixed guilt on the offender, and the press is merely instrumental in recording its decrees, and giving them that publicity which is alike necessary for punishment, for example, and for caution. But it is obviously one thing to *report* decrees, and another to *pronounce* them. The short-hand writer of the court is an useful person in his station; but he is obviously transplanted into a novel sphere, and one that requires very different qualifications, when he steps on the bench, and assumes the ermine of the judge. The self-styled friends of the press, however, are not satisfied with the co-operative and ministerial department, in which it is at present free to act with impunity, and in which we think its efforts are highly serviceable. —They demand for it an extended empire, and an original jurisdiction of its own: it ought, they contend, not merely to record the judgments on offenders pronounced by the law, but to constitute of itself a separate and distinct tribunal, not only taking cognizance of, and stigmatising legal crimes which may escape the vengeance of the law, but, over and above all this, punishing offenders against morals and decency, and even good taste and good manners, whom the ordinary laws consider entirely beyond their controul.

Now, in the first place, if all truth is to be allowed, though defamatory and injurious, it is quite impossible to draw a distinction between the different descriptions of such truth; and a very considerable evil resulting, will be the publication of thousands of mere indifferent and innocent actions, which it imports nothing to the public to know, and which yet, for numberless reasons, may

harass and distress, and render ridiculous individuals in their disclosure. Natural infirmities, harmless absurdities, venial weaknesses in private life, which often belong most to the best and most exemplary men—nay even private calamities and afflictions—must all be laid open to public criticism and curiosity, to the infinite suffering of the parties, and to the real prejudice of the public taste. No person, who attends to the character of the publications of the present day, can doubt the great and mischievous extent of this class of abuses, even under a law which makes truth punishable. Then, with respect to all such delinquencies of individuals as amount to breaches of law, an ordinary proceeding against them in a court would, in our opinion, be at once far more effective for every good end, and attended with fewer bad consequences, than the unauthentic statements of them in any publication of the press. Nothing can be more rational than the doctrine of the Theodosian code,—'Famosa scriptio libellorum quæ nomine accusatoris caret, minime examinanda est, sed penitus abolenda—nam qui accusationis promotione confidat, libera potius intentione, quam captiosa atque occulta conscriptione, alterius debet vitam in judicium devocare.' Since crime so often goes unpunished from concealment, whenever it is known the opportunity of chastisement should not be lost; and the cautioning the world against a particular felon or swindler, detected but untried, is at once a mode of giving valuable hints to the criminal, and of exposing the laxity of the law to the observation of those who follow, or would fain adopt, the same trade. But—it is said —these exposures lead to prosecutions; we doubt much any such effect, and we think they are quite as likely to defeat prosecutions, by putting parties on their guard, so as to contrive escape or prepare false evidence to meet an indictment. The truth is, the instances are very rare of individuals coming forward to prosecute from reading a story in a newspaper. The prosecutor, in almost all cases, is the party injured by the crime, and we think the information as to the facts of the offender's guilt would, in general, answer as much good by being privately and soberly conveyed to the party injured, or others in any way concerned, as by being blazoned to the world with the colouring of a newspaper. Statements of this sort also have the most prejudicial effect on parties actually put on their trial, and on the general proceedings of justice, by pre-occupying the minds of judges, jurymen, and witnesses with rumours and hearsays, the influence of which cannot be entirely guarded against, even by the most cautious and reflecting men. Nothing is more difficult, even for practised minds, than to separate the previous vague knowledge from the evidence actually adduced against the party. The great advantage of the regular legal

legal proceeding is, that the court has the full means of obtaining, examining, and deciding on, proper evidence of the facts charged; whereas the publisher necessarily trusts to rumour and uncertain hearsay, which he has no means of properly scrutinizing or authenticating. The court being satisfied with the evidence awards the calm and dispassionate sentence of the law. The publisher, for purposes of punishment, is obliged to resort to the language of vehement castigation and censure, with which personal and malignant feeling is almost certain to be mixed up. In the court of justice innocence is protected from danger by the strict forms and cautious rules, according to which guilt must be established. The tribunal of the press* proceeds *per saltum*, and admitting hearsay as truth, and whispers and rumours as

* We cannot resist referring our readers who are not only startled at the jurisdiction claimed, but amused by the airs of grandeur and consequence assumed by the monitors of the press, to a little Essay of Dr. Franklin,—a writer who, it must be admitted, knew and respected as much as any man the legitimate services of the press, while his strong sense laughed at its pretensions and exposed its mischievous tendencies.—It is entitled:—

'AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUPREMEST COURT OF JUDICATURE IN PENNSYLVANIA; VIZ., THE COURT OF THE PRESS.

'*Power of this Court.*—It may receive and promulgate accusations of all kinds against all persons and characters among the citizens of the state, and even against all inferior courts; and may judge, sentence, and condemn to infamy, not only private individuals, but public bodies, &c., with or without inquiry or hearing, *at the Court's discretion.*

'*In whose favour and for whose emolument this Court is established.*—In favour of about one citizen in five hundred, who, by education, or practice in scribbling, has acquired a tolerable style as to grammar and construction so as to bear printing, or who is possessed of a few types. This five-hundredth part of the citizens have the privilege of accusing and abusing the other four hundred and ninety-nine parts at their pleasure, or they may hire out their pens and press to others for that purpose.

'*Practice of the Court.*—It is not governed by any of the rules of the common courts of law. The accused is allowed no grand jury to judge of the truth of the accusation before it is publicly made, nor is the name of the accuser made known to him, nor has he an opportunity of confronting the witnesses against him, for they are kept in the dark, as in the Spanish Court of Inquisition. Nor is there any petty jury of his peers sworn to try the truth of the charges. The proceedings are also sometimes so rapid, that an honest good citizen may find himself suddenly and unexpectedly accused, and in the same morning judged and condemned, and sentence pronounced against him that he is a *rogue* and a *villain*. Yet, if an officer of this court receives the slightest check for misconduct in his office, he claims immediately the rights of a free citizen by the constitution, and demands to know his accuser, to confront the witnesses, and to have a fair trial by jury of his peers.

'*By whom this Court is commissioned or constituted.*—It is not by any commission from the supreme executive council, who might previously judge of the abilities, integrity, knowledge, &c. of the persons to be appointed to this great trust of deciding upon the characters and good fame of the citizens, for this court is above that council, and may *accuse, judge,* and *condemn* it at pleasure. Nor is it hereditary, as in the court of *dernier ressort* in the Peerage of England; but any man who can procure pen, ink, and paper, with a press, a few types, and a huge pair of blacking balls, may commissionate himself, and his court is immediately established in the plenary possession and exercise of its rights; for if you make the least complaint of the *judge's* conduct he daubs his blacking-balls in your face wherever he meets you, and, besides tearing your private character to fritters, marks you out for the odium of the public as *an enemy to the liberty of the press.*'—Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 303.

proofs,

proofs, necessarily condemns the innocent almost as often as the culpable. Under pretext of exposing the guilty, the spotless are thus perpetually assailed and insulted—and this even in many instances where the remedy by legal proceeding can afford no sufficient compensation. Lastly, from the erring, fallible, and careless character of the censors, their exposure carries with it a diminished authority, even where it falls in a deserving quarter. The sentence of a court carries credit on the face of it; and the individual there pronounced guilty, is believed to be so by the world. But the unauthorised stigmas of the press are often treated as malicious and idle rumours—at best they create vague suspicion, and distrust, rather than stamp clear guilt on the offender.—They soil and bespatter private fame rather than destroy it—and cripple and damage characters in such a way as to annoy without amending the individual, and perplex the public without giving it undoubted information on which to shape its conduct towards the parties. The world are often inclined to say, with the Emperor Constantine, in such cases, 'Innocens creditur cui defuit accusator, cum non defuerit inimicus.'

It is, however, alleged that a large class of vices and moral crimes, being altogether beyond the reach of the law, it is at least useful that the press should have the power of exposing and censuring all these, since they must otherwise go unpunished. We admit the deplorable extent to which vice and immorality, under any system of law, may be carried, without infringing positive rules; and while this is one among the instances of the necessary imperfection of human laws, it affords the strongest motive for adding efficacy and strength, by every means in our power, to moral and divine sanctions. But if private profligacy and immoral indulgence are to be subjected to the jurisdiction of literary censors, with summary powers of accusation, conviction, and sentence, upon what principle are they not brought within the ordinary laws of the country, whose proceedings would be safer, more vigorous, and attended with less dangerous consequences? All reasons, which exclude certain offences of man against his Maker from the scope of human law, exist, and more strongly still, against their subjection to the irresponsible inquisitions of the press. The vices, in fact, which laws fail to suppress, we must trust to education, to moral, and intellectual, and religious habits in the community, to check, if not to eradicate. What the legislator and the judge cannot punish, must be left to the pulpit, the school, the university, and above all, the conscience of individuals to prevent; and on these, we suspect, society must depend for the purity and morals of its members, rather than on the fostering cares of anonymous scribes and obscure satirists.

satirists. The dread of exposure is at least as likely to produce hypocrisy as virtue; and we must lay better foundations for morals than the terrors of a literary police. That regard to character and estimation with the world do materially co-operate towards the morality of individuals, who could be the fool to dispute?—and the dread of public disgrace will occasionally influence beneficially the most hardened sinner. 'Non prius laudes contempsimus quam laudanda facere desivimus.' But let it be remembered that a very active, constant, and, we believe, the only safe and efficient censorship on individual conduct is kept up by means of the ordinary intercourses of society, without any aid from the press. In the little circle, in which every member moves in society, his actions, even the most private, are, almost to a hurtful extent, known, and canvassed, and pronounced upon. If the window of Momus be hopeless, the eyes of Argus are at least active and universally curious. Few things are concealed from next-door neighbours, or from their neighbours. Curiosity is ever awake, envy is watchful, self-interest obliges us to ascertain the habits and character of those with whom we are in relation. Fame, with her wings, eyes, ears, and tongues, was an efficient 'nuncia veri,' long before a steam-printing-press or a Sunday-paper was thought of. Scandal passes 'pernicibus alis,' from house to house—gross infractions of morality or decency, committed in one street, are soon canvassed by a whole town or neighbourhood—and the law opposes no check whatever to this species of most effectual censure; since all that is true may be said and talked about with absolute impunity. This sort of surveillance has also the advantage of being carried on by neighbours and friends, who really have a material interest in the conduct of their associates, and who, from local connexion and opportunity, have tolerable means of learning the truth. And after all, however bitter the slander, or defamatory the gossip, it is at most but the unembodied effusion of fugitive loquacity. But the anonymous censor of the press, without legitimate interest in the matter, frequently impelled by sordid or malicious views, with far less means of arriving at truth, and with a perpetual motive to exaggerate and colour for effect, demands to be intrusted with the power of disseminating hearsays, not in fugitive words, but with the permanent stigma of printing, and this to thousands of persons unconcerned in the individual's conduct—nay, perhaps, before ignorant of his existence. Candid censure and friendly reproach thus become malicious persecution and attack—and the whispers of monitory blame are heightened into the cry of detraction. No distinction is observed by the strange and hardened and eager eyes of the underling feeders of columns, between the settled profligacy of the man and

and the rash error of the boy. The *locus penitentiæ*, which God and nature and society grant, is cut off. He whom Wisdom would rebuke with kindness, and bid 'go and sin no more,' is at once pilloried and branded, and turned out hopeless and callous to a world in which he thinks every man's hand is for ever to be against him. If this system is to go on, the peace of families and of neighbourhoods must be perpetually agitated and harassed by rude intrusions on the sanctities of domestic retirement, to drag forth not only the smaller vices, and venial frailties of individuals, but their innocent and indifferent actions—even their misfortunes, their infirmities, their sorrows—whenever these can be made the subject of a heartless and mercenary exhibition to the multitude.

'Jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax—Doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi'—

The propriety of allowing unchecked such a vigour beyond the law is surely at least questionable.

When satire and comedy hold up *classes* of knaves, and fools, and pretenders, to public scorn, they do a service to morals and good taste, without committing any attack on individual security; but when the moral lesson degenerates into a furious hunt after individual transgressors—a hue and cry against every one who is a little more licentious or ridiculous than his neighbours, or, perhaps, only a little more unreserved—it becomes a question, whether any good end effected can at all compensate to society for the confidence betrayed—the bad blood and uncharitable feelings excited—and the appetite created and pampered for private scandal and detraction. To set one part of society (and this by no means the most pure or the most upright part) to lash and castigate the other into virtue and decorum of conduct—this is a moral expedient, the propriety of which we may be permitted to question. At the very best it is only the nostrum of the empiric, who expels one poison from the constitution by introducing another still more malignant in its place. Society gains little if, in attempting to shut one door against debauchery and profligacy, it opens a wider portal for slander to enter, with scurrility, envy, and perfidy in her train. Our constitution prefers occasionally encountering the excesses of liberty to arbitrary expedients, which in excluding sedition might endanger rational freedom. It prefers the nuisances of Westminster mobs and Orator Hunts to the perilous preventives of a military police and general warrants. And for our own part (and we believe the reflecting portion of the public are quite of our mind) we

we should consider open profligacy a less evil than cautious hypocrisy and external decorum, brought about by the domestic inquisitions of authors, and the licensed disclosures of spies on private life. We should deem licentious morals a smaller nuisance than a vulgar despotism of irresponsible writers.—But there is in truth no such choice to be made; for by giving further license to such a mischievous censorship, we should admit one evil without in any degree getting rid of another. We believe the real profligates and knaves of society feel little, if any, effective dread of the criminations of the press, which so many who are deserving of them contrive to stifle, or evade, or set at nought, or turn to profitable account in a war of words, and which are generally meted out more from accident and caprice than in any certain proportion to the guilt of the individual. Without aid from the press, conduct grossly reprehensible must be known to the friends and relations of the party, that is, to all those on whose good opinion he sets a value; and the additional censure of thousands for whom he cares nothing, can have few terrors for one who has already steeled his feelings against the scorn and aversion of kindred and connexions. Besides it is no small diminution of their weight and utility, as correctors of vice, that the part of the press to whom this sort of police—this moral *gens-d'armerie*—belongs, cannot possibly be entirely above the reach of corruption, and absolutely cannot be above the suspicion of it,—though we believe the press of this country to be on the whole as free from this taint, as, from the nature of things, can be the case. We wish we could say the same thing as to the influence of malignant and angry passions, which lead it to hunt down, with unrelenting annoyance, those victims who happen to incur its displeasure, and whose characters, from some unfortunate stigma, may disqualify them for facing their persecutors in a court of justice—or whose known temper and principles make it certain that they will stoop to no such appeals.*

We believe, therefore, that the attempt to write down the follies and vices of society is, in truth, hopeless and visionary: we do not dispute by any means the great utility and efficacy of

* The utter want of all principle upon which some newspapers conduct themselves, as to the public, when they think it possible to injure, by so doing, individuals who have in any way incurred their spleen, is often manifested in methods, at the meanness of which it is impossible not to smile. If a speaker in parliament clears the gallery when the reporters think he ought not to do so, they make a compact among themselves, and no notice is taken for months, even for years, of his appearances in the house. This happened once even to so eminent a person as Mr. Windham. The same system has been pursued sometimes in regard to professional men, of which we could point out a very recent and most degrading example; but the *parliamentary reporters* are now, in most cases, persons who ought to be far indeed above the contamination of any such tricks.

moral

moral writings, and satires on vice and folly in the abstract, or exposing and reprehending whole classes of those who indulge in them; but we doubt the services of personal vituperation, and the exposure of individual conduct, by way of correction or example: and even if we thought this system efficacious, we are at a loss to know where such a tremendous power can be safely lodged. Horace requires the condition of spotless integrity as well as literary merit, in those who are to censure others with impunity:—

. 'si quis
Opprobriis dignum latraverit *integer ipse?*
—Solventur risu tabulæ—tu missus abibis.'

And, doubtless, a perfect moral character might safely be invested with a censorship over folly and vice; but trusted in the frail, irresponsible, and often mercenary hands of anonymous writers, we are satisfied such powers are attended with evils far counterbalancing any good to be derived from them. Not one of the least of these accompanying evils is, the constant familiarity of the public mind with scenes and details of immorality which this system of exposure occasions. The publications of the English press are disgraced and disfigured by a constant exhibition of vice in all its nauseating particulars and deformities, which is unknown to the press of other countries, and which, though undoubtedly arising from the superior freedom of publication in this country, must be reckoned among the heaviest prices paid by us for that great blessing. There are few fathers of families in the respectable classes of society who are not in daily dread of the exposure of their children's minds to the contaminating descriptions and details of our daily and weekly prints. The proceedings of Courts of Justice and Police-offices supply abundance of this pernicious food, and in so doing, counterbalance much of the good derived from the reports of their proceedings;—what is wanted is eked out by the current slanders of society, the careless and exaggerated reports of hireling news-purveyors, and the second-hand scandal of saloons and club-houses. Gossip and personality have always been the evils more or less incident to free publication; but we believe the present day has had the credit of seeing, for the first time, journals established and rising into sudden vogue and celebrity, on the mere unassisted pretensions of superiority in detraction, of an unrivalled supply of licentious tittle-tattle and details of modish intrigues, or a matchless audacity of malice, which spares neither rank, nor sex, nor innocence, in its scurrilous assaults. It is most discreditable to society that such sordid and shameless appeals to the basest passions of our nature should meet with an encouragement and reward which enables the offen-

ders to set the laws at defiance, and pursue their profitable and abandoned trade, unchecked by the ineffectual inflictions of justice.

When we are told that the law which says *truth may be a libel* is harsh and severe, that it tends to check censures on bad measures of government—that it places the press in jeopardy when usefully holding up private vice, or exposing bad morals or bad taste, we beg, in refutation of all such objections, to refer to every reader's experience of the actual contents of the publications every day before his eyes. Does he there see any timid truckling to power?—any crouching servility to rank and authority?—any cautious forbearance or pusillanimous delicacy towards vice and delinquency, or even towards harmless folly and absurdity, whether titled or obscure?—Is there any symptom of a terror of declaring, or even of exaggerating and exceeding, all possible truth?—any appearance of the timidity of men suffering under an oppressive law? If the opposite of all these symptoms distinguishes, and often disgraces, the bold press of this day, we care not what the law may be in theory, (though we have already shown that its theoretical principle can scarcely ever bear severely on any public, or political, or useful discussion)—it is manifest that in practice and effect, at least, it is not to be charged with tyranny and oppression;—that its errors, if it have them, are much rather on the side of leniency than of rigour—that it requires strengthening rather than relaxing. If the law be rigorous, it must, at least, be allowed that libel and slander, like heresy, prosper by persecution. And if the state of the press be that to which we have alluded, under a law which allows truth to be prosecuted when defamatory, into what untried latitude of license might we expect it to rush, if the feeble fences of private life and fame were at one blow removed,—if unqualified impunity were declared for the publication of everything not false? Above all, when we have shown that what is called the harsh, but is in truth the feeble, effect of the law excluding evidence of truth, can really fall alone on that class of publications where the press commits its greatest, its most pernicious, and its least palliable excesses—we mean the libels on private character—we ask whether it would not be the height of rashness and impolicy to allow further license where too much exists already—where licentiousness is unmitigated by any of the laudable motives, or useful ends, which often go far to redeem the exuberances of political and speculative writers?

The truth is, the proceeding by indictment (which, it will be remembered, is the only proceeding applicable to libellous *truth*) so far from being a severe, is a too slight and inefficient check on the transgressions of the worst class of authors. Prosecutions by

by indictment are extremely rare, and the reason is obvious. The individual libelled does not by this proceeding advance a step towards clearing his character—nay, by adopting a proceeding in which truth is no defence, he, in effect, makes a tolerably plain confession that there is some ground at least for the charges made against him; he thus goes into court to assert the strict, though, as we think, salutary and evidently not oppressive law, —that the libeller must be punished, although the victim admits some truth in the libel. This is a proceeding—like many other salutary proceedings—naturally open to popular objections against the party resorting to it; and he accordingly arms the defendant and his counsel with the opportunity, abundantly taken advantage of, to hold him up to the court and the world as evading the discussion of the truth of his conduct, and confessing himself guilty of what has been written against him. This is insinuated and reiterated with such stress and explicitness, that although he walks out of court, having convicted the libeller, it is well understood and carefully published by the press, that his triumph is not that of entire innocence, but of an implied admission of at least partial guilt. When such is the effect of the proceeding, no wonder that few individuals, whose real misdeeds are published, think fit to prosecute, particularly when the prosecution publishes their delinquencies to thousands, who would otherwise have never heard of their existence. When an instance, therefore, occurs (as it sometimes, though rarely, does) of an offender being goaded by vehement invective into a proceeding by indictment against writers who have stated his crimes to the world, the prosecution excites the more sensation from its extreme rarity; a clamour is raised, and echoed from journal to journal—the slanderous publishers feel their traffic endangered,—and writers of all kinds, naturally desirous not to lose a chance of acquiring extended power, join in filling the public ear with a cry, that *the liberty of the press* is in jeopardy. On all sides we hear the same clamours—that the law of libel is oppressive and tyrannical—that truth should be declared no libel: —and all this, simply because one individual has been found so unwise, or so abandoned, as to be willing to confess, by implication, his offendings, and to pay the price of disgraceful notoriety, rather than leave unpunished the revealer of his iniquity. To suppose that the press has really anything to fear from such prosecutions, can only arise from a want of thorough knowledge of the nature and effects of the proceeding. It is, in fact, to suppose persons libelled to be uninfluenced by the ordinary motives of men,—gratuitous coveters of disgrace, and lovers of costly exposure, when cheap concealment lies in their power.

We will, however, fairly admit that if the proceeding by indict-

ment were, in its practical effect, as severe a reprehension of publishers of *defamatory truth* as it may appear to be in its principle—if it had anything like a tendency to repress all exposure whatever even of private delinquents—we should hesitate before we approved of such a proceeding. In the foregoing observations we beg distinctly not to be considered as arguing for the entire exclusion of the press from all censorship over private actions. In a limited degree we believe such exposures may occasionally be useful. But we impugn the prevalent and popular doctrine, that the press exercises a natural and salutary jurisdiction over all private vices and irregularities, as well as over public conduct and public affairs—that news-writers are the legitimate correctors of those who sin against morals without offending the law—and that the reprehension of instances of private vice is as much their undoubted and legitimate province, as the examination of political measures and the discussion of the public conduct of public men. Against this wide and novel extension of their sway we beg to protest as unsound and dangerous; and in opposition to it, we desire to impress on the public what we conceive to be the great and necessary defects of this sort of censorship, and the evils inevitably incident to such interference of the press with private life. The news-writers have at least ample scope and room enough already. The risk at which truth is now published is, indeed, almost next to nothing. There is no liability to the civil action, which puts damages into the individual's purse—no responsibility to the criminal information, which has the attraction of clearing up his fame. But there is the bare possibility of the assailed party being so destitute of common discretion and prudent advice as to come, without interest or advantage, a *confitens reus*, into a court, to degrade himself by convicting his adversary, on an indictment, in which the punishment of the defendant carries with it the ignominy of the prosecutor. That the admission of proof of the truth of the thing written would be no shield at all to the publishers of political and religious libels, or any other libels than those on private character, we think we have sufficiently shown; and what better safeguard even personal defamers can desire against any excessive disposition to prosecute private truths, than the natural aversion of men to public admission of delinquency, we confess we are at a loss to conceive.

At the same time, however, that we think the allowing truth to be a defence would open a door to a mischievous increase of impertinent, immoral, and vexatious disclosures of private conduct, and would, by thus augmenting an existing evil, be highly prejudicial to society, we must take the liberty to remind writers and publishers that such an alteration, if effected, would by no means increase

increase their powers in the degree which they may contemplate. They must not suppose that it is the exclusion of the evidence of truth which is the sole cause of their responsibility to the law, even in cases where they profess to set forth matters of fact. Any one who has observed proceedings of this kind in courts of justice, must have seen that in the majority of cases it is the *manner* as much, and even more, than the matter, which gives the sting to the libel,—which at once provokes the wrath of prosecutors, and influences juries to convict. It is comparatively rare, indeed, to see a prosecution founded on the naked and uncoloured statement of a fact, however inculpatory of an individual. It is the accompanying venom and scurrility,—the hard names and epithets enveloping the statement—which exasperate parties to prosecute; and these, it must be observed, would in general be almost equally libellous, whether truth formed a defence to a prosecution or not. Even in the extraordinary instance to which we have just alluded, it is almost certain that, had the law allowed truth to be shown as a justification, the result of the prosecution must have equally been the conviction of the defendant; since, though the main facts of the libel might, perhaps, in that case, have been established by proof, the invective and abuse accompanying it were such as the judge and jury must have, in all probability, held to be malicious and unjustifiable. And, indeed, even under the present state of the law, it seems to be clear, that the mere candid and unexaggerated statement of the fact of a party's *having been convicted of a crime*, is not punishable as a libel, provided the writer can prove the truth of the statement by *legal evidence*, which, in the instance alluded to, it must be remembered, *was not attempted*. In discussing another point, we shall presently allude to the authority of a very learned judge on the legality of such a statement. If writers will state facts with tolerable fairness and accuracy, and comment upon them with sobriety and moderation, they need not have much fear of prosecution, even where the statement may not be altogether well-founded; and where the statement is true, they certainly need have no dread at all that proceedings will be adopted by which prosecutors incur heavy expenses, and virtually stab their own characters. In civil actions, where the truth is by law a perfect justification of the libel, experience constantly shows how the habitual exaggeration and inaccuracy of authors defeats the protection which the law would in this instance lend them. The extreme difficulty of making out by evidence the truth of a libel in such a proceeding, so that the defendant shall obtain a verdict, is almost proverbial among lawyers. Such justifications are frequently abandoned as hopeless on legal advice, and perpetually fail when attempted;

attempted; and one principal reason is, that it so rarely happens, that the author, even when the basis of his story is fact, has not *gone beyond the line of truth*, either in his statements or his insinuations—or that he has not so mixed up his facts with general aspersion, that the libel contains much defamatory matter utterly incapable of proof.

This is also one of the causes of the small damages so frequently given in actions for libel. Where the main imputations of the libel are proved to be true, but the author has superadded calumny incapable of proof, the damages are of course merely given for the excess beyond the truth, and not in proportion to the general offensiveness of the whole composition. An objection is sometimes made to the present state of the law, which allows to the plaintiff full costs, however small the damages he may recover. It is said that this gives occasion for vexatious actions, instigated by needy attornies for the mere object of costs, where the plaintiff is really indifferent to the aspersion, and would not, on his own account, institute any proceeding. That this is sometimes the motive of such actions we doubt not. But that civil actions are, on the whole, by any means so frequent as to bear at all harshly on the transgressions of the press, we entirely deny. Indeed, the most intelligent and best informed of those who have impugned the libel law in other points as severe, have made it matter of complaint that such proceedings are too rare, and that the remedy by civil action is not sufficiently efficacious in suppressing libels of falsehood; and when it is considered that the action only applies to check the statement of what is false, and is defeated at once when the libel is proved to be true, we cannot imagine a sound reason why such actions should be, in the slightest degree, discouraged, by depriving the plaintiff of costs, merely because the libel happens not to be of so aggravated a stamp as to call for severe damages. However opinions may differ as to the good arising from the publication of defamatory truth, no one will be hardy enough to contend that any benefit can result from the encouragement of calumnious falsehood.

But an objection is made by persons whose acuteness gives weight to their remarks, that the exclusion of the evidence of truth in prosecutions has a pernicious effect—in weakening the efficacy of the proceeding by indictment as a check on the evil of *false* libels. It is said that persons falsely calumniated are deterred from the proceeding by the fear of appearing to admit the slander; while at the same time the civil remedy by action is objectionable to persons of honour and delicacy, who dislike submitting their characters to estimation in money by a jury. False libels, it is alleged, are thus not sufficiently punished; and it is contended,

tended, that if the truth were admitted as evidence, prosecutions would be more frequently resorted to by innocent individuals, who would then have no fear of endangering their fame, while they punished their calumniators. Now, we do not entirely agree in these premises,—and still less do we assent to the conclusion drawn from them. Though we admit that the proceeding by indictment is not a very frequent mode of punishing the false libeller, on account of the objection above pointed out, yet it is by no means entirely inoperative for this object: instances do occasionally occur wherein public bodies, or individuals of high and unquestioned character, do brave the insinuations which may be made against them, and punish by indictment their false calumniators. And, indeed, we much doubt whether, in almost all such cases where the libel does not impute legal guilt, the *prosecutor* would not be allowed, if he pleased, to prove the falsehood of the libel as a part of his case. In the King *v.* Hatchard, Sta. Tria. vol. 32, p. 674, this course was adopted; and the defendant was punished for a malignant libel by an indictment, without the least compromise of the prosecutor's character. Nor can we admit that the civil action is by any means so rarely adopted, or is so inefficacious a remedy, as this objection supposes. Our courts *are* very frequently occupied with such proceedings; and it is not unfrequent for such damages to be awarded, as at once punish the libeller, and cannot wound the honour of the most fastidious plaintiff. Besides, we think that this supposed delicacy on the part of persons libelled is more imaginary than real. It is pretty well understood that the damages given (although in principle compensatory, and not penal) are in reality the measure of the defendant's offence, rather than of the plaintiff's character—and are assessed more with reference to the malignity and offensiveness of the particular calumny, than to any supposed subtraction of general fame from the individual assailed. But besides this, the libeller of falsehood is almost always open (at least in cases of malignity in the statement) to penal proceedings by information granted by the court, in which the injured party has the double advantage of purging himself of the imputation; and of punishing his defamer by fine and imprisonment. If these modes are not sufficiently efficacious, we would have them rendered more so. If libellous falsehoods are not punished with sufficient rigour, let the laws be rendered more efficacious—but do not provide for their suppression at the expense of the only existing check against the libels of truth. In late times, too, the court of King's Bench appear somewhat more readily to have granted criminal informations, in cases of clear malignity and falsehood of statement; and the distinction as to the rank and station of the applicants

applicants appears of late to have been judiciously less attended to. We, of course, admit that the evil of false calumny is the greater, and is that which mainly demands legal reprehension; —but, for the reasons before given, we think the slanders of truth are also rightly punishable,—and we are convinced that, if greater license is allowed for publishing defamatory truth, malignant falsehoods will infallibly follow in greater numbers in its train. But, we conceive the law, if left in its present condition, affords efficient modes of proceeding for checking the evils of both kinds; and from the recent clamours of the press, it would appear as if the public had begun to feel their efficacy, and to testify this by a more frequent resort to them. If, however, the law requires to be strengthened in one quarter, let it not be by an imprudent relaxation in another. Let the remedy by criminal information be more extensively applied by the court of King's Bench, if the growing excesses of an over-active press are found to require such rigour. Let not the remedy by action be weakened by an alteration of the law as to costs; let aspersed parties be prompt to avenge their characters by appeal to the law;—and, above all, *let juries strictly do their duty*. The libellers who deal in slander, whether false or true, will then, we conceive, find that their profits, enormous as these are, will fail to compensate them against the just inflictions of the law.

It is at least questionable whether, by allowing the evidence of truth, the law would in practice acquire an increased vigour against *false libels*. Attempts would be made in every prosecution, by cross-examination of the prosecutor's witnesses, if not by the production of direct evidence, to make out some show of colour for the statement; and the party falsely libelled would thus be assailed and annoyed, and would by no means find the road entirely smooth to the conviction of the libeller. But the main and pernicious consequence would be only to alter the current of slander, and slightly to change its polluted channel. The malicious *lies* of the press might be a little, we do not think they would be materially, lessened. But we are clear that the number of impertinent, and useless, and nauseous truths disclosed as to individuals, would be alarmingly increased. One great field of scurrilous personality being left beyond the law's reach, the aim of cunning writers would be to asperse and abuse to the utmost, keeping within the bounds of fact. As far as the injury to the public mind is concerned, the evil would be the same,—contaminating exposures and immoral details are certainly not less pernicious to readers when true than when false; and, unfortunately, society is so constituted, that the supply of abundant materials for the corruption of public taste and morals may at all times be found without

out wandering into the regions of absolute falsehood. The press, if unrestrained by the law, would find a never-failing harvest of this sort in perfidious disclosures and unauthorized breaches of private confidence, without being driven to deviate into indictable fancies and dangerous inventions. The vicious appetite for slander and personality would thus be fed to satiety with scandalous exhibitions, only the more attractive for being strictly true—for which the publishers would be rewarded with profits proportionate to their zest, and such as would perpetually stimulate their mischievous curiosity, and afford them the means of continually widening and strengthening a system of lucrative espionnage on private actions.

We must now offer a few observations on the important question, whether the truth of the libellous statement ought to be received in evidence *in mitigation of the defendant's guilt*, when brought up for judgment. The interest of the subject—and especially at the present moment—must be our apology for the length to which these remarks are extending. Much doubt and discussion have arisen in our courts on this question; and the practice on the subject does not appear to have been quite uniform. In the case of the King *v.* Finnerty, in 1811, affidavits of the truth of the facts stated were refused. They had been received in the prior case of the King *v.* Draper; but it would seem that this was by consent of the prosecutor. In the case of the King *v.* Burdett, 4 Barnewall and Alderson's Reports, 321, the question was much considered and discussed. The libel there consisted of an inflammatory letter, written by Sir Francis Burdett to a friend, on the subject of the military force having been called out to disperse a seditious mob at Manchester; this letter stated that unarmed and unresisting men, women, and children, had been maimed, cut down, and trampled upon by dragoons—which it styled 'an unparalleled and barbarous outrage,' and the 'commencement of a reign of terror and of blood.' In mitigation of punishment, the defendant offered affidavits, setting forth the account which he had read in the newspapers of the transactions at Manchester; that, considering the unprovoked aggression of the military on the multitude to demand reprobation, he wrote the letter under excited feelings of indignation; that he had no seditious intention, nor any other purpose than that of rousing attention to what he considered a wanton outrage, and to the extreme danger of substituting military force for the civil power in the preservation of the peace. These affidavits were received without the slightest objection; but other affidavits, stating the truth of the facts published in the newspapers as to the occurrences at Manchester, were refused by the court. The Lord Chief

Chief Justice Abbott lays down the following, as it appears to us, most sensible rule :—

'It seems to me, that the proper course to adopt in the present stage of the proceeding, is to look at the situation in which the defendant himself was placed at the time he composed and published the libel, for which he is now called upon to answer. We should consider ourselves as possessing the same means of knowledge, and no other, of the matters which formed the inducement to the composition, which the defendant himself then possessed. He has informed us by his affidavit, that he was induced to write and publish this address to his constituents, in consequence of representations seen in various newspapers, as to something that either had, or was supposed to have occurred, at Manchester. It seems to me, that we should do great injustice to the defendant if we were to allow ourselves to be induced, for the purpose of aggravating punishment, to receive any affidavits of the falsehood of those representations on which he tells us he was moved to write that which he did. I think as, on the one hand, we cannot with justice to the defendant receive such affidavits, so, on the other hand, we cannot receive affidavits which go to show that a great part of the representation contained in those newspapers, which led the defendant to express his feelings thus strongly, was founded in truth. The affidavit made by the defendant himself, stating that his feelings were strongly excited by the statement he had read in the newspapers, was most properly laid before us. To that, in forming an estimate of the character of that which was written by the defendant, I shall give its due and proper weight; but I am clearly of opinion that the affidavits now offered cannot be received.'

Mr. Justice Bayley, amongst other things, says—

'The case of the *King* v. *Horne* has been mentioned. It is plainly distinguished from the case before the court, on the ground that the libel did not impute to any person there mentioned that they had been guilty of an indictable offence. It appears to me, upon the whole, that it would be a great obstruction to public justice, and a great stigma on the administration of justice in this country, *if in a collateral way in a transaction in which the public mind may happen to be interested, any person by a voluntary publication on his part should be at liberty to raise the question whether particular individuals had or had not been guilty of particular crimes, instead of doing so in a constitutional mode by bringing forward the charges against those individuals openly, and giving them a fair opportunity of defending themselves against the accusation.* I think, therefore, these affidavits cannot be read.'

This important case has, therefore, settled that where the libel alleges the commission of any act legally criminal, the defendant cannot be heard to extenuate his guilt by proving the crime to have been actually committed; and whether the crime is imputed to the party directly libelled, or to other parties incidentally noticed, would make no difference—the law most properly refusing to

to hear grave charges of offence made against individuals on mere affidavit, and in an incidental and collateral manner, where no regular proceeding for punishment has been taken against them. This is the language of sense and philosophy, as well as of law. Cicero, in commending the punishment of libels, says—'Præclare —judiciis, enim, ac magistratuum desceptationibus legitimis propositam viam, non poetarum ingeniis habere debemus, *nec prorum audire, nisi eâ lege ut respondere liceat et judicio defendere.*' —De Republicâ, lib. iv. Had the acts charged against the troops at Manchester by the letter of Sir F. Burdett not amounted to legal offences, but only to moral crimes, we conceive that the court would, in all probability, have come to the same decision; though, had the facts alleged as the basis of the libel been entirely innocent and indifferent, no objection at all could have arisen to their being proved,—if their proof could have answered any object of the defendant. Indeed this was the case in the trial of Horne Tooke, where evidence of the firing of the troops on the rebels was received; the terms of the libel in that case in fact imputing no kind of guilt to the troops. The decision in the King *v.* Burdett certainly does not go the length of expressly determining, that the truth is inadmissible in mitigation, where the libel imputes any mere moral offence. The reasoning of the learned judges, however, seems to tend to such a conclusion. Mr. Justice Bayley alludes to certain possible cases, in which the truth might be heard in mitigation; but he does not by any means hint that this would be so in cases of ordinary libels, imputing vice or immorality;—he mentions merely the publication of a specific statement of a party having been legally convicted of an offence. He says,—

'In the observations I have made, I have confined myself to those cases in which the charge is a charge of an indictable offence. There may by possibility be cases in which the publication may be a libel or not, according as the fact be true or false. And in such cases, where the falsehood is essential to constitute the crime, or the truth is sufficient to do away the crime, as it seems to me, the truth may possibly be received in evidence. I do not, therefore, mean to say, that there may not be some cases in which the truth may be brought forward as an answer to the charge, or as a mitigation of punishment. I will put a very plain and familiar case. *Suppose that I publish that, on such a day, a man was convicted of perjury, and the fact was so; am I then to be indicted for telling the public that he was convicted of perjury? I am at liberty to show that he was indicted for the crime; that he was convicted, and that therefore there was no offence in my making that communication to the public of an existing fact.* That is one instance, and very probably many other instances *ejusdem generis* might be put.'

The case here supposed by the learned judge is really, as his lordship

lordship observes, one in which the truth would be admitted as a defence to the prosecution *in toto*, and not merely as a mitigation of punishment; and it confirms the observations which we have before made as to the latitude allowed for the plain statement of a fact, such as the conviction of a party of a crime, which would almost always be held innocent—though the exaggerated and virulent blazoning forth, with calumnious comments, or the malicious repetition of, the very same fact, might be held, as it was in the late instance before alluded to, a malicious and illegal publication. We have, therefore, the high authority of Mr. Justice Bayley, for saying that the press would incur no danger by the simple and often useful statement of the fact of a party having been convicted of a crime in a court;—and this, although the statement is made or alluded to quite independently of a regular report of the judicial proceedings, which is the supposition of the learned judge—it being always remembered that, in order to justify such a statement, it would be necessary to give legal and regular proof of the fact of the party's conviction, in answer to the proceeding for the libel.

The law being, therefore, as we conceive, settled, or nearly settled, that the truth of libellous imputations cannot be given in evidence in mitigation of punishment, whether the calumny imputes a legal or only a moral crime, we will offer a few words on the soundness and propriety of the law, in point of reason and justice. The question is one of much nicety and difficulty. It is obvious that, in estimating the degree of a defendant's guilt, everything ought to be heard by the court that tends to throw light on his *animus* and intent, in which his legal guilt is held to reside; while nothing of course can consistently be received, which goes to deny any facts or inferences established by the previous verdict of the jury. The evidence of the truth of the libel certainly is not fairly open to objection on this latter ground; since the verdict of the jury by no means establishes the falsehood of the composition—its truth or falsehood being considered as collateral to the inquiry at the trial. The question then is, does showing the truth of the statement necessarily, or even probably, tend to reduce the malicious intent of the defendant?—does it tend to raise a presumption of a motive comparatively innocent and harmless? That it does not tend to reduce the offensive and hurtful character of the writing is obvious; but is the malice of the publisher necessarily or even probably less in the case of a true than of a false libel? We confess, we do not think that the truth raises any such presumption; and we think that, on sound principle, the law is right in excluding the evidence in this last stage of the proceedings. We conceive that the evidence is inadmissible here, precisely on the same grounds on which it is rightly excluded on the question

question 'guilty, or not guilty.' If the proof of the truth does not tend (as we think it does not) to raise any presumption of absolute innocence in the publisher, we do not see in what way it has a tendency to show his comparative innocence—his less degree of guilt. The fact really arising here for investigation is not so much the fact of truth or falsehood in the statement, as the defendant's supposition and belief on that subject. The defendant's object should be, not so much to prove the actual truth, which will still leave his motive uncertain, as to show that he had every good reason to think the matter true, or at least no reason at all to suppose it false—which goes directly to negative a malicious design. This is the line drawn by the Lord Chief Justice in the King *v.* Burdett. To show that the defendant knowingly and wilfully published a false libel, makes strongly in aggravation of his guilt; but the proof of the falsehood alone would have no such tendency, unless his knowledge were also established. In the same way the defendant, by merely proving the truth of the libel, would not do enough, unless he went on to prove other circumstances, tending to reduce the presumption of malice—as, an intention to caution others, a publication limited to persons whom the matter concerned, &c. The mere fact of the truth is consistent with aggravated malice against the object of the writing—or with mischievous designs towards society; and when other exculpatory circumstances as to the manner of the publication, and the accompanying or subsequent conduct of the defendant are shown, it is these circumstances that tend to diminish the degree of malice—but they would have this effect in a great, and generally in an equal degree, whether the libel were false or true. To show that the defendant was the mere publisher, and not the author, of the libel—that he received it in the regular course of his business from a writer in whom he had reason to confide—that he published a full apology to the party injured—that he had never sold a copy of the libel since the action was raised—all these facts are admissible as weighing clearly and strongly in reduction of the defendant's guilty intent; and proof of the contrary facts is, of course, admissible in aggravation of his guilt: but all these palliations equally apply, whether the libel be true or false. If, indeed, the prosecutor endeavours to aggravate the punishment, by giving evidence of the falsehood of the libel, and of the defendant's knowledge of such falsehood, we do not see how the defendant can in justice be precluded from opposing this evidence, by showing the truth of his statement. Though even here it would be more strictly to his purpose to show that he firmly believed, on plausible grounds, that it was true at the time of the publication; for *this* evidence goes directly to

to the innocence of his motive,—whereas proving the actual truth of his story is still not inconsistent with the supposition, that he published it maliciously, and believing it false. Whether a prosecutor ought to be allowed to press for a severe sentence, by proving the defendant to be the fabricator of the libel, knowing its falsehood, is another question; though we confess we think this is a crime so far aggravated above the ordinary guilt of casual publishing in haste or negligence, that the court ought to hear such facts in awarding the punishment. According, however, to the rule of the King *v.* Burdett, it is clear, that neither the falsehood nor the truth can be received in proof, where the calumny imputes an indictable crime; and, from the language of the Lord Chief Justice, it is obvious that his acuteness saw that proof of the mere falsehood by the prosecutor has really no bearing on the point of the degree of guilt, unless the evidence goes further, and shows the defendant's *knowledge* of the falsehood;—in the same way that his lordship considered that the actual truth of the occurrences at Manchester could not extenuate Sir Francis Burdett's letter, when it appeared that the letter was written merely on the faith of a newspaper report, and in ignorance whether the alleged occurrences were really true or false.

In the case, therefore, of a prosecutor seeking to enhance the punishment, by showing the falsehood and the guilty knowledge of it, and in this case alone, we think the defendant ought to be allowed to rebut the evidence against him by proving the truth of his libel. Where the highly-aggravated guilt of being the malicious inventor of a calumny is sought to be fixed on the libeller, he must be allowed to meet such an attempt by adequate evidence; but where the defendant stands before the court as the mere publisher of a defamatory statement, neither the false and malicious invention thereof, nor even the guilty knowledge of its falsehood being charged upon him, we think the truth of the statement is really immaterial to the question touching the amount of his malice; and, we conceive, that evidence in mitigation can, in such case, only be fairly sought in collateral circumstances attending, preceding, or following the publication, which go to the very root of the defendant's views and intentions in putting it forth. If this be a correct view of the matter on principle, it is obvious that, practically considered, the allowing the defendant to repeat his libel with proofs in the face of the court, by way of mitigation of his guilt, is a proceeding most offensive to the court, open to most grave objections, in fact likely to be attended with all the bad effects which, as we have before shown, must follow from allowing such evidence in total bar of the proceeding. It would also have one additional and serious evil, *viz.*, that the trial of the truth

truth or falsehood of the libel must, in this stage of the proceeding, be upon affidavits, cut off, therefore, from the advantage of cross-examination, or any of the other safeguards which attend a *vivâ voce* inquiry. In the case before supposed, where the prosecutor himself calls for such a trial, by producing affidavits proving the falsehood of the writing, he, and not the defendant, is the cause of the investigation of the question; and it might perhaps form a recommendation of the plan of allowing a prosecutor to open this question, by proving the falsehood, accompanied with guilty knowledge, in aggravation, that this course would free the proceeding by indictment from the objection before alluded to, —namely, that it amounts almost to a tacit admission of guilt on the part of the prosecutor.

One word more on the practical execution of the law which we have been reviewing and discussing. We have before applauded the wisdom of the legislature, which intrusts the application of so critical a code to the pure and popular tribunal of a jury. If our property and lives are safe in their hands, individual fame, 'the outwork which defends all other possessions, and makes them all valuable,' must equally depend for security on their verdicts. We trust that juries will never forget that they are invested by the law of libel with a two-fold trust; and that while they are the guardians of all useful freedom of discussion, they are the constitutional safeguards on which society relies against anonymous detraction and ribaldry. It is with them in practice to draw the delicate line between the legitimate uses and the pernicious excesses of authorship; and let them remember, that while the press justly looks to them for defence against any arbitrary aggressions of power, the public equally demand at their hands effectual protection against licentious invasions from the press. It is not less their duty to check its excesses, than to guard its legitimate exertions from obstruction. By the help of juries the press has triumphed over all its enemies and antagonists, and is in possession of an authority and influence daily increasing, and already immeasurably beyond anything that could have been anticipated, even at a very short distance of time. It is for juries now to defend society and individuals against the excesses of a triumph valuable in itself, but indescribably perilous in the extravagances to which it has a tendency. They saved the press from becoming a victim,—let them restrain it from growing into a tyrant. Let them not fancy (though many noisy writers perpetually tell them so) that injury and persecution are, in all circumstances, the characteristics of the press when it appears in a court, or severity and oppression the invariable attributes of those who make complaints against it. Let them separate clearly in their minds between

between the public discussions and animadversions, and the private inquisitions and calumnies of authors. Let them never imagine that they are serving the cause of useful freedom of discussion, by shielding from punishment that scurrility, which is separated from it by a broad and palpable line, not to be confounded by all the efforts of interested writers, who would abuse the valuable immunities of the press to the wretched purposes of venal detraction, and a lucrative pandaring to the morbid tastes of the public. But, above all, let them not fancy that the undefined and peculiar nature of the libel-law can ever leave them, consistently with their consciences or their oaths, any latitude to adjust, and balance, and legislate on the cases coming judicially before them. It is not for them, in their ministerial office, to speculate, whether the law is wise or unwise in declaring, as it does, that a writing tending to defame, or degrade, or render ridiculous an individual, is a punishable libel; while such is the undoubted law, jurors are bound by their oaths to respect and enforce it, whenever its violation is established before them, as much as if fifty statutes had defined its terms. When they are satisfied that the writing prosecuted has the illegal tendency, it is not for them to canvass, whether, under all the circumstances, it is fit or unfit that it should be punished—whether the probable sentence or the costs of a conviction may or may not be a hard measure of justice on the individual libeller. If they see clearly the illegal tendency and quality of the writing, they cannot acquit, from any such considerations, without tampering with their consciences, and perilously violating a religious obligation. If motives and views of this sort *ought* not to influence jurors, we believe they are, and ever will be, equally above being swayed by the insolent intimidations and the insidious flatteries by which certain parts of the press unblushingly endeavour to practise on them. Let them not mistake the interested clamours of journalists (differing on all possible subjects, and only unanimous on their own right to 'full and eternal privilege of tongue') for the voice of the public at large. When an acquitted journal overloads them with its interested gratitude, put forth with all the consequential air of an award of impartial praise, let them not become the dupes of such shallow flattery, which they could only laugh at if addressed to them by any other defendant, not the proprietor of a printing press: and when they fearlessly do their duty, in convicting a libeller according to law, let not their satisfaction of conscience be diminished, or their firmness shaken by the threats or insinuations, which the convicted defendant and his literary compeers may put forth, with the pompous pretensions of expressing the public censure, when, in truth, they are only upholding their private and pecuniary interests.

interests. The applause or disapprobation of a plaintiff or defendant can never be the guide of an honest juror in the discharge of his duty; an approving conscience, and public respect, will make him despise alike interested censures and suspicious eulogy.

Note to the Article on the Sandwich Islanders. (p. 419.)

Since the preceding pages have been struck off, we have been favoured with the following literal copy of a letter of Boki, (which we pledge ourselves to be genuine,) confirming what we have stated with regard to the conduct of the American missionaries at the Sandwich Islands.

Island of Woahoo, Jan. 24, 1826.

Sir,—I take this opportunity to send you thes fu lines, hopping the will find you in good health, as ples god the leve me at present. I am sorrey to inform You that Mr. Pitt (Karaimakoo) has gon thro four opperashons sine you sailed from here, but thank god he is now much better, and we ar in hops of his recovery, and I am verey sorey to tell you that Mr. Bingham the head of the Misheneres is trieng evere thing in his pour to have the Law of this country in his own hands. all of us ar verry happy to have sum pepel to instruct us in what is rite and good but he wants us to be intirly under his laws which will not do with the natives. I have don all in my pour to prevent it and I have don it as yet, Ther is Cahomano wishes the Misheneres to have the whol atority but I sholl prevent it as long as I cane, for if the have ther will be nothing donsin thes Ilands not even cultivation for ther own use. I wish the pepel to reid and to rite and likewise to worke, but the Misheneres have got them night and day old and young so that ther is verrey little don her at present. The pepel in general ar verrey much discetisfied at the Misheneres thinking they will have the laws in ther own hands. Captain Charlton has not arived from Otiety which makes me thing sumthing has hapned to him. Mr. Bingham has gone so far as to tell thes natives that nether king George nor Lord Biron has any regard for God, or aney of the English cheefs, that they are all bad pepel but themselves, and that ther is no Redemsion for aney of the heads of the English or American nations. God send you good health and a long life.

Mrs. Boki sends her kind love to Lord Biron and Mr. Camrone and the Hon. Mr. Hill.

(Signed) NA-BOKI.

Note on Life Assurance. (See Article I. in last Number.)

We find it necessary to offer a caution to our readers with reference to one part of the article on Life Assurance in our last Number. At page 9 is inserted a Table of the rates of profit charged by the various offices at the presumed average age of forty-six, which, in conjunction with

with the sentence which immediately follows, may produce an impression that the Table affords a fair criterion by which to judge of the comparative rates charged by the different companies at the various periods of life. This impression, however, would be incorrect; and we therefore hasten, in justice to our subject and to the Assurance Companies, to rectify it.

The tables of mortality chiefly used by the Assurance Companies, are those of Northampton and Carlisle. The premiums calculated from the Carlisle tables are lower, on the younger lives, than those framed from the Northampton rates of mortality; but, on the other hand, they are higher on the older lives. This being the case, it is obvious that the rate of profit charged by the various Companies, at different periods of life, must necessarily vary, and consequently that the Table referred to, though accurate as it respects the comparative rates of profit charged at one age, is wholly inaccurate if it be taken as a guide to the comparative rates of profit which are charged at all ages. We shall endeavour to make the matter perfectly clear by an example:—At the age of forty-six, the premium of the Sun, and of the Alliance Companies, which use the Carlisle tables, is 4*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* per cent., while at that age the premium of the Equitable, which makes use of the Northampton tables, is only 4*l.* 0*s.* 2*d.*, and of the Guardian, 3*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* per cent. But, on the other hand, taking the age of twenty-one, the premium of the Alliance and the Sun is only 1*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.* per cent., while that of the Equitable is 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, and of the Guardian, 2*l.* 1*s.* 10*d* per cent. We have no doubt that this explanation will remove any misconception that may have arisen on the point in question.

Among several communications which we have received on this subject, one appears to us to deserve a place in our pages. The author expresses his opinion that both Mr. Babbage and his reviewer have taken an erroneous view of some part of the subject. 'Mr. B. (he says) seems to have an unreasonable prejudice against such societies having a capital. Now, I acknowledge this to be unnecessary, where the premium, as in *the Equitable*, is much higher than the waste of life requires; but if a society be established on the principle of taking the lowest possible premium, there can be no doubt but that a capital is then necessary for the security of the assured. In p. 12 (of the Review) there is an extract, in which Mr. Babbage makes a comparison between two societies, one of which has a capital of 200,000*l.*, and he supposes the profits in each to be the same: in the division of the septennial profits to the assured, he makes them in one case 15,000*l.*, in the other, 50,000*l.* This supposes that the capital has been shut up in a chest, quite unproductive,—a plan, it is presumed, which no society ever adopts: if the directors make five per cent. on it, the dividend to the assured will be the same in both cases; and I am surprised that this has been overlooked. Both Mr. Babbage and his reviewer are, in my opinion, wrong in their views of the principle on which the bonus should be given. The former says, "those who live longest will be the gainers, whilst those who

"who are short-lived will be the losers;" and the reviewer sanctions this opinion, which I think I can show to be erroneous. The average age at which persons insure lives, is about forty-six: I will suppose that one hundred persons of that age insure their lives for 100*l.* The expectation of life to each is twenty years; they ought, therefore, to pay such an annual premium as would, after paying the expenses of the society, at the end of twenty years leave a balance of 10,000*l.*, to pay 100*l.* to each assurer. I will, for example's sake, suppose that four per cent. is exactly adapted to that purpose. If fifty of them die before the end of twenty years, the other fifty must live as many years respectively, after the twenty years, as the former died before them. I will take an extreme case: A. dies at the end of one year; B. must therefore live thirty-nine years to compensate for A.'s early death. A. will receive 100*l.* after having paid 4*l.* 4*s.* including the year's interest on the premium; B. will afterwards receive the same sum, after having paid 456*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, calculating the amount of the annuity paid by him at compound interest of five per cent. C. dies at the end of twenty years, when he will get back exactly what he has paid. Here can be no bonus on the supposition that four per cent. premium would exactly pay every assurer; if there was, who ought to have it? for that is the simple question. I should say, neither A., nor C., but B. only. The equitable rule, then, would be, that the bonus should be given to those only who have survived the expectation of life. Now if five per cent. premium instead of four be paid, the additional 1*l.* will in time furnish a bonus; C. will now have paid his 100*l.* rather before the end of twenty years, and whenever that is, that is the exact period when he ought to begin to receive it, and in an increasing ratio, and at a faster rate, as he gets older. If this be a correct view of the subject, the opinion of the longest livers being the gainers, and the short-lived the losers, must be erroneous; and the principle adopted by the Equitable is, in some degree, correct. As they cannot calculate for every particular case, some general plan must be adopted. That of dividing the members into nearly two equal parts, and giving the bonus to the earlier half of the members, is on the principle I have stated; but I must allow that a much more equitable mode might be adopted. For if D. insures at twenty, and immediately after E. at seventy, according to my principle D. ought not to receive any of the bonus till he has been a member nearly thirty-three years, but E. after rather less than eight years; whereas it appears to me that by the plan adopted by the Equitable, they will come among "the elect" about the same time. I know nothing of the detail of a life-assurance office, and therefore, perhaps, my plan may be impracticable on account of the trouble it would occasion; but at present it appears to me that the following might be adopted:—There are about 10,000 members in the Equitable, and if the average of the lives, when they begin insuring, is forty-six, they would, I believe, die in about twenty-five years, though not according to the Northampton tables; consequently, to keep up the number, there must annually be four hundred new members. They might be put into classes differing in their ages five years; *i. e.*

from twenty to twenty-five, from twenty-five to thirty, and so on: against each class might be put the expectation of life appertaining to it, taking into the calculation how much earlier it ought to be in consequence of the premium received being greater than is necessary, and at the end of that period, the class would come in among "the elect." This plan I should think might be rendered practicable, and I am sure it is equitable; but that of giving new members a bonus before they have paid up the sum insured, when the old ones have paid so largely, would be "inequitable."

'I am aware of the note at p. 25, and am so puzzled by it, that I suspect there must be some error in the premises. It cannot for a moment be disputed, that the society must lose by every member who dies before he has paid in premiums, with the accumulated interest on them, the amount of his policy: the note says it loses by the old members; it necessarily follows that the intermediate members must suffer; for if one set gain, another must lose, to make things even. Be that, however, as it may, the principles I have laid down do not appear to me to be affected by it. There have been, I suspect, two sources of profit to the Equitable, which have not been sufficiently considered by the public. The society had to feel its own way, and therefore, very properly, they were parsimonious at first in the division of their savings, which having gone on accumulating at compound interest, when the public funds were low, and their calculations were only at the rate of three per cent. interest, have now amounted to a vast sum. A part of this ought, in equity, to be given to the heirs of those members who died after they had paid in premiums the amount of their policies: this, I suppose, is impossible, and therefore the old members now may be driving a more than equitable advantage from the above forbearance in not making an earlier distribution of the savings. I hope this accumulation will never make this society, under any future actuary, too prodigal of its bounty: during its existence, no mortal epidemic has prevailed; but the society ought not to act as if no such disorder ever could happen.

'I suspect that another source of profit to the society, and which of course did not enter into their calculations when first established, arises from the policies which they purchase, which, I understand, are numerous, and for which they give a very inadequate value. A friend of mine applied, about ten years since, to the society to purchase his policy, for which they offered him 487*l.* I had great difficulty in prevailing on him not to sell it, as the offer was a very inadequate one. It was a mere whim that he wished to get rid of it, as he did not want the money, and the premium was at the time no object to him; had he wanted the money, so little did he understand the business, that I am sure he would have taken the 487*l.* Had I offered him 600*l.*, I have no doubt but he would have accepted the offer, and this I was only prevented doing by his being a particular friend: I should have thought I had done wrong had his early death made it a profitable concern to me. I prevailed on him to keep it, and about nine years after, as one of his executors, I received from the office above five times the amount of

of what he had been offered by the society. If, therefore, the society had purchased this policy, they would have derived great profit from it This person was, I think, a member about twenty-three years; that is, he had paid twenty-three premiums,—his bonus amounted either to sixty-six or seventy-three per cent., (not having the accounts at hand, I cannot exactly say which, but I think the former.) He had survived the expectation of life some years; and he did not get a great deal beyond what compound interest would have given him. I conceive that the waste of life is much less than it was thirty or forty years since, judging from the population returns; and if this be true, it is an unanswerable argument against the opinions of those who are factiously crying out that the poor are much worse off than formerly; for though temperance is the parent of longevity, distress and want cannot be.'

We shall, ere long, enter at greater length into the subject to which this communication refers, but in the meantime thought it fair to the author and to the Assurance Offices to give publicity to his suggestions in this manner.

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